WEEK
ENDING
OCT. 11, 1930

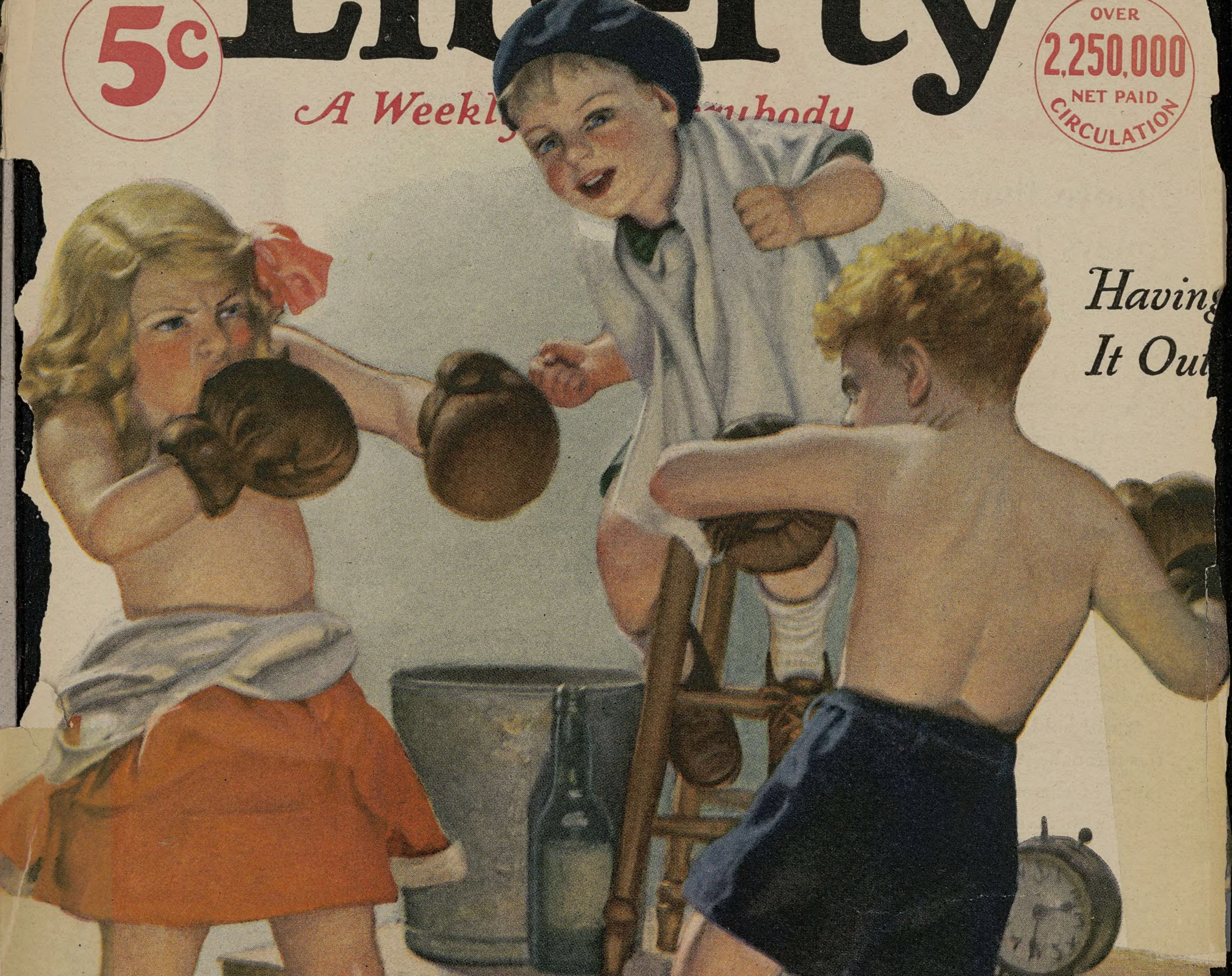
5c

Liberty

A Weekl rybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION

*Having
It Ou*


Leslie Thrasher

THE HEADLINE HUNTER *by* Floyd Gibbons

THE NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

"..more than meets the requirements of today's high compression engines," *says the*

HOCHSTADTER LABORATORIES, INC.,

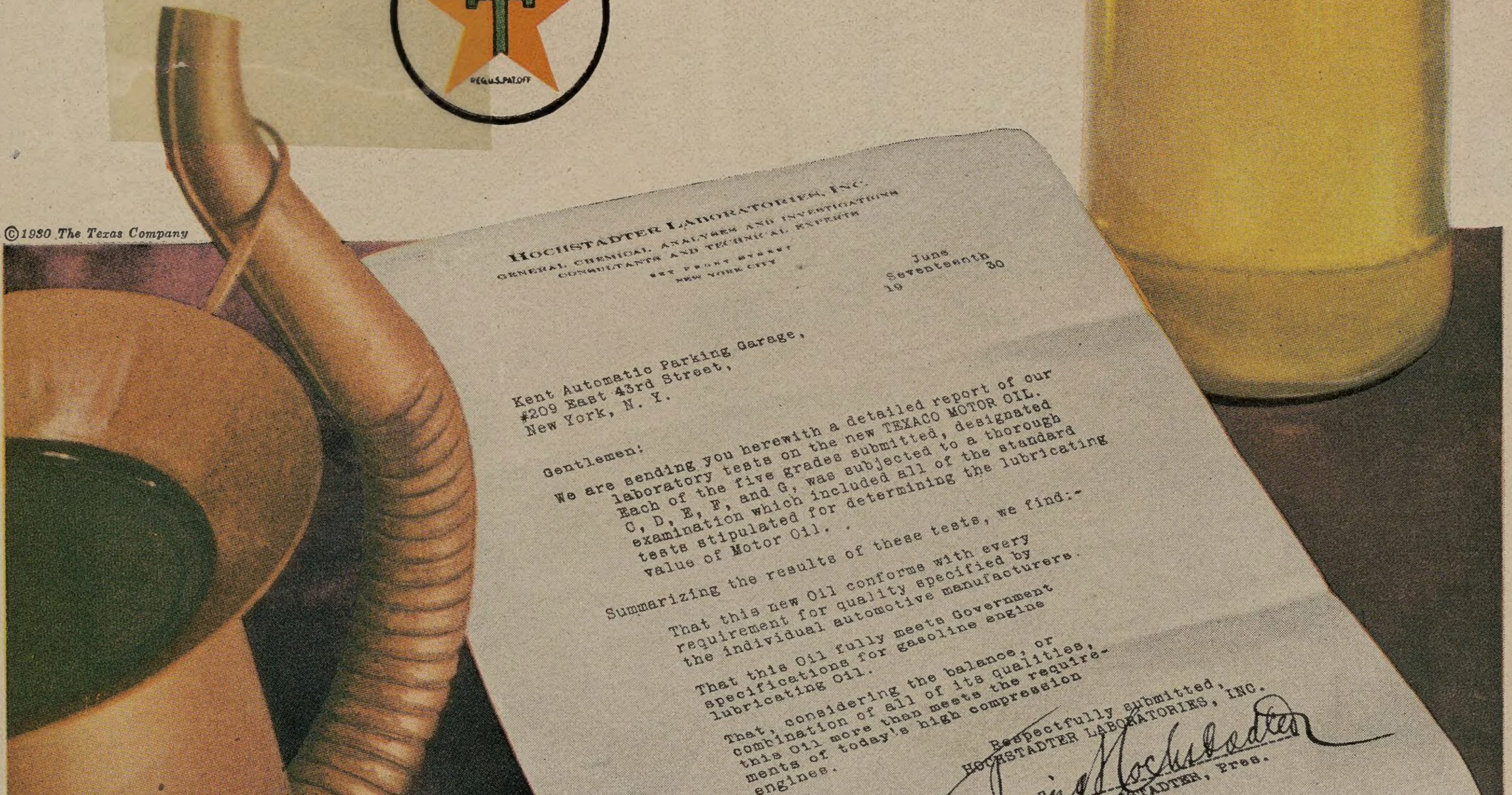
A STUDY of this report reveals a number of interesting facts about this new lubricant. It is definitely shown that the new Texaco Golden Motor Oil has a higher viscosity at high temperatures and a lower viscosity at low temperatures. It is an oil with a flatter viscosity curve, which means greater heat-resisting qualities and a longer-lasting body.

It will hold its lubricating qualities throughout the entire range of engine temperatures with a very low oil consumption. This was substantiated and proved in a nation-wide road test under extremely varied driving conditions in which the thirteen test cars averaged 790 miles to the quart.

The new Texaco is manufactured in 5 grades: C, D, E, F, and G, conforming with Society of Automotive Engineers viscosity gradings. Sold in all of our 48 States under the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. 30¢ a quart (35¢ for Grade G).

THE TEXAS COMPANY
Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.

©1930 The Texas Company



HOCHSTADTER LABORATORIES, INC.
GENERAL CHEMICAL ANALYSES AND INVESTIGATIONS
CONSULTANTS AND TECHNICAL EXPERTS
[illegible] FRONT STREET
NEW YORK CITY

June
Seventeenth
19 30

Kent Automatic Parking Garage,
#209 East 43rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

We are sending you herewith a detailed report of our laboratory tests on the new TEXACO MOTOR OIL. Each of the five grades submitted, designated C, D, E, F, and G, was subjected to a thorough examination which included all of the standard tests stipulated for determining the lubricating value of Motor Oil.

Summarizing the results of these tests, we find:-

That this new Oil conforms with every requirement for quality specified by the individual automotive manufacturers.

That this Oil fully meets Government specifications for gasoline engine lubricating Oil.

That, considering the balance, or combination of all of its qualities, this Oil more than meets the requirements of today's high compression engines.

Respectfully submitted,
HOCHSTADTER LABORATORIES, INC.
Irving Hochstadter
IRVING HOCHSTADTER, Pres.

IH:SE

THE HOCHSTADTER LABORATORIES, INC.
Technicians in the examination of Petroleum Products for over twenty years. They are associated through individual memberships in twelve recognized Scientific Societies.

Should any married woman remain unaware

of these most important facts?

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

AND they *are* important facts—downright, *vitally* important. So much is at stake that the married woman of today should become familiar with *every* side of this feminine hygiene question. It is not safe to rely on her friends and to accept their beliefs and ideas. Advice received in this way is likely to be wrong — and it may be dangerous.

Isn't it better that she should find out for herself from an authentic source? That is why we are offering this booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It takes about ten minutes to read it, and no woman who has gone through it can any longer be unaware of the truth.

Here is the real danger—in choosing the antiseptic

The big question in feminine hygiene is the antiseptic to be used. First, it must have effectiveness; it must be powerful. Which is just where the danger lies. For bichloride of mercury is powerful. So are the compounds of carbolic acid. But these are deadly poisons! And just as surely as the medical profession approves of surgical cleanliness, it *disapproves* of caustic and poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene.

The truth of the matter is this. Until recently these poisons were actually the only germicides strong enough for the purpose. For this reason women persisted in using them, even though they must have realized some of the dangers. Some women still use them. They do not know that there is a new way—a way that is infinitely better.

Zonite is powerful—but it is not poisonous

This modern method of feminine hygiene is the *Zonite* method. It is founded upon the discovery and perfecting of a new and better principle of antisepsis, resulting in an extraordinary combination of power and safety. *Here are the facts about Zonite.* It is non-caustic. It is absolutely non-poisonous. It cannot cause areas of scar-tissue. It does not injure delicate membranes nor interfere with normal secretions. And it is safe around the house, even in the hands of a child.

Yet Zonite is powerful. Very powerful and effective. In fact, while it is as safe as pure water, Zonite is actually more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body! No wonder millions of women are using Zonite all over the world and that a new confidence has taken the place of the old-time fear of poisonous antiseptics.

Again we say "Read this book for married women"

Send today for this special booklet for women, giving the facts in language easy to understand. It will clear your mind and prove quite satisfying. Use the coupon below and address it to Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York, N.Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION LI-010
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name..
(Please print name)
Address..
City.............................. State..................
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

In bottles, 30c, 60c, $1
Both in U. S. A. and Canada

Zonite
The Modern Personal Antiseptic

For windburn, chapped skin, and other skin irritations, keep Zonite Ointment ready. It is dainty, white and greaseless.

Oct. 11, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 7
No. 41

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 6900.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

THE DEAD HAND

There are some interesting situations in the political campaigns leading up to the approaching fall elections. Perhaps the most interesting, at this writing, is in Illinois.

Here, ex-Senator James Hamilton Lewis, a Democrat and an avowed wet, is running against two ladies, while at the same time a referendum on prohibition is part of the election program.

One of the ex-Senator's opponents, Mrs. Lottie Holman O'Neill, who is running as an independent, says she is going to be dry no matter what the result of the referendum may be. There is no chance of her being elected, but it is hoped by her followers and the Anti-Saloon League that she will draw off enough votes from the Republican nominee, Ruth Hanna McCormick, so that Mr. Lewis will slip in.

Lewis is a wet, but this maneuver is considered good tactics from the dry point of view—and maybe it is.

The situation is analogous to that in New York in 1926, when James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Republican wet, was defeated after two terms in the Senate by a Democrat, Robert F. Wagner, wholly because the drys in the Republican party voted for an independent as an act of discipline. They thought it better that Wagner, even though a Democrat, should be elected than that Wadsworth should win as a wet Republican.

Somewhat the same prospect confronts Mrs. McCormick. She is the nominee of her party, and she has been a dry, but she says as far as prohibition is concerned she'll vote as the Illinois referendum goes. If the people of Illinois desire a modification of our prohibition laws, she will act in accordance with their wishes as far as she can.

As she has pointed out, the extreme drys don't think this is right.

No matter what their wishes may be, the people, say the drys, should not have alcohol.

And this brings us to the whole trouble (as we think) with the prohibition question in the United States—the Eighteenth Amendment.

If the American people did want to change their way of dealing with the liquor traffic and go to some other method, they never could, because repeal or modification of a Constitutional amendment requires a favorable vote of three-fourths of all the states, and that is hard, if not impossible, to get. In general, the less populous states are dry and the more populous ones wet, so that a small minority could control in the matter of modification.

The people who inserted the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution in 1919 thought they had more wisdom than any who might come after them. They decreed, in effect, that the people of 1930 or any other year could have no say in the matter and must be bound by the dogmas and beliefs of 1919.

Now we are ruled by a dead hand. As a matter of fact, many of the dry leaders of that time, like Wayne B. Wheeler, are dead. But they still legislate for us. That's where the heat and acrimony of all these prohibition arguments comes in.

Mrs. McCormick has pointed out in her campaign that two celebrated drys, Senators Jones of Washington and Walsh of Montana, have both said they will be guided by the votes of their constituents in prohibition referendums the next time they run, and that if the people want to be wet they will give them wet legislation as far as they can—which, as we have said, in view of the Eighteenth Amendment, isn't very far.

And Senator Jones is the man who is given credit for the law which provides a possible five years in prison and $10,000 fine for having a pint of liquor in one's hip pocket.

It is a sign of the times that the Senator now coyly disclaims credit for this law, saying that it was merely given his name because he happened to be chairman of the committee which put it through.

Well, it's all a tangle. We are in trouble now because the people of 1919 who put this amendment in the Constitution *knew* that they had the true religion, that everything to the contrary was false, that the people of 1930 could not be trusted, and that, if we were to walk in the ways of righteousness, a dead hand must be laid upon us. We have said that before, on this page and on previous occasions, but we think it bears repeating.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Headline Hunter . . . . FLOYD GIBBONS 7
Beginning the tale of a war correspondent's adventures

Lost and Found—*A story* . . . . ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS 17

Thieves' Honor . . . . ROY CHADWICK 27
A "heist guy's" experiences with the code of the gangsters

Finesse—*A short short story* . . . . . . LUCY DOLES 33

Two Men and a Girl—*Movie reviews* . . . . . . KATE CAMERON 34

Whose Baby Am I? . . . . GRACE ROBINSON 36
A review of the Watkins-Bamberger problem in parenthood

Corsair—*Part IV* . . . . WALTON GREEN 48

Little Noise Abatement . . . . ROBERT BENCHLEY 59

Problems of Conduct—*Something new in diversions* 61

Madcap Mabel Normand—*Conclusion* . SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 65

Soda-Fountain Saga—*A story* . . . . . . CORNELL WOOLRICH 72

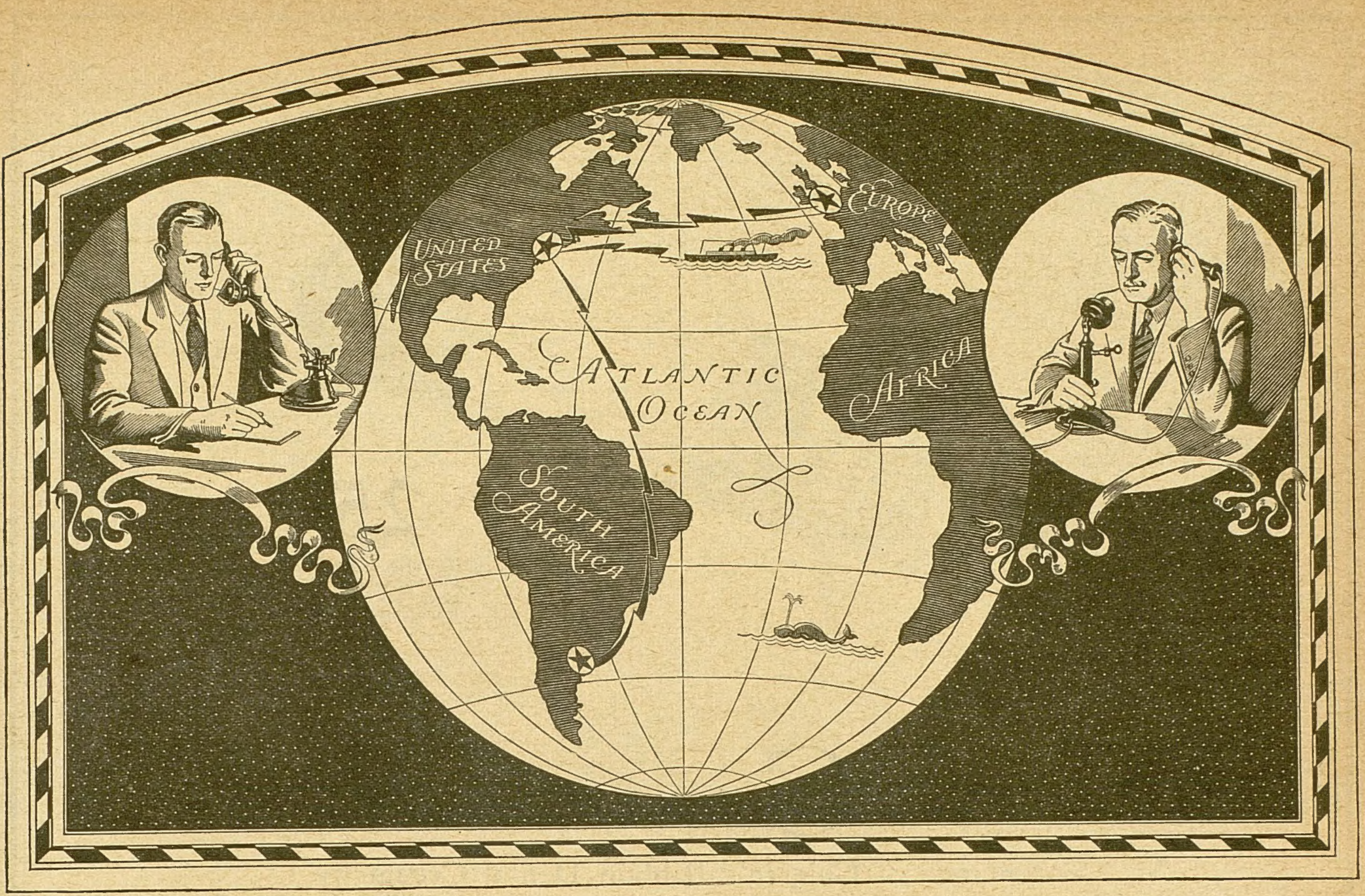
$500 for Limericks—*The week's winners* 79

Funny Faces—*Some prize winners and another $500 offer* 80

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator . . . . BERT GREEN 81

Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (24); Vox Pop (46-47); Bright Sayings of Children (60); Cross Word Puzzles (62-63); For the Love o' Lil (64)

Cover by Leslie Thrasher



Linking the continents with speech

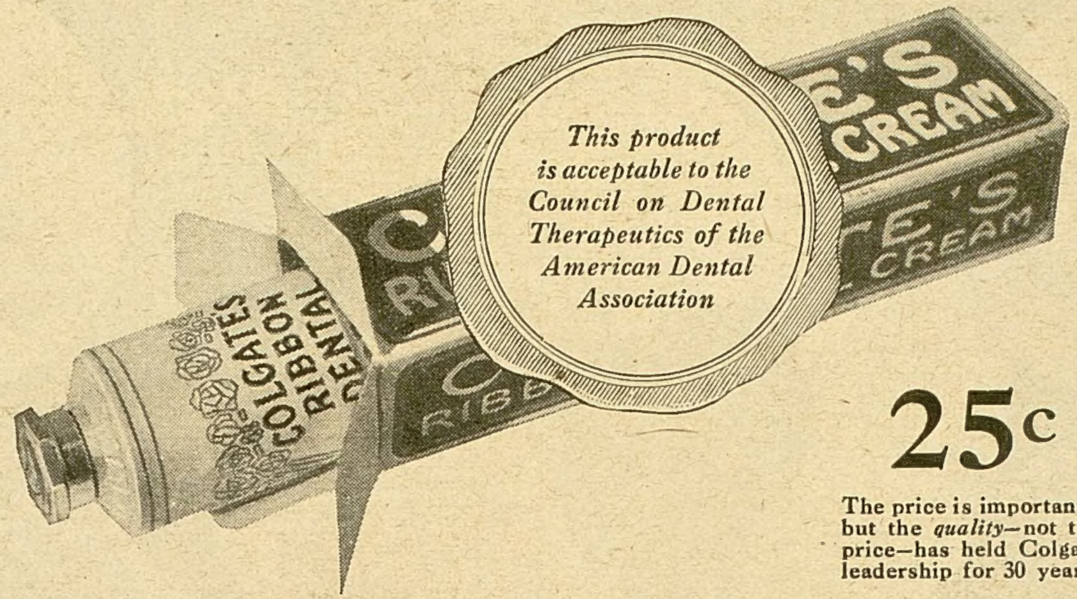
TODAY, through the Bell System's radio-telephone service, you can talk directly from your home or office telephone to most of the countries of Europe, to Argentina, Chile and the city of Montevideo, Uruguay, or to several great transatlantic liners while at sea.

Before long, your telephone horizon will be extended to Hawaii and other islands in the Pacific, to the mainland of Asia and to additional countries in Europe and South America. Bell System engineers are steadily enlarging the scope of voice-to-voice contact, bringing new continents, new nations, new cities and hamlets within reach of your telephone.

Talking to Europe, to South America, to ships at sea, is almost as satisfactory as an across-the-desk conference. You can transact business and exchange personal messages with the ease and clearness of an ordinary long distance call. Questions can be settled as they arise.

Recent reductions in charges have lowered the cost of a three-minute conversation between New York and London, and New York and Buenos Aires, to $30. A slight additional charge is made for calls between more distant points.

Transatlantic telephone service has won an important place in international communication. It has brought the factor of *personality* to the daily contacts between the Old World and the New. It is a furtherance of the Bell System's aim: *that you may be able to talk with any one, anywhere, at any time.*


This product
is acceptable to the
Council on Dental
Therapeutics of the
American Dental
Association
COLGATES
RIBBON
DENTAL
CREAM

25c

The price is important—
but the *quality*—not the
price—has held Colgate
leadership for 30 years.

COLGATE announces the acceptance of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

Be guided in your choice of a toothpaste by the acceptance of the Council on Dental Therapeutics.

●

Use Colgate's — not only the largest-selling toothpaste in the world — but a toothpaste recommended by dentists for more than a quarter of a century.

Colgate's cleans teeth safely; it contains only safe cleansing agents. It leaves the teeth clean; the mouth refreshed and pleasant-tasting.

Colgate's is used by more people than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

6239

Adventures of The HEADLINE HUNTER

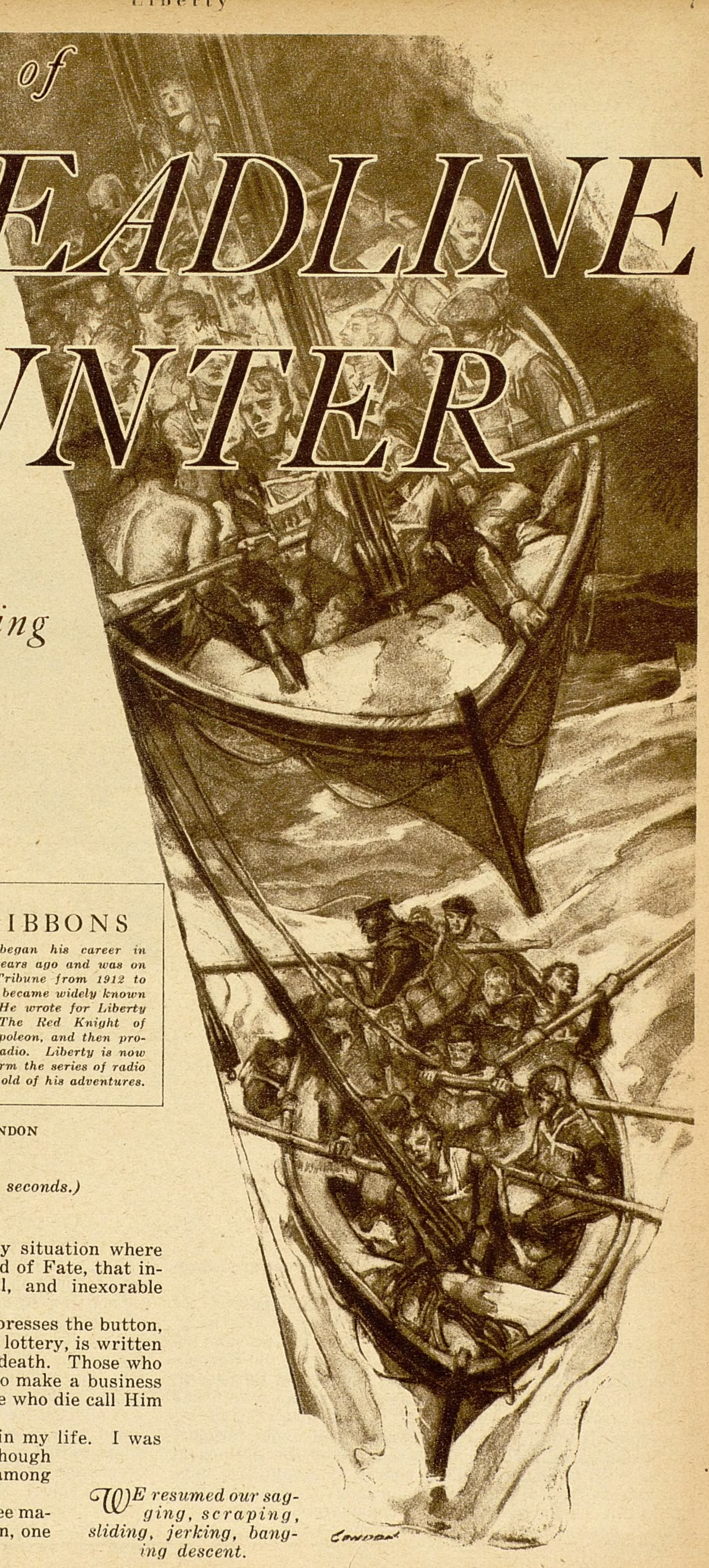
The Sinking of the Laconia

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

ex-newspaper man, who began his career in Minneapolis twenty-three years ago and was on the staff of the Chicago Tribune from 1912 to 1929, during which time he became widely known as a war correspondent. He wrote for Liberty two stirring narratives, The Red Knight of Germany and The Red Napoleon, and then proceeded to win new fame as a speaker on the radio. Liberty is now making available for the first time in printed form the series of radio talks, each complete in itself, in which he has told of his adventures.

Pictures by GRATTON CONDON



WE resumed our sagging, scraping, sliding, jerking, banging descent.

(Reading time: 28 minutes 10 seconds.)

HELLO Everybody!

What is drama?

Offhand, I would say it is any situation where human life is arraigned before the God of Fate, that intangible, illusive, capricious, illogical, and inexorable judge of human destiny.

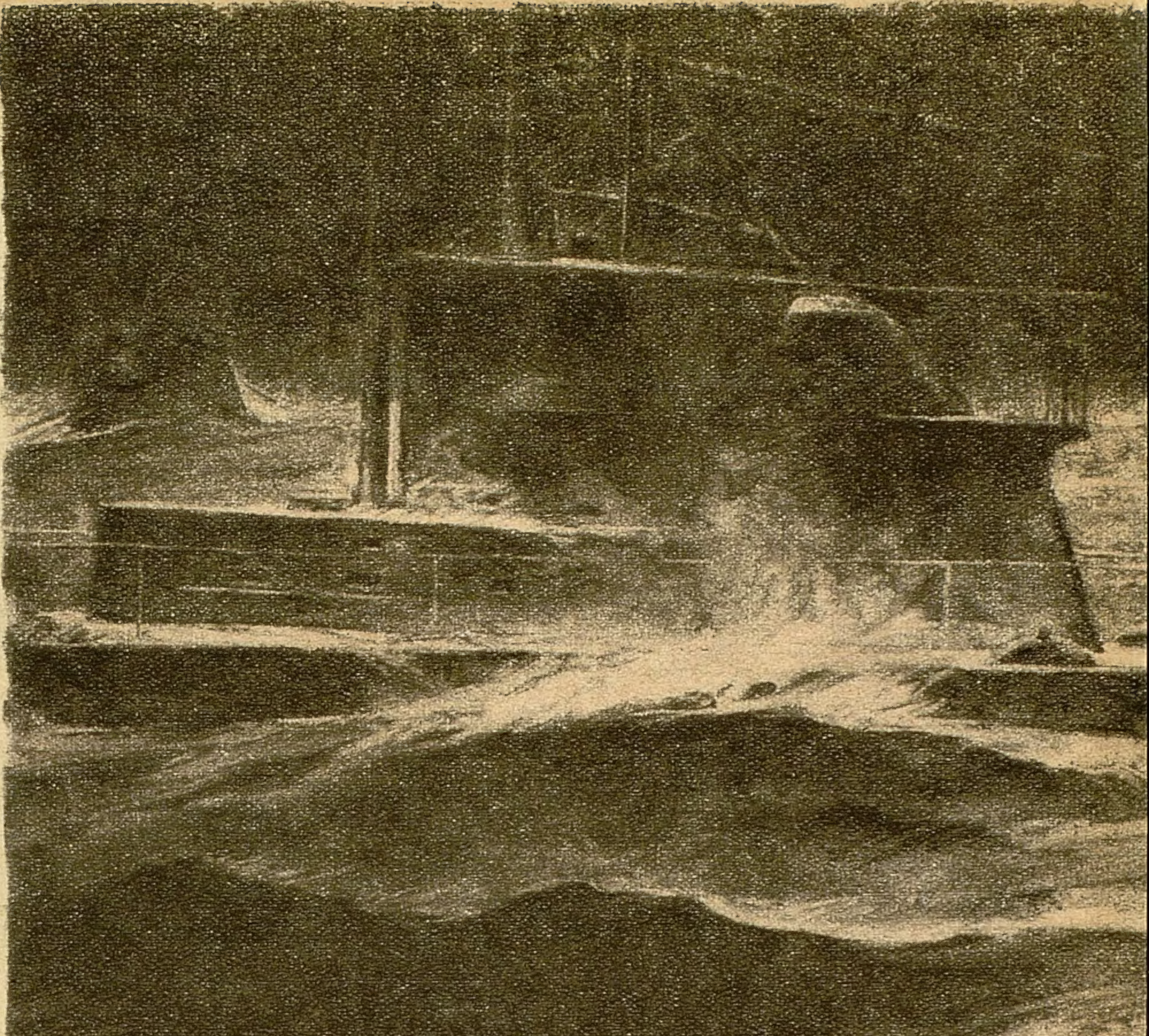
At some juncture in our lives Fate presses the button, and out of the ticker, like numbers in a lottery, is written our destiny, success or failure, life or death. Those who gamble call Him Lady Luck; those who make a business of facing death call Him Chance; those who die call Him Kismet.

Fate has played an important rôle in my life. I was on the Laconia when she sank. Although thirteen people lost their lives, I was among those saved.

At Château-Thierry I was hit by three machine-gun bullets. My arm was broken, one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE HEADLINE HUNTER
Continued from page seven



A black hulk, glistening wet and standi

eye was shot out . . . but Chance ruled that none of those bullets—a fraction of an inch one way or the other meant the difference between life and death—would be fatal. Both experiences mark dramatic junctures in my life. In both I faced and contemplated the specter of death.

Action is an antidote to fear. Fear is sometimes an emotion so near to the thrill of a Coney Island roller coaster that the reward of being saved, of a narrow escape, more than compensates for the ordeal of its occurrence.

That is my reaction after thirteen years. . . . But that voyage through submarine-infested waters, the sinking of the Laconia, the night in an open boat on the high seas, will always remain a great and unforgettable drama of my life.

In spite of the few accidents and the immensity and stability of modern steamships, I doubt if few ocean travelers on their maiden voyage have not experienced a feeling of human helplessness when in midocean they compare the possible frailty of such man-made devices as even the most modern liners with the enormous power of the wilderness of water. We realize that safety rests upon the kindliness of the elements, the skill and watchfulness of those in command, the dependability of such human-made things as engines, propellers, steel plates, bolts, and rivets.

A SINKING at sea is a nightmare. I have been on a ship torpedoed in midocean. I have stood on the slanting decks of a doomed liner; I have listened to the lowering of the lifeboats, heard the hiss of escaping steam and the roar of ascending rockets as they tore lurid rents in the black sky and cast glaring red reflections on a foaming sea.

I have spent a night in an open boat on the tossing swells. I have been through, in reality, the mad dream of drifting and darkness, of bailing and pulling on the oars, of straining aching eyes toward an empty, meaningless horizon in search of help. I shall try to tell you how it feels.

I had been assigned by the Chicago Tribune to go to London as its correspondent. Almost the same day I received that assignment, the Imperial Government of Germany had drawn a blockade zone about the waters of the British Isles and the coasts of France, and had announced to the world that its U-boats would sink without warning any ship, of any kind, under any flag, that tried to sail the waters that Germany declared prohibited.

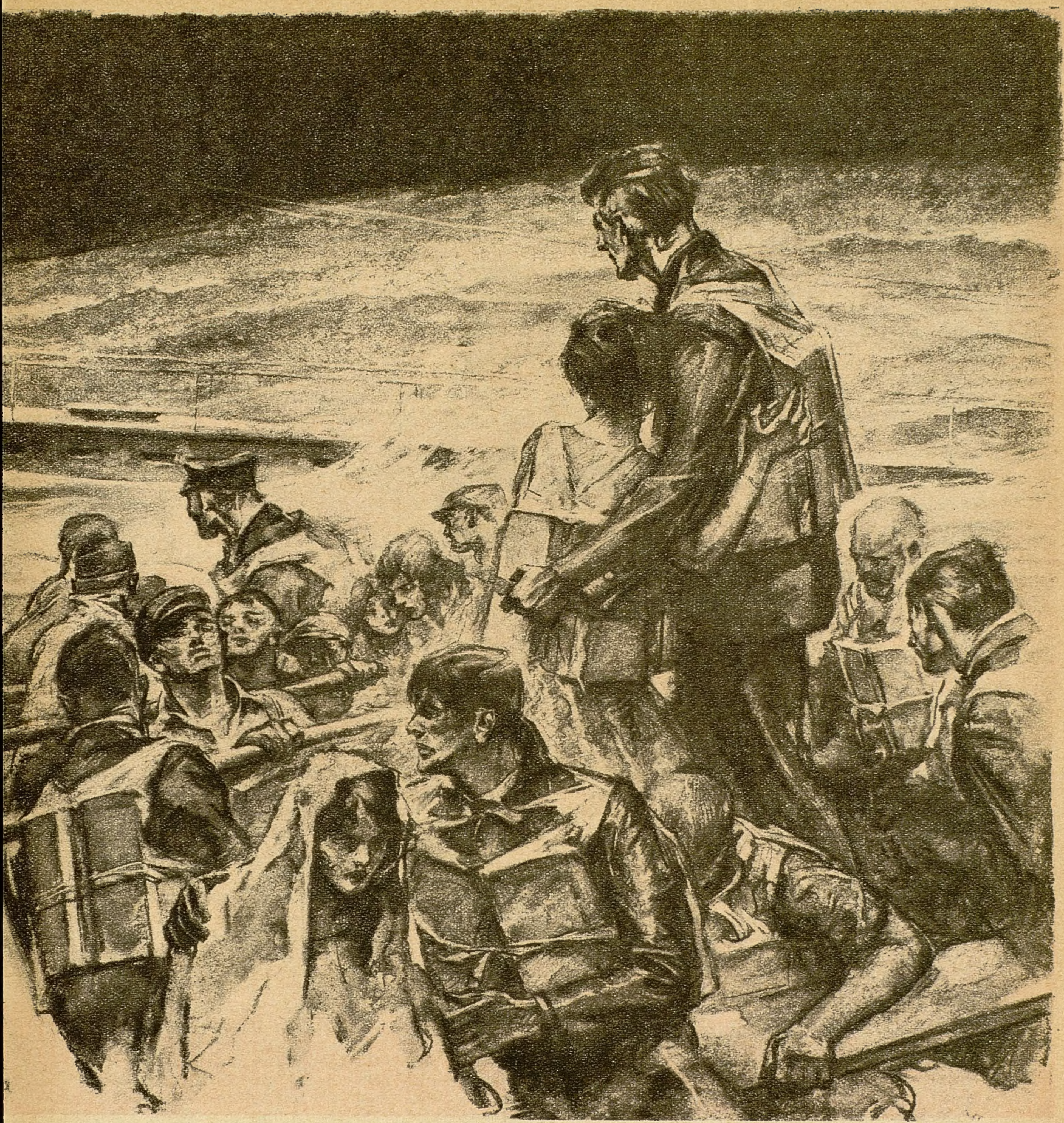
In consideration of my personal safety and, possibly, of my future usefulness, the editor was desirous of arranging for me a safe passage across the Atlantic. Such an opportunity presented itself in the return of the German Ambassador to the United States, Count von Bernstorff.

Under the rules of international courtesy a ship had been provided for the use of von Bernstorff and his diplomatic staff. That ship was to sail under absolute guaranties of safe conduct from all of the nations at war with Germany and, of course, it would also have been safe from attack by German submarines. That ship was the Frederick VIII. At considerable expense the publishers managed to obtain for me a cabin passage on that ship.

But with the eyes of the world and particularly America centered on that blockade zone of water, it occurred to me that to cross on the one ship whose safety was guaranteed would be sidestepping the possibilities of personally reporting a great human story. I canceled my sailing on the Frederick VIII and prepared to take my chances with the rest on an unprotected ship.

My employers insured my life for an additional $25,000 and advised me on precautionary measures. I was provided with a non-sink garment guaranteed to keep me afloat until I starved to death—and I was given a supply of compressed food tablets calculated to keep me alive until I sank! With youth and health I felt my chances of surviving were very good.

In New York, I sought passage on the first American ship sailing for England. I made the rounds of the



bout eight feet above the surface of the water. . . . It was the submarine.

steamship offices and learned that the Cunard liner Laconia was the first available boat and was about to sail. She carried a large cargo of munitions and other materials of war. I booked passage aboard her. It was on Saturday, February 17, 1917, that we steamed away from the dock at New York and moved slowly through the maze of shipping.

I can still see my gray-haired mother waving farewell to me from the end of the pier, but I was not conscious then of the fear that was in her heart, nor did I foresee the pain I was to bring her some days later when she read the premature obituary accompanying my photograph on the front page of a newspaper under the headline, "LOST AT SEA."

We were bound for Liverpool. My cabin accommodations were good. The Laconia was listed at 18,000 tons and was one of the larger Cunarders in the Atlantic service. The next morning we were out of sight of land.

Sailors were stationed along the decks of the ship and at the mastheads. They maintained a watch over the surface of the sea in all directions. On the stern of the ship there was mounted a six-inch cannon and a crew of gunners stood by it night and day.

Submarines had been recently reported in the waters through which we were sailing, but we saw none of them and apparently they saw none of us. They had sunk many ships, but all of the sinkings had been in the daytime. Consequently, there was a feeling of greater safety at night. The Laconia sailed on a constantly zigzagging course. All of our lifeboats were swinging out over the sides of the ship, so that if we were hit they could be low-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

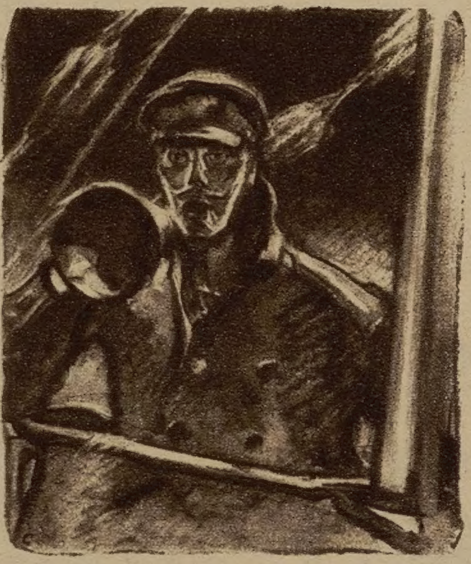
THE HEADLINE HUNTER
Continued from page nine

ered in a hurry. Every other day passengers and crew would be called upon the decks to stand by the lifeboats assigned to them.

The officers instructed us in the lifeboat drill. They showed us how to strap the life preservers about our bodies. They showed us a small keg of water and some tin cans of biscuits, a lantern and some flares that were stored in each boat, and so we sailed along day after day without meeting any danger. At night all lights were screened and the ship slipped along through the darkness.

It was Sunday—our eighth day at sea—when we entered the blockade zone. We sailed into it full steam ahead and nothing happened. That day was February the twenty-fifth. In the afternoon, I was seated in the lounge with two friends. One was an American whose name was Kirby; the other was a Canadian and his name was Dugan. The latter was an aviator in the British army. In fights with German airplanes high over the western front he had been wounded and brought down twice and the army had sent him to his home in Canada to recuperate. He was returning once more "to stop another bullet," as he said.

As we talked, I passed around my cigarette case and Dugan held a lighted match while the three of us lighted our cigarettes from it. As Dugan blew out the match and placed the burnt end in an ash tray, he laughed and said:



"Vot ship vass dot?"

"They say it is bad luck to light three cigarettes with the same match, but I think it is good luck for me. I used to do it frequently with my flying pals in France, and four of them have been killed, but I am still alive."

"That makes it all right for you," said Kirby, "but it makes it look bad for Gibbons and myself. But nothing is going to happen. I don't believe in superstitions."

That night after dinner Kirby and I took a brisk walk around the darkened promenade deck of the Laconia. The night was very dark, a stiff wind was blowing, and the Laconia was rolling slightly in the trough of the waves. Wet from spray, we returned within and in one of the corridors met the captain of the ship. I told him I would like very much to have a look at his chart and learn our exact location on the ocean.

He looked at me and laughed as he replied:

"Oh, you would, would you?" and his voice carried that particular British intonation that seemed to say, "Well, it is jolly well none of your business." It was the first time I knew that our location was a secret.

I asked him when he thought we would land in Liverpool.

"I really don't know," said the ship's commander, and then with a wink, he added, "but my steward told me that we would get in Tuesday evening."

KIRBY and I went to the smoke room on the boat deck, well to the stern of the ship. We joined a circle of Britishers who were seated in front of a scenic coal fire in an open hearth. Nearly everyone in the lighted smoke room was playing cards. Conversation was practically confined to the mentioning of bids and the ordering of drinks from the stewards.

"What do you think are our chances of being torpedoed?" was the question I put before the circle in front of the fireplace.

The deliberative Mr. Henry Chetham, a London solicitor, was the first to answer.

"Well," he drawled, "I should say about four thousand to one."

Lucien J. Jerome of the British diplomatic service, returning with an Ecuadorian valet from South America, advanced his opinion.

He impressed me tremendously. In his right eye he carried a monocle without a rim and without a ribbon. I had seen him stand on the hurricane deck facing the wind but holding the glass disk in his eye with a muscular viselike grip. I had followed him around the decks expecting to see it blown out. I had finally concluded the glass was fixed to his eye and he slept with it. The diplomat expressed his opinion most affirmatively.

"Nonsense," he said with reference to Mr. Chetham's estimate. "Utter nonsense. Considering the zone that we are in and the class of the ship, I should put the chances down at two hundred and fifty to one that we don't meet a sub."

At that minute the torpedo hit us.

Have you ever stood on the deck of a ferry boat as it arrived in a slip? And have you ever experienced the slight sideward shove when the boat rubs against the piling and comes to a stop? That was the unmistakable lurch we felt. No one expects to run into pilings in midocean. We knew what it was.

At the same time there came a muffled noise—not extremely loud—just a noise like the slamming of some large oaken door a good distance away. Realizing that we had been torpedoed, I was rather disappointed at the slightness of the shock and the meekness of the report. One or two chairs tipped over, a few glasses crashed from table to floor, and in an instant every man in the room was on his feet.

"WE'RE hit!" shouted Mr. Chetham.

"That's what we've been waiting for," said Mr. Jerome.

"What a lousy torpedo!" said Mr. Kirby. "It must have been a fizzer."

I looked at my watch; it was 10:30.

Five sharp blasts sounded on the Laconia's whistle. Since that night, I have often marveled at the quick coordination of mind and hand that belonged to the man on the bridge who pulled that whistle rope. Those five blasts were the signal to abandon the ship. We recognized it.

We walked hurriedly down the corridor leading from the smoke room in the stern to the lounge which was amidships. We moved fast, but there was no crowding and no panic. Passing the open door of the gymnasium, I became aware of the list of the vessel. The floor of the gymnasium slanted down on the starboard side and a medicine ball and dozens of dumb-bells and Indian clubs were rolling in that direction.

We entered the lounge—a large drawing-room furnished with green upholstered chairs and divans and small tables on which after-dinner liqueur glasses still rested. In one corner was a grand piano with the top elevated, gaping like the cavernous maw of a hippopotamus. In the center of the slanting floor of the saloon was a cabinet phonograph and from its swinging doors there poured the last and dying strains of Poor Butterfly.

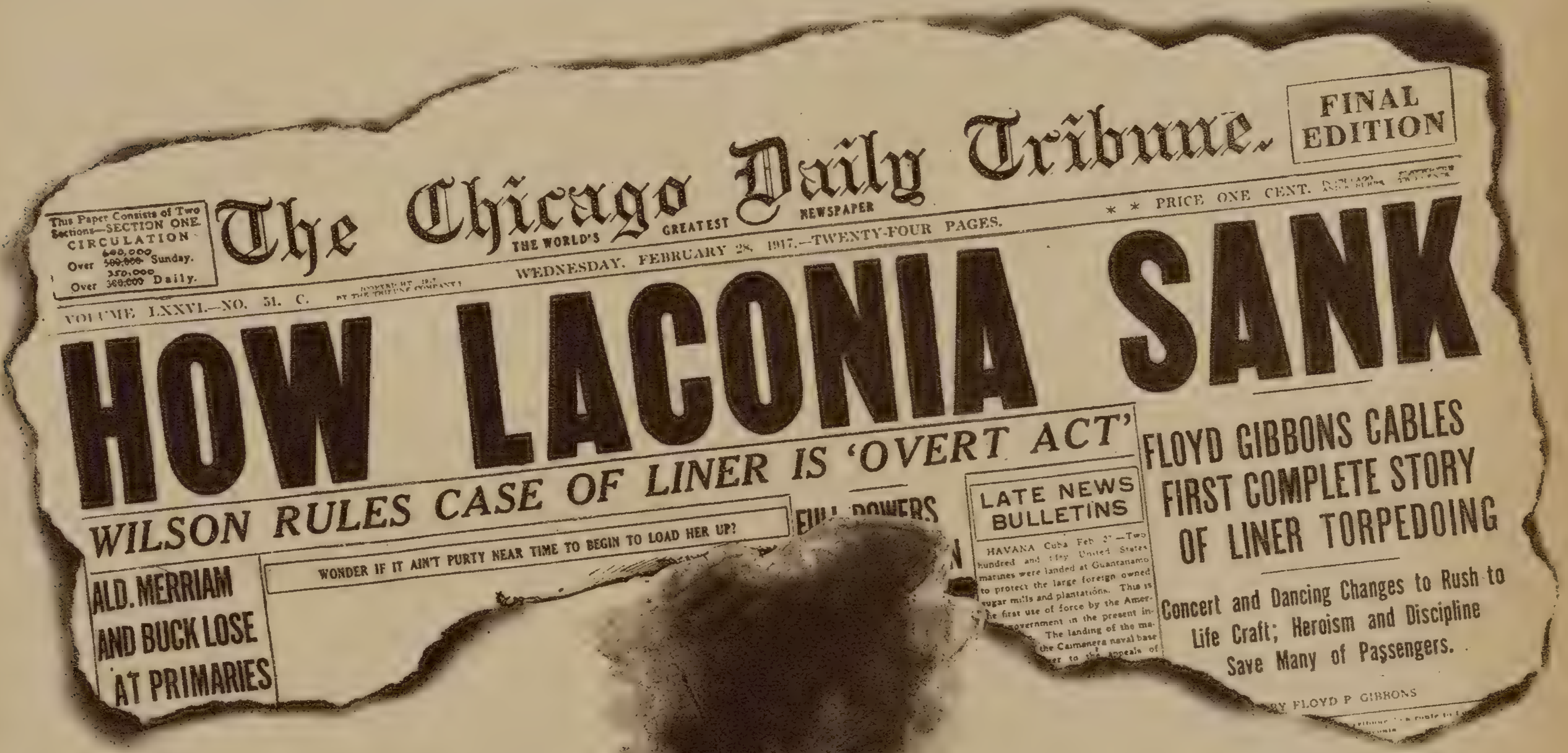
The women and several men were hurriedly leaving by the forward door. We followed them. The twin winding stairs leading below decks were dark and I brought into play a pocket flashlight shaped like a fountain pen. I had purchased it before sailing in view of such an emergency and I had always carried it fastened with a clip in an upper vest pocket.

My stateroom was B 19 on the promenade deck, one deck below the deck on which was located the smoke room, the lounge, and the lifeboats. The corridor was dimly lighted and the floor had a more perceptible slant as I darted into my stateroom, which was on the starboard and sinking side of the ship. I hurriedly put on the non-sink garment constructed like a vest and then donned an overcoat.

Responding to the list of the ship, my wardrobe door swung open and crashed against the wall. My typewriter slid off the dressing table and a shower of toilet articles pitched from their places on the washstand. I grabbed the ship's life preserver in my left hand and, with the flashlight in my right hand, started up the companionway to the upper deck.

In the darkness of the boat-deck companionway, the rays of my flashlight revealed the chief steward opening the door of a switch closet in the paneled wall. He pushed on a number of switches and instantly the decks of the Laconia became bright. From sudden darkness the interior of the ship burst into a blaze of light and it was that illumination that saved many lives.

The Laconia's engines and dynamos had not yet been damaged. I learned later the torpedo had hit us well astern on the starboard side and the bulkheads seemed to be holding back from the engine room the flood of water that rushed in through the gaping hole in the ship's side. I moved down the boat deck to my station opposite boat No. 10. I looked over the side and down upon the water sixty feet below. The sudden flashing of the lights on the upper deck made the dark seething waters seem blacker and angrier. They rose and fell in troubled swells—green billows flecked with gray-white foam.



This Paper Consists of Two Sections—SECTION ONE.
CIRCULATION
Over ~~500,000~~ 600,000 Sunday.
Over ~~300,000~~ 350,000 Daily.

The Chicago Daily Tribune.
THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

FINAL EDITION

VOLUME LXXVI.—NO. 51. C. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1917.—TWENTY-FOUR PAGES. * * PRICE ONE CENT.

HOW LACONIA SANK

WILSON RULES CASE OF LINER IS 'OVERT ACT'

WONDER IF IT AIN'T PURTY NEAR TIME TO BEGIN TO LOAD HER UP?

ALD. MERRIAM AND BUCK LOSE AT PRIMARIES

LATE NEWS BULLETINS

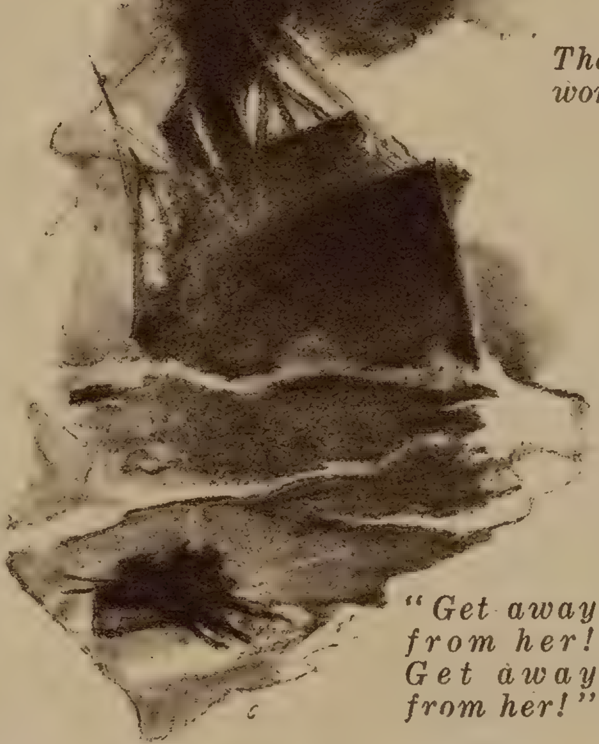
HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 27.—Two hundred and fifty United States marines were landed at Guantanamo to protect the large foreign owned sugar mills and plantations. This is the first use of force by the American government in the present in- … The landing of the ma- … the Caimanera naval base … to the appeals of

FLOYD GIBBONS CABLES FIRST COMPLETE STORY OF LINER TORPEDOING

Concert and Dancing Changes to Rush to Life Craft; Heroism and Discipline Save Many of Passengers.

BY FLOYD P. GIBBONS

The headline that the Headline Hunter won with his Laconia sinking scoop.



"Get away from her! Get away from her!"

Steam hissed from pipes leading up from the engine well. It seemed like a dying groan—an expiring gasp—from the very vitals of the stricken ship. Clouds of white and black smoke rolled up from the giant gray funnels that towered above us.

Suddenly there was a roaring swish as a rocket soared upward from the captain's bridge, leaving a comet's tail of fire. I watched it as it described a graceful arc and with an audible pop burst into a flare of brilliance.

Already boat No. 10 was loading up and men and boys were busy with ropes. I started to help near a davit that seemed to be giving trouble, but was sternly ordered to get out of the way and get into the boat.

OTHER passengers and members of the crew and officers of the ship were rushing to and fro along the deck, strapping their life preservers to them as they rushed. There was some shouting of orders but little or no confusion. One woman, a blonde French actress, became hysterical on the deck, but two men lifted her bodily off her feet and placed her in a lifeboat.

On the starboard side it was different. On that side the decks slanted down toward the water. The ship careened in that direction and the lifeboats suspended from the davits swung clear of the ship's side.

The list of the ship increased. On the port side we looked down the slanting side of the ship and noticed that her water line on that side was a number of feet above the waves. The slant was so pronounced that the lifeboats, instead of swinging clear from the davits, rested against the side of the ship. From my position I could see that we were going to have difficulty in the descent.

"Lower away!" someone gave the order, and we started downward with a jerk toward the seemingly hungry rising and falling swells. Then we stopped with another jerk and remained suspended in midair while the men at the bow and the stern swore and tusseled with the ropes.

THE stern of the boat was down; the bow up, leaving us at an angle of about forty-five degrees. We clung to the seats to save ourselves from falling out.

"Who's got a knife? A knife! A knife!" shouted a fireman in the bow. He was bare to the waist and, although it was biting cold, perspiration stood out in drops on his face and chest and made streaks through the coal dust with which his skin was grimed.

"Great Gawd! Give him a knife!" bawled a half-dressed, jibbering Negro stoker who wrung his hands in the stern.

A hatchet was thrust into my hands and I forwarded it to the bow. There was a flash of sparks as it was brought down with a clang on the holding pulley. One strand of the rope parted.

Down plunged the bow of the boat. We came to a jerky stop, this time with the stern in the air and the bow down, the dangerous angle reversed.

One man in the stern let the rope race through his blistered fingers. With hands burned to the quick, he grabbed the rope and stopped the precipitous descent just in time to bring the stern level with the bow. Then bow and stern tried to lower away together. The slant of the ship's side had increased, so that our boat, instead of sliding down it like a toboggan, was held up on one side when the taffrail caught on a projecting exhaust pipe.

Thus the starboard side of the lifeboat stuck fast and high while the port side dropped down, and once more we

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE HEADLINE HUNTER
Continued from page eleven

found ourselves clinging on at a new angle and looking straight down into the water.

A hand slipped into mine and a voice sounded huskily close to my ear. It was the little old Jewish traveling man who was disliked in the smoke room because he used to speak too certainly of things about which he was uncertain. His slightly Teutonic dialect had made him as popular as the smallpox with the British passengers.

"My poy, I can't see nutting," he said. "My glasses slipped and I am falling. Hold me, please."

I managed to reach out and join hands with another man on the other side of the old man and together we held him in. He hung heavily over our arms, grotesquely grasping all he had saved from his stateroom—a gold-headed cane and an extra hat.

Many feet and hands pushed the boat from the side of the ship and we resumed our sagging, scraping, sliding, jerking, banging descent. It ended as the bottom of the lifeboat smacked squarely on the pillowy top of a rising swell. It felt more solid than midair at least.

But we were far from being off. The pulleys twice stuck, bow and stern, and the one ax was passed forward and back (and with it my flashlight) as the entangling mesh of ropes that held us to the sinking Laconia was cut away.

Some shouts from that confusion of sound caused me to look up. I believe I really did so in the fear that one of the boats near by was being lowered upon us.

Tin funnels enameled white and containing clusters of electric bulbs hung over the side from one of the upper decks. I looked up into the cone of one of these lights and a bulky object shot suddenly out of the darkness into the scope of the electric rays.

It was a man. His arms were bent up at the elbows; his legs at the knees. He was jumping, with the intention, I feared, of landing in our boat, and I prepared to avoid the impact.

But he had judged his distance well.

He plunged beyond us and into the water three feet from the edge of the boat. He sank from sight, leaving a white patch of bubbles and foam on the black water. He bobbed up to the surface almost immediately.

"It's Dugan!" shouted a man next to me.

I FLASHED a light on the ruddy, smiling face and water-plastered hair of the little Canadian aviator, our fellow saloon passenger. We pulled him over the side and into the boat. He spluttered out a mouthful of water.

"I wonder if there is anything to that lighting three cigarettes off the same match," he said. "I was trying to loosen the bow rope on this boat. I loosened it and then got tangled up in it. When the boat descended, I was jerked up back on the deck. Then I jumped for it. Holy Moses, this water is cold!"

LACONIA
LIVERPOOL

As we pulled away from the side of the ship, its receding terraces of glowing portholes and deck lights towered above us. The ship was slowly turning over.

We were directly opposite the engine-room section of the Laconia. There was a tangle of oars, spars, and rigging on the seats in our boat, and considerable confusion resulted before we could manage to place in operation some of the big oars on either side.

The jibbering, bullet-headed Negro was pulling a sweep directly behind me and I turned to quiet him, since his frantic reaches with the oar were jabbing me in the back.

In the full light from the upper decks, I looked into his slanting face—his eyes all white and his lips moving convulsively. He shivered with fright—and he was not the only one—but in addition to that, he was freezing in the cotton shirt that composed his entire upper covering. He worked feverishly at the oar to warm himself.

"Get away from her! My Gawd, get away from her!" he kept repeating. "When the water hits her hot boilers she'll blow up the whole ocean and there's tons and tons of shrapnel in her hold."

His excitement spread to other members of the crew in our boat. The ship's baker, designated by his pantry headgear of white linen, became a competing alarmist, and a white fireman, whose blasphemy was nothing short of profound, added to the confusion by cursing everyone.

It was the tension of the minute—it was the giving way of overwrought nerves—it was bedlam and nightmare.

I sought to establish some authority in our boat, which was about to break out into full mutiny. I made my way to the stern. There, huddled up in a great overcoat and almost muffled in a ship's life preserver, was a white-haired old man. I remembered him.

He was a sea captain of the old sailing days. He had been a second-cabin passenger with whom I had talked before. Earlier in the year he had sailed out of Nova Scotia with a cargo of codfish. His schooner, the Secret, had broken in two in midocean, but he and his crew had been picked up by a tramp and taken back to New York.

From there he had sailed on another ship bound for Europe, but this ship had never reached the other side. In mid-Atlantic her captain had lost courage over the U-boat threats. He had turned the ship about and returned to America. Thus the Laconia represented the third unsuccessful attempt of this gray-haired mariner to get back to his home in England. His name was Captain Dear.

"Our boat's rudder is gone, but we can steer with an oar," he said, in a weak, quavering voice—the thin high-pitched treble of age. "I will take charge, if you want me to, but my voice is gone. I can tell you what to do, but you will have to shout the orders. They won't listen to me."

THERE was only one way to get the attention of the crew, and that was by an overpowering blast of profanity. I called to my assistance every ear-splitting, soul-sizzling oath that I could think of.

I recited the lurid litany of the army mule skinner to his gentle charges and embellished it with excerpts from the remarks of a Chicago taxi chauffeur changing tires on the road with the temperature ten below.

It proved an effective combination, this brimstoned oration. It was rewarded by silence.

"Is there a ship's officer in this boat?" I shouted. There was no answer.

"Is there a sailor or a seaman on board?" I inquired, and again there was silence from our group of passengers, firemen, stokers, and deck swabs.

They appeared to be listening to me and I wished to keep my hold on them. I racked my mind for some other query to make or some order to direct. Before the spell was broken I found one.

"We will now find out how many of us there are in this boat," I announced in the best tones of authority I could assume.

"The first man in the bow will count 'one' and the next man to him will count 'two.' We will take count from the bow back to the stern, each man taking a number. Begin."

"One," came the quick response from a passenger who was the first man in the bow. The enumeration continued sharply toward the stern. I spoke the last number.

"There are twenty-three of us here," I repeated. "There's not a ship's officer or seaman among us, but we are extremely fortunate to have with us an old sea captain who has consented to take charge of the boat and save our lives. His voice is weak, but I will repeat the orders from him, so that all of you can hear. Are you ready to obey his orders?"

There was an almost unanimous acknowledgment of assent, and order was restored.

"The first thing to be done," I announced upon Captain Dear's instructions, "is to get the same number of oars pulling on each side of the boat; to seat ourselves so as to keep on an even keel, and then to keep the boat's head into the wind so that we won't be swamped by the waves."

With some little difficulty, this rearrangement was accomplished, and then we rested on our oars with all eyes turned on the still lighted Laconia, now listing far over on one side.

The torpedo had hit us at 10:30. It must have been twenty minutes after that first shot that we heard another thud, which was accompanied by a noticeable drop in the hulk. The German submarine had dispatched a second torpedo at the engine room and the boat's vitals from a distance of 200 yards.

We watched silently during the next minute as the tiers of lights dimmed slowly from white to yellow, then to red; and then nothing was left but the murky mourning of the night which hung over all like a pall.

A mean, cheese-colored crescent of a moon revealed one horn above a rag bundle of clouds low in the distance. A rim of blackness settled around our little world, relieved only by a few leering stars in the zenith and, where the Laconia's lights had shown, there remained only the outlines of a blacker hulk standing out above the water like a jagged headland, silhouetted against the sky.

The ship sank rapidly at the stern until at last its nose rose out of the water, and stood straight up in the air. Then it slid silently down and out of sight like a piece of scenery in a panorama spectacle.

P. & A. photo

The Cunard liner Laconia, 18,000 tons, whose sinking by a German torpedo on February 25, 1917, speeded United States participation in the war.

Boat No. 3 stood closest to the place where the ship had gone down. As a result of the after-suction, the small lifeboat rocked about in a perilous sea of clashing spars and wreckage.

As the boat's crew steadied its head into the wind, a black hulk, glistening wet and standing about eight feet above the surface of the water, approached slowly. It came to a stop opposite the boat and not ten feet from the side of it. It was the submarine.

"Vot ship vass dot?" were the first words of throaty guttural English that came from a figure projected from the conning tower.

"The Laconia," answered Chief Steward Ballyn, who commanded the lifeboat.

"Vot?"

"The Laconia, Cunard Line," responded the steward.

"Vot did she weight?" was the next question.

"Eighteen thousand tons."

"Any passengers?"

"Seventy-three," replied Ballyn, "many of them women and children—some of them in this boat. She had over two hundred in the crew."

"Did she carry cargo?"

"Yes."

"Iss der captain in dot boat?"

"No," answered Ballyn.

"Well, I guess you'll be all right. A patrol will pick you up some time soon." Without further sound save for the swish of water at its stern, the submarine moved off.

"I THOUGHT it best to make my answers satisfactory," said Ballyn, when he repeated the conversation to me. "I was thinking of the women and children in the boat. I feared every minute somebody in our boat might make a hostile move, fire a revolver, or throw something at the submarine. I feared the consequence of such an act."

There was no assurance of an early pickup, so we made preparations for a siege with the elements. The weather was a great factor. That black rim of clouds looked ominous. There was a good promise of rain. February has a reputation for nasty weather in the north Atlantic. The wind was cold, wet, and penetrating, and seemed to be rising. Our boat bobbed about like a cork on the swells.

How much rougher seas could the boat weather? This question and conditions were debated pro and con.

Had our rockets been seen? Did the first torpedo put the wireless out of commission? If it had been able to operate, had anybody heard our S O S? Was there enough food and drinking water in the boat to last?

This brought us to an inventory of our small craft. After considerable difficulty, we found the lamp, a can of powder flares, the tin of ship's biscuit, matches, and spare oil.

The lamp was lighted. Other lights were now visible. As we drifted in the darkness, we could see them every time we mounted the crest of a swell. The boats carrying these lights remained quite close together at first.

ONE boat came within sound and I recognized the Harry Lauder-like voice of the second assistant purser whom I had last heard on Wednesday at the ship's concert. Now he was singing, I Want to Marry 'arry, and I Love to Be a Sailor.

There were an American woman and her husband in that boat. She told me later that an attempt had been made to sing Tipperary, and Rule, Britannia, but the thought of that slinking dark hull of destruction that might have been a part of the neighboring darkness resulted in the abandonment of the effort.

"Who's the officer in that boat?" came a cheery hail from the near-by light.

"What the hell is it to you?" our half-frozen Negro yelled, for no reason apparent to me other than possibly the relief of his feelings.

"Will somebody brain him with an oar?" was the inquiry of our profound oathsman, who also expressed regret that he happened to be sitting too far away from the Negro to reach him. He accompanied the announcement with a warmth of language that must have relieved the chill of all of us.

The fear of the boats crashing together produced a general inclination toward maximum separation on the part of all the little units of survivors, with the result that soon the small craft stretched out for several miles, their occupants all endeavoring to hold the heads of the boats into the wind.

Hours passed. The swells slopped over the sides of our boat and filled the bottom with water. We bailed continually. Most of us were wet to the knees and shivering from the weakening effects of the icy water. Our hands were blistered from pulling at the oars. Our boat, bobbing about like a cork, produced a terrific nausea, and our stomachs ached from vain wrenching.

And then we saw the first light—the first sign of help coming—the first searching glow of white radiance deep down the somber sides of the black pot of night that hung over us. I don't know what direction it came from—none of us knew north from south—there was nothing but water and sky. But the light—it just came from over there where we pointed. We nudged dumb, sick boatmates and directed their gaze and aroused them to an appreciation of the sight that gave us new life.

It was way over there—first a trembling quiver of silver against blackness, then, drawing closer, it defined itself as a beckoning finger, although still too far away to be affected by our feeble efforts to attract it.

Nevertheless, we wasted valuable flares, and the ship's baker, self-ordained custodian of the biscuit, did the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE HEADLINE HUNTER
Continued from page thirteen

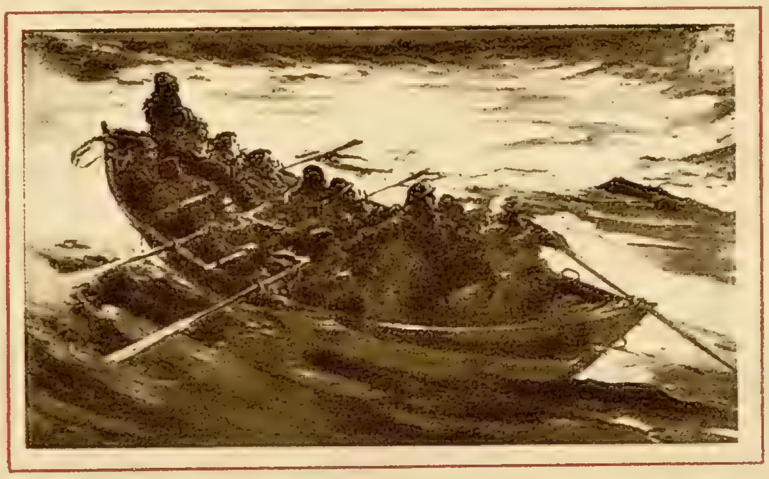
honors handsomely to the extent of a biscuit apiece to each of the twenty-three occupants of the boat.

"Pull starboard, sonnies!" sang out old Captain Dear, his gray chin whiskers bristling with joy in the light of the round lantern which he held aloft.

We pulled—pulled lustily, forgetting the strain and pains of innards torn and racked with violent vomiting and oblivious of blistered palms and wet, half-frozen feet.

Then a nodding of that finger of light—a happy, snapping, crap-shooting finger that seemed to say: "Come on, you men," like a dice player wooing the bones—led us to believe that our lights had been seen.

This was the fact, for immediately the on-coming vessel flashed on its green and red side lights and we saw it was headed for our position. We floated off its stern as it maneuvered for the best position in which it could take us on in a sea that was running higher and higher.



"I love to be a sailor."

The risk to that rescuing ship was great, because there was every reason to believe that the submarine that had destroyed the Laconia still lurked in the darkness, but those on board took the risk and stood by for the rescue.

"Come alongside port!" was megaphoned to us. As fast as we could, we swung under the stern and felt our way broadside toward the ship's side.

Out of the darkness above, flashlights blinked down on us and orders were shouted fast and thick.

When I look back on the night, I don't know which was the more hazardous, going down the slanting side of the sinking Laconia or going up the side of the rescuing vessel.

One minute the swells would lift us almost level with the rail of the low-built patrol boat and mine sweeper, but the next receding wave would swirl us down into a darksome gulf over which the ship's side glowered like a slimy, dripping cliff.

A score of hands reached out and we were suspended in the husky, tattooed arms of those doughty British Jack Tars. We were looking up into their weather-beaten youthful faces, mumbling our thankfulness and reading in the gold lettering on their pancake hats the legend, H. M. S. Laburnum. We had been six hours in the open boat.

The others began coming alongside one by one. Wet and bedraggled survivors were lifted aboard. Women and children first, was the rule.

The scenes of reunion were heart-gripping. Men who had remained strangers to one another aboard the Laconia, now wrung each other by the hand or embraced the little wife of a Canadian chaplain who had found one of her missing children delivered up from another boat. She smothered the child with ravenous mother kisses while tears of gladness streamed down her face.

BOAT after boat came alongside. The water-logged craft containing the Laconia's captain came last.

A rousing cheer went up as he stepped on the deck, one mangled hand hanging limp at his side.

The cramped officers' quarters down under the quarterdeck were turned over to the women and children. Two of the Laconia's stewardesses passed basins of boiling navy cocoa.

The men grouped themselves near steam pipes in the petty officers' quarters or over the grating of the engine rooms, where new life was to be had from the upward blasts of heated air that brought the smell of bilge water and of oil and sulphur from the bowels of the vessel.

The injured—all minor cases, with sprained backs, wrenched legs, or mashed hands—were put away in bunks under the care of the ship's doctor.

Dawn was melting the eastern ocean gray to pink when the task was finished. On tables and chairs and benches the women rested. Seasick mothers, trembling from the after effects of the night, sought to soothe crying children.

Then somebody happened to touch a key on the small wooden organ that stood against one wall. This was enough to send some calloused seafaring fingers over the ivory keys in a rhythm unquestionably religious, and so irresistible under the circumstances that, although no one seemed to know the words, the air was taken up in a reverent, humming chant by all in the room.

At the last note of the Amen, one of our passengers, little Father Warring, his black garb badly soiled, stood before the center table and lifted back his head until the morning light, filtering through the opened hatch above him, shone down on his kindly, weary face. He recited the Lord's Prayer and all present joined.

A SURVEY and cruise of the near-by waters revealed no more occupied boats and our mine sweeper, with its load of survivors numbering 267, steamed away to the east. Half an hour's steaming, and the vessel stopped within hailing distance of two sister ships, toward one of which an open boat manned by jackies was being pulled.

I saw the hysterical French actress, her blonde hair wet and bedraggled, lifted out of the boat and carried up on to the sweeper. Then a little boy, his fresh pink face and golden hair shining in the morning sun, was passed upward, followed by some other survivors, numbering fourteen in all, who had been found half-drowned and almost dead from exposure in a boat that was picked up just as it was sinking. It was in that boat that one American woman and her daughter had lost their lives. One of the survivors told me the story. He said:

"Our boat was Number Eight. It was smashed in the lowering. I was in the bow. Mrs. Hoy and her daughter were sitting toward the stern. The boat filled rapidly. It was no use trying to bail it. The water came in too fast. The boat's edge sank to the level of the water and only the air tanks kept it afloat.

"We saw the other boats showing their lights and drifting farther and farther away from us. We had no lights. And then, toward morning, we saw the rescuing ship come up into the cluster of other lifeboats that had drifted so far away from us. One by one we saw their lights disappear as they were taken aboard.

"We shouted and screamed and shrieked at the tops of our voices, but could not attract the attention of any of the other boats or the rescuing ship, and soon we saw its lights blink out. We were left there in the darkness with the wind howling and the sea rolling higher every minute.

"The women got weaker and weaker. Maybe they had been dead for some time. I don't know. But a wave came and washed both Mrs. Hoy and her daughter out of the boat. There were life belts around their bodies and they drifted away with their arms locked about each other."

With such stories ringing in our ears, with exchanges of experiences, pathetic and humorous, we steamed into Queenstown harbor shortly after ten o'clock the night after the sinking. We had been attacked at a point 200 miles off the Irish coast, and of our passengers and crew, thirteen had been lost.

As I stepped ashore, a British fellow passenger approached me. We had had many conversations concerning the possibility of America entering the war.

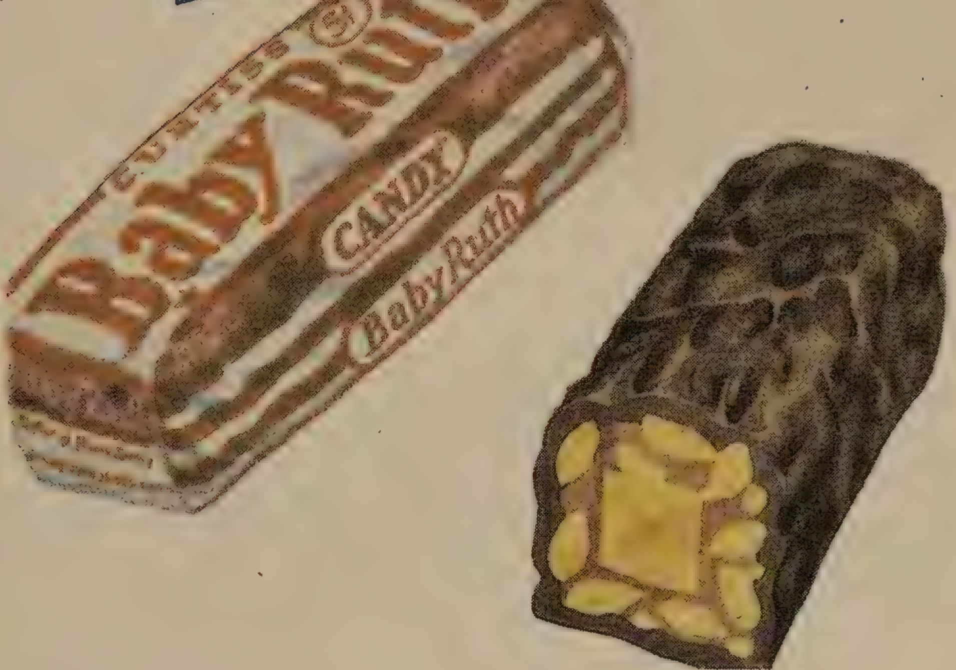
Now he slapped me on the back with this question: "Well, old Casus Belli, is this your blooming overt act?"

I did not answer him. I did not know. But thirty minutes afterward I was pounding out the introduction to a 4,000-word newspaper dispatch which I cabled that night and which reported the story to the American public.

Next week Mr. Gibbons will tell the story of a ride with Pancho Villa in 1915.

NOW try the NEW improved Baby Ruth

30% more chocolate



MILLIONS eaten in a single day . . . more than *two billion* in all . . . that's how much you've liked Baby Ruth!

But now—just try the *new, improved* Baby Ruth!

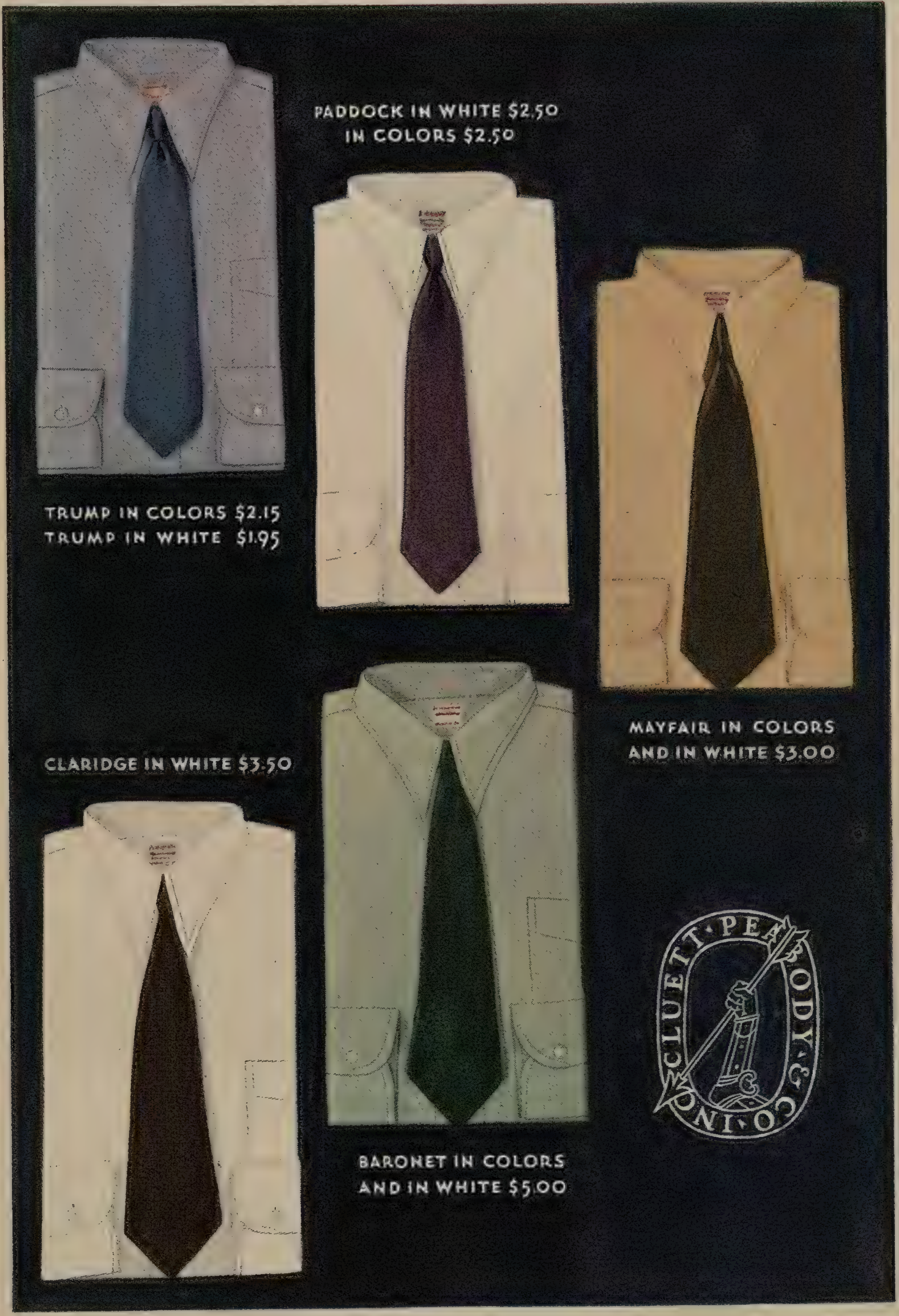
We've made a superlatively good candy even better. We've added 30 per cent more chocolate—rich, creamy, specially blended for the smoothness that only Baby Ruth has.

There's a still more generous center of de luxe caramel opera cream. And, with every crunchy bite, the crisp, full-flavored goodness of selected, blended nuts—the finest peanuts in the world!

The most expensive candy couldn't be made more carefully or of better ingredients than the *new, improved* Baby Ruth. Try it today!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
Otto Schnering, *President*

Be sure the fine broadcloth shirts you wear are


PADDOCK IN WHITE $2.50
IN COLORS $2.50
TRUMP IN COLORS $2.15
TRUMP IN WHITE $1.95
MAYFAIR IN COLORS
AND IN WHITE $3.00
CLARIDGE IN WHITE $3.50
BARONET IN COLORS
AND IN WHITE $5.00
CLUETT·PEABODY·&·CO·INC

Sanforized-Shrunk

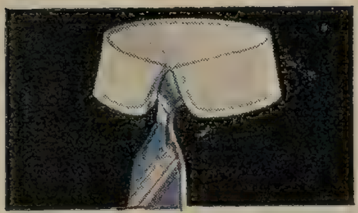
◆

ARROW'S GUARANTEE OF PERMANENT FIT

◆

ONE of these prices is the one you feel most like paying for a good broadcloth shirt. Whatever the price, make that purchase yield you *extra* value: be sure the shirt is Arrow's "Sanforized-shrunk" broadcloth. Buy your *correct* size — not the "guesswork" size to which you gamble that the shirt might some day shrink. For every one of these shirts is *guaranteed for permanent fit*—the collar will never bind, the cuffs will never "creep," the shirt-tails won't come back "bobbed" from every laundering. Arrow (thanks to its new patented Sanforized process) flatly guarantees permanent fit—or you get your money back, or another shirt—as you prefer. Arrow's Sanforized-shrunk broadcloth, by the way, is of unusually bright and lasting lustre—the Sanforized process improves its brilliance. In snowy white, and in gay, restrained, guaranteed fast colors, these Arrow Broadcloths offer you more than you ever knew you could buy for the price. And the fact that *only Arrow Shirts have* ARROW COLLARS is your complete assurance that you're buying excellent style.

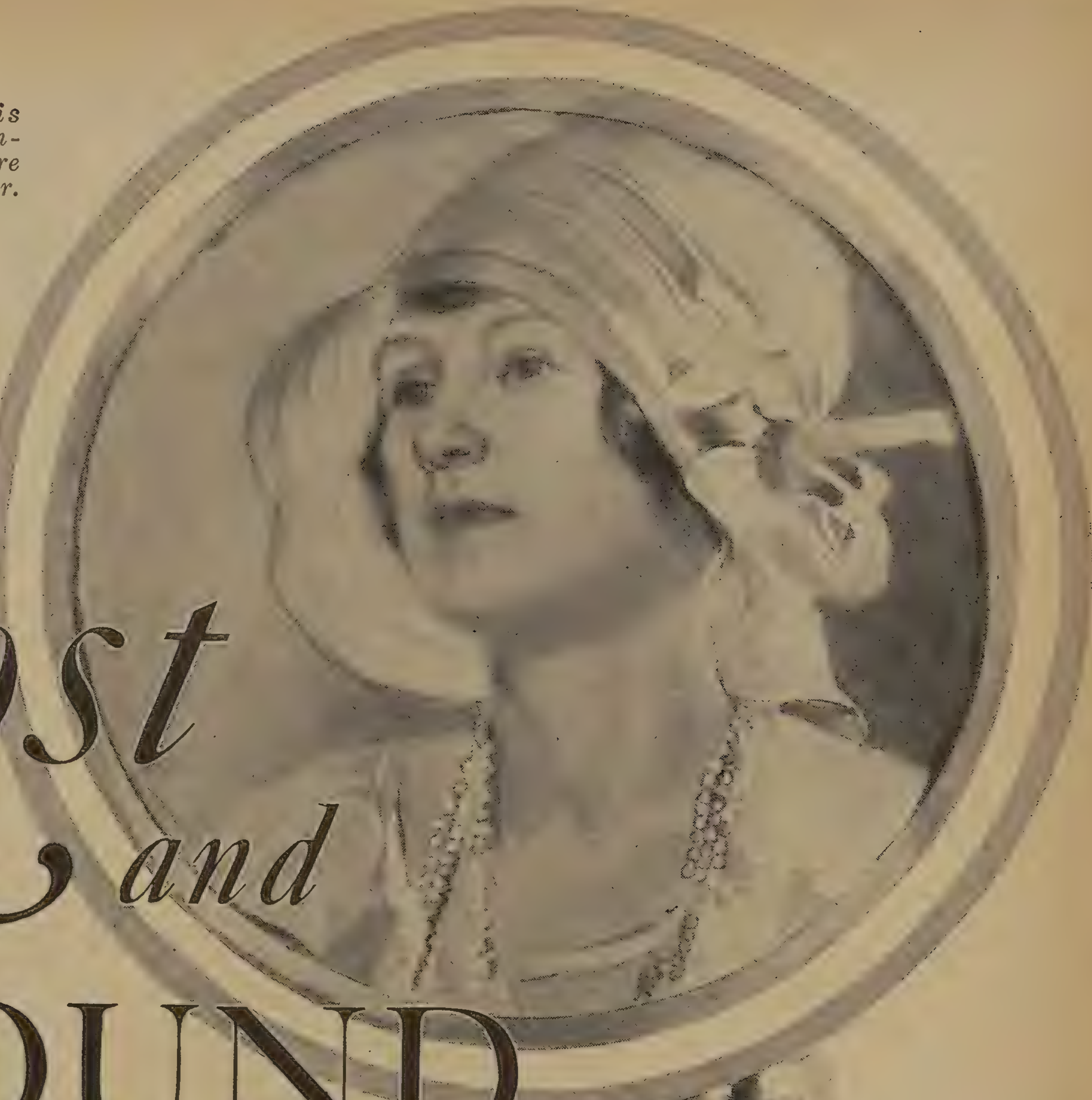
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.



ARROW COLLARS—A fresh, sensible style in the new lightweight flexible Golden Arrow (starched) is Drew; its low, round front and the high back are decidedly "Londonish" and very comfortable. 35 cents; 3 for $1.

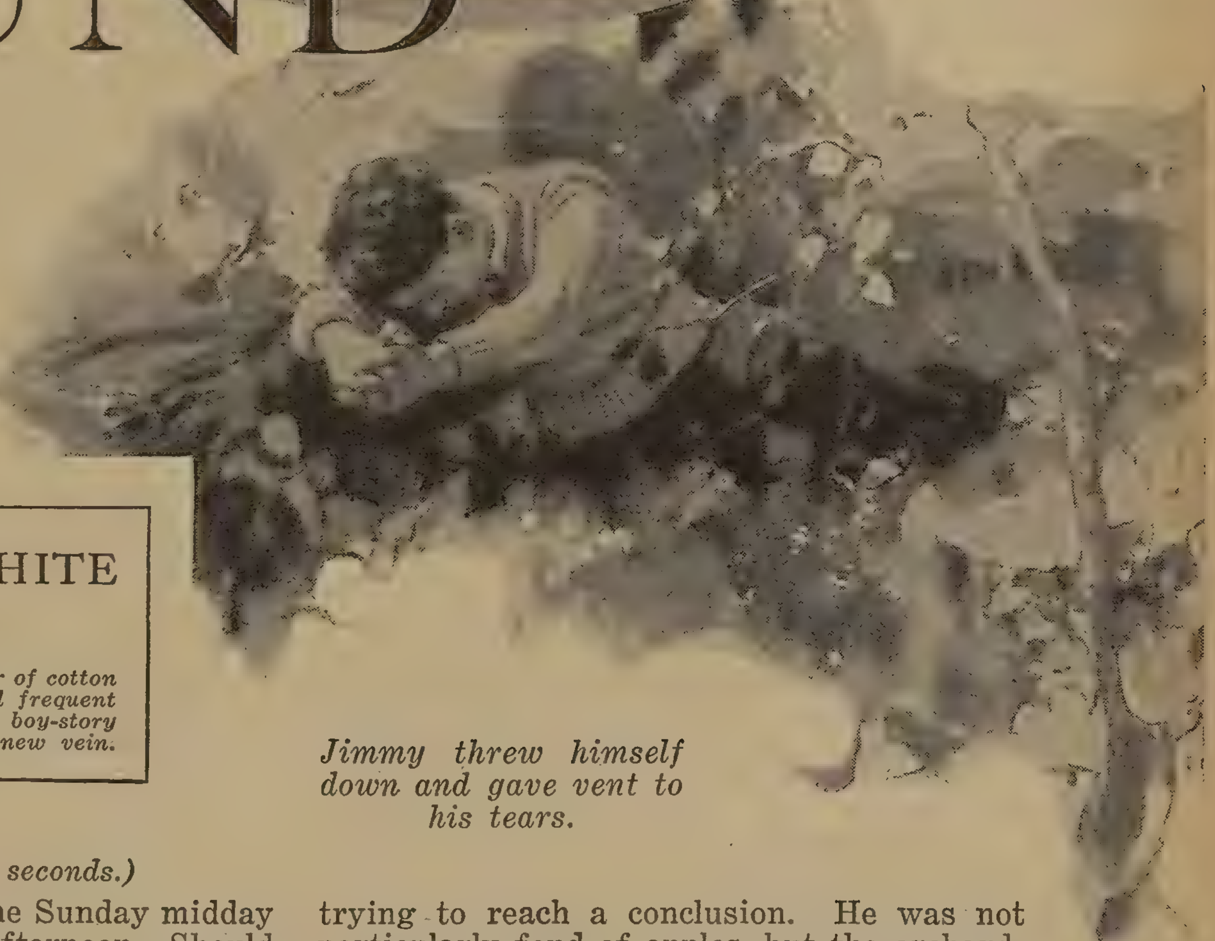
ARROW SHIRTS

HE took out his watch and unscrewed the back. There was a picture of her.



Lost and FOUND

The Story of a Hungry Heart



Jimmy threw himself down and gave vent to his tears.

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

wartime aviator, manufacturer of cotton goods in South Carolina, and frequent contributor to Liberty. This boy-story presents him in an entirely new vein.

Pictures by J. C. CLEMENT

(Reading time: 22 minutes 31 seconds.)

JIMMY left the dining room after the Sunday midday dinner and paused to consider the afternoon. Should he go over to Ananda to play baseball in defiance of the laws of God or should he climb Bald Mountain to rob an apple orchard in defiance of the laws of the state as well? Both had the common advantage of being contrary to the rules of the school.

The other boys had rushed ahead to change into corduroy breeches, high boots, and turtle-neck sweaters as he dragged his feet up the long stairs to the house porch trying to reach a conclusion. He was not particularly fond of apples, but the orchard-robbing expedition was more suited to his dignity. If caught, he might get a load of rock salt from a shotgun or even see the inside of a jail. The irate owner of the orchard had threatened both in a letter to the head master. Decidedly that was better than baseball. Baseball was not a real crime.

Jimmy felt that he must indulge in lawlessness of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST AND FOUND
Continued from page seventeen

most vicious character. He had his reputation to uphold! After all, baseball was a healthy sport with the unqualified indorsement of the faculty, and if Chick caught them the punishment would be more baseball all week.

Jimmy was only fifteen, but he had been at Ashburg School for five years and had helped to initiate all the other boys in their turn. There was not a boy at the school that he had not paddled generously at Halloween or taught to plat a rawhide watch fob. He was the undisputed ruler of his form, the organizer of all midnight feats, the arbiter of roughhouses, the tribune of the guilty, and the censor of the latest arrivals, who lived in terror of his displeasure. Many a spoiled darling, fresh from a tutor's subservience, was cured of homesickness by Jimmy's well meant, though often drastic, treatment. No hazing was permitted at the school, but Jimmy knew ways and means to cure selfishness, egotism, and dirt behind the ears.

A carriage was coming up the drive and he hesitated at the top of the steps as it stopped opposite the far end of the porch. Jimmy stared. In the carriage was a lady as beautiful as the magazine covers. She was all ruffles and bows and pompadour and pink cheeks behind an open veil.

FASCINATED, Jimmy walked across the porch to get a closer view of her. The lady looked up and caught sight of him. She smiled at him and leaned forward.

"Please, will you tell me where I can find a boy named Winston Chappel?" she asked him in a voice that was all music.

Jimmy stared and lost his powers of speech.

Just then a boy put his head out of a second-story window and shouted, "Hello, mother! I'll be right down."

There was a stampede on the stairs, the door flew open, and Winnie Chappel bounded down the long porch steps three at a time to hurl himself into the visitor's outstretched arms.

Jimmy withdrew from the porch rail, but kept his eyes on the carriage. His heart was pounding and his breath came in jerks.

Winnie looked up and saw him.

"Hey, Jimmy!" he called out to him. "I can't go up Bald with you this after. I've got to go back to town with mother."

"Okay!" said Jimmy. He had forgotten about the expedition up Bald.

Winnie's mother said something to him and he nodded.

"Hey, Jimmy!" he called. "Come down and speak to my mother."

Jimmy descended the stairs in a trance and managed to stammer a word of greeting to Mrs. Chappel. Medusa could not have held his gaze as she did.

"Run along and pack your bag," she told Winnie. "I'll go over and see Mr. Anderson and tell him I'm going to take you back with me for the night. Where will I find him?"

"Jimmy will show you," Winnie told her. "Won't you, Jimmy?"

"We don't keep anyone here against his will.

"Okay," Jimmy agreed. "He lives right down at the end of the drive. Just go ahead," he told the coachman.

"I'll be ready when you get back," Winnie yelled as he ran up the stairs as fast as he had come down.

"Thank you," Mrs. Chappel said to Jimmy. "I'm sorry I interfered with your plans for this afternoon, but my train only came in this morning and they told me at the hotel that no one answered the telephone out here on Sunday."

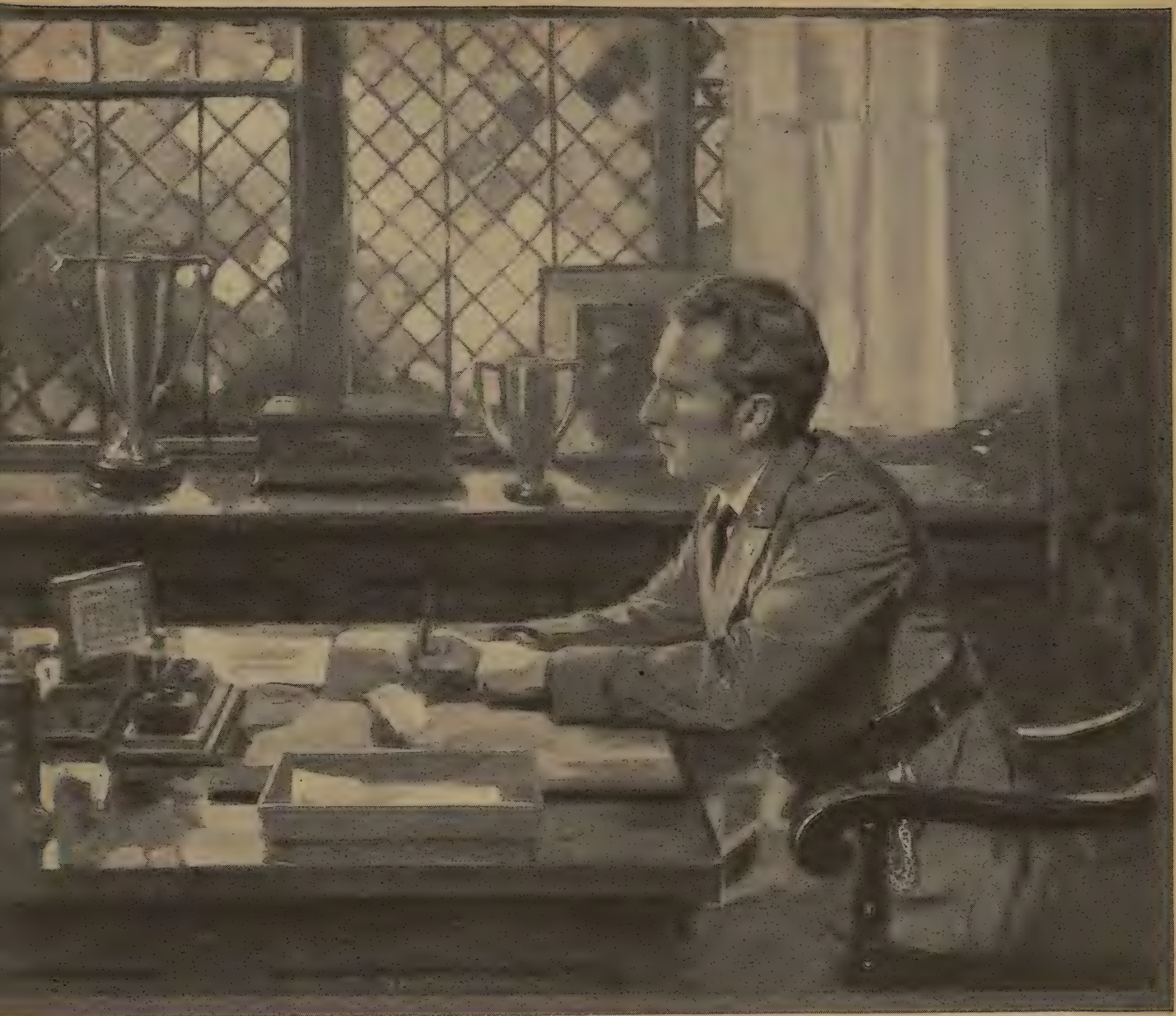
"That's right," Jimmy agreed. "It's in the office. But it doesn't make any difference. The rest of the gang are going anyway. And I can wear Winnie's boots now. They're waterproof and mine are leaking."

"Where do you live?" she asked him.

"New York," he said. "That is, father lives there. I guess I live here. I've been here five years now and I spend the summer at camp. I guess I'll be living here forever. It'll be at least three years before I'm ready for college."

"I suppose you are tired of school," she suggested. "Don't you ever get homesick?"

"Oh, no," he assured her. "I've been here too long for that. I wouldn't know what to do with myself away from here. I wouldn't know how to live in a house. I haven't been home since mother died. We used to live on Long Island before that, but father closed up the house then and moved into town. He lives at his club. So I



Do you wish to resign and depart in the regular way? That is always your privilege."

just stay here all the time except for two months at camp. I'm a junior councilor now."

Jimmy found the head master in his study and brought him out to greet Mrs. Chappel. He readily agreed to let Winnie go back to town with her.

"And what about this young man here?" she asked. "Can't I take him with me too? Then they can see which can outeat the other at dinner. I'll send them back in the morning after I find out why Winston is so far behind in his studies."

"Certainly, Mrs. Chappel," the head master agreed.

ON the way back to the other building Jimmy was in a panic. Mrs. Chappel was a witch. He must get away from her! He was going to run away when Winnie came down.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Chappel," he managed to say, "but I can't go into town with you. I promised to do the cooking this afternoon for the gang. It's awfully nice of you to invite me, but I can't go. I really can't."

"All right," she agreed. "But I'll make Winston bring you back a box of candy. I think I can find a kind you'll like."

Winnie came tumbling down the stairs again with his suitcase and jumped into the carriage.

"So long, Jimmy!"

"So long, kid! Good-by, Mrs. Chappel."

"Good-by, Jimmy," she called to him. "Don't let the pancakes burn!"

Jimmy climbed the porch steps slowly. His heart was in his throat. He met Murph Gazzam and Pug Pettit in the hall with baseball gloves stuffed under their sweaters.

"Hey, Jimmy!" they called to him. "Coming with us? We've got fifteen. You can pitch against Harry Hidden."

"No," said Jimmy. "I'm going for a tramp."

Upstairs he ran into Zip Norcross and Gooseberry Lee, who were filling a bag with cooking utensils, eggs, bacon, and beans.

"Hurry up, Jimmy!" they shouted to him. "We've been waiting on you."

"I promised to play baseball," he told them. "You can take my skillet."

Then he went into his alcove unsteadily and threw himself on his bed. He wanted to cry, but he kept back the tears desperately. Somebody might see him. He got up and put on a sweater and left the building through the back door of the basement, which he reached by using his skeleton key.

Skirting the far side of the deserted tennis courts, he cut through the woods and came out on the shore of the lake. A little farther on was a big log and Jimmy threw

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST AND FOUND
Continued from page nineteen

himself down behind it. For half an hour he sobbed brokenly and then sat up and tossed his head in anger. The idea of Jimmy Steele crying! Why was he doing it? He didn't know. But the desire was overpowering.

He was lonely. He was homesick. The vision of Mrs. Chappel had broken down the hard shell of five years of self-discipline. He knew now that his life was incomplete. He knew what it lacked. His own mother had been pretty, too. She had been even prettier than Mrs. Chappel. He recalled how she had looked when they took her away to the hospital. He remembered how she had held him to her and cried with a breaking heart. He had never seen her again.

He took out his watch and unscrewed the back. There was a picture of her. He looked at it and burst into tears again. He remembered her light golden hair. His own was the same shade now.

"Oh, mother, why did you leave me?" he sobbed. "I'm nothing but a boarding-school orphan. I'll never be anything else. And that fool Winnie Chappel's mother comes to see him and takes him into town. She buys his clothes and takes him abroad for the summer so he can learn French. She gives a house party for him at Christmas and writes to him every week. I'll beat the stuffing out of him tomorrow!"

In two hours he had changed from the boss of the form to a homesick kid. This wouldn't do! For five years he had never cried except in anger. He had ridiculed his homesick classmates until he had shamed them into his own stoicism. He had thought he was a man. Now he knew he was a baby. Why?

It wasn't possible that he was crying for his mother. She had been gone for five years. He was too young to cry much for her when they told him she was dead. He hadn't realized what it meant then. He had cried only out of sympathy for himself. For years he had forgotten her. It was too late to be grieving now. Yet he could not stem the flood of tears. He cried as if she had died only that morning.

He wished he hadn't seen Mrs. Chappel. That was what had upset him! He wanted a beautiful mother like Winnie's. Now he could never have one! For the first time he felt the true weight of his loss.

HE fought back the tears bravely and wandered through the woods to the lower end of the lake. He skirted a cove and stopped under four tall pine trees that grew in a square five feet apart.

About forty feet above him was a platform built between the trees and on it a small house. He looked up and yelled, but got no answer. Fine! He would have it all to himself, then. Perse Heyward and Dicky Plat must have gone quicksand wading.

From under some vines he took a pair of pole climbers such as telephone linemen use, and strapped them on his legs. Around his waist he buckled a heavy belt and started up one of the trees. He was very agile and when he reached the platform pulled himself through a trapdoor in the floor.

Inside was a bench, a table, and a chair. There was a rope ladder to be lowered for others to ascend and a dumb-waiter to bring up supplies.

From a tin cupboard Jimmy took out a small meerschaum pipe and a can of cube-cut tobacco. Smoking was strictly forbidden at the school, but no one was without a pipe and a can of cube. Cigarettes were banned by the boys themselves. There was something sinister about a cigarette. The dime-novel villains smoked them. All the imported lecturers on vice condemned them with an orchestration of fire and brimstone. A man who would smoke "coffin nails" would lie and steal as well. Besides, they stunted the growth, stained the fingers, killed the wind, ruined the batting eye, and brought on appendicitis. Jimmy permitted none of his form to smoke them.

The pipe lit, Jimmy settled down to read a story of high adventure, intrigue, and mystery, but found no interest in it. In ten minutes he was crying again in spite of the terrible predicament in which he left the young Yale graduate and the princess of Rurimania.

He got out a small-caliber revolver and opened the window. Selecting a target, he fired at it five times. He felt better. He fired five times more and then took the revolver apart to clean it. He felt reassured. Firearms were forbidden at the school, consequently every boy owned some sort of pistol which he carried upon all holiday excursions.

In the cupboard he found a can of baked beans and some milk chocolate. He debated which to attack. There was a chafing dish, but no water to wash it afterward, and the house rules called for clean dishes. His taste demanded hot beans, so he compromised on the chocolate and a bottle of soda pop.

In an hour he was composed again and walked back to the school, where he joined a group playing with a diabolo on the lawn.

"WHAT'S the matter with your eyes, Jimmy?" Eddie Hecker asked him. "Been in a fight?"

"No," he lied. "Been breaking in a new pipe."

"What're you using, cube or bull?"

"Cube."

"It cakes quicker."

The diabolo was reclaimed by its rightful owner and a game of nigger-baby was organized which lasted until the supper bell.

That night when he got into bed his melancholia returned. He cried softly to himself for an hour, then got up and stealthily crawled along the floor and stole the clothes of every boy on the corridor. He tied them in knots and put them in the closet of Winnie's alcove. He didn't even deign to add his own. It would be taken for granted that the culprit had not dared to touch his.

The next morning Winnie returned and immediately presented Jimmy with a pair of boots which were the duplicates of his own.

"Mother went out early this morning with me and got them for you," he explained.

To his surprise Jimmy snatched the boots out of his hands and walked away without a word. Winnie didn't suspect that Jimmy's throat was so choked that he could not speak or that he turned his back and hurried away so that he wouldn't show the tears that rushed down his cheeks. For half an hour Jimmy hid in his closet until he regained control of himself. He was late for study hall, but offered no excuse and took his double penalty disdainfully.

Later Winnie told him that he had a five-pound box of candy which his mother told him was to be divided between them. Jimmy refused the gift courteously and that night stole the whole box, which he shared with the rest of the boys on the corridor.

Then he announced that Winnie Chappel was too fresh and should be taught his proper place. For a week poor Winnie sat on thumb tacks, found queer things in his bed, was gassed by a carbide lamp, was fired upon with water pistols, and generally made miserable. He finally rebelled and challenged Jimmy to come out in the open and do his own dirty work. Jimmy accepted eagerly and they went back in the woods behind the boiler house to fight it out with their fists.

Jimmy subdued him quickly and walked away with a parting word:

"You're all right, kid, but don't get a swelled head. Lots of the boys have mothers and you needn't put on airs about yours."

Winnie was mystified, but grateful to be restored to Jimmy's favor. They robbed an orchard together the next Sunday and were chased for two miles by a mountaineer who fired a shotgun at them twice. Banditry made them blood brothers again and they repaired to the tree house with their spoils.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

Sold at all news-stands

15¢

20¢ in Canada

Circulation over 500,000 per week

"I couldn't tell it from 75¢ phonograph music"

America's LARGEST-SELLING RECORD *Makes Big Hit with Eddie Cantor*

by EDDIE CANTOR (*highest-paid musical comedy star in the world*)

FLO ZIEGFELD came back all steamed up after hearing this new record. For 15¢—a full-sized record—high-priced orchestras—big musical hits!

I had to laugh. For 15¢ you couldn't buy even a piccolo solo!

Then I listened to six of these Hit-of-the-Week Records, and if there's any difference between them and the kind I plunk down 75¢ for, I must be wearing ear muffs.

And they don't shatter! I took one home. I sat on it. I hit it with a hammer. You won't find a shattered record in a carload!

Only one recording is made each week, and that is a hit which has proved itself on the stage, dance floor and over the air.

That's why Hit-of-the-Week Records have become America's largest-selling phonograph records in a few months.

You can buy these records at ANY NEWS-STAND for 15¢ (20¢ in Canada). You can play them on any phonograph.

A new record is released every Friday. If every one doesn't give you a big kick, then mules might as well pick daisies.

Buy Hit-of-the-Week phonograph needles at your news-stand—only 5¢ for 50

EDDIE CANTOR

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

VINCENT LOPEZ

HIT-OF-THE-WEEK MUSIC JURY

Every Friday, these remarkable new records bring you the biggest song hit of the week—selected by this jury.

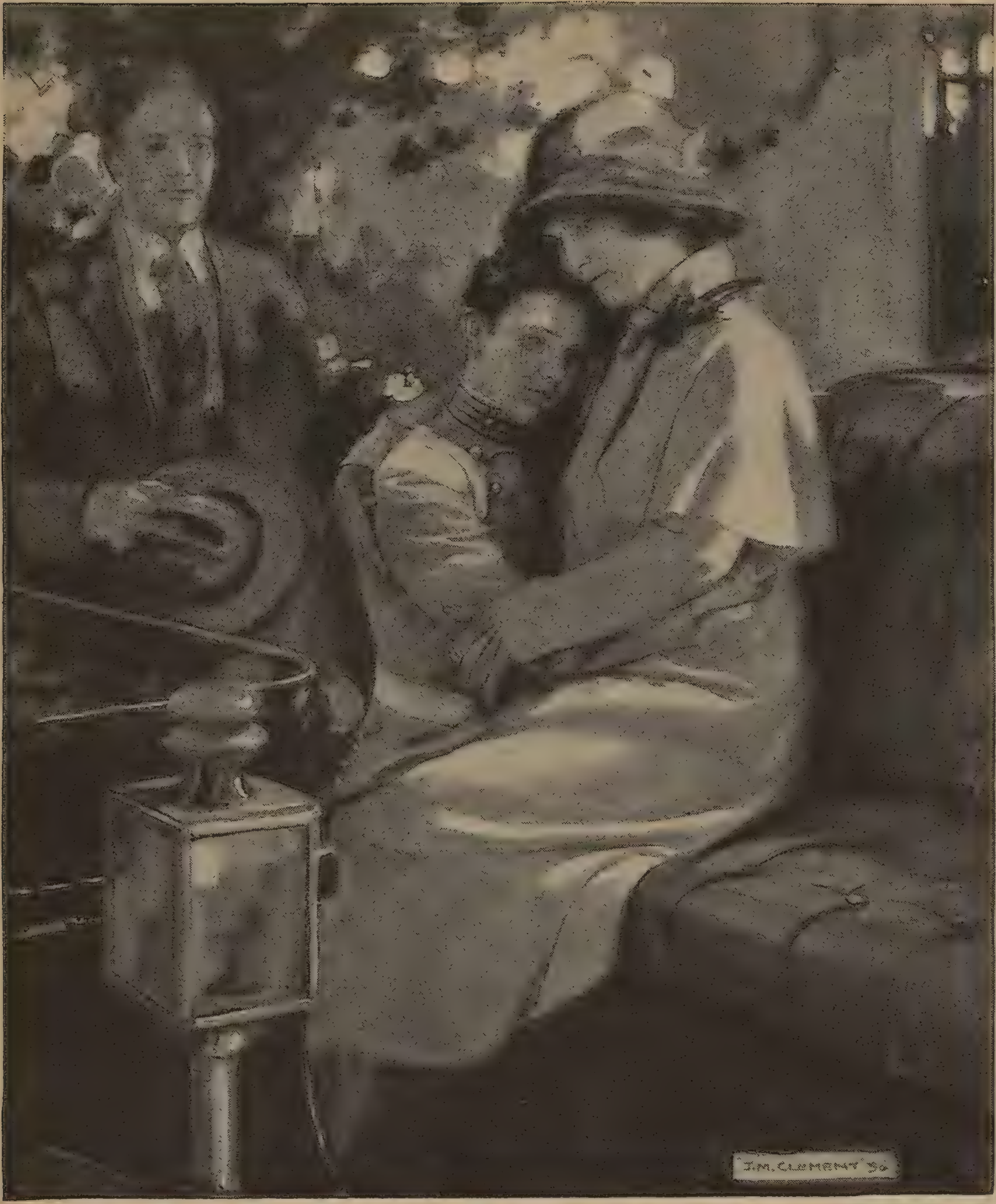
To News Dealers and Music Stores

You can secure a supply of Hit-of-the-Week records from the leading wholesale magazine dealer in your city.

HIT-OF-THE-WEEK

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS A DURIUM PRODUCT

© Durium Products Corporation, 460 West 34th Street, New York City



Irresistibly he was drawn to her—into her arms. Then he knew her—it was his mother—his own mother! He clung to her desperately for a moment.

LOST AND FOUND
Continued from page twenty

II

THE school year dragged on and Jimmy's spirits sank lower with the winter sun. He began to realize that for him time stood still. All seasons were the same for him. Five years he had been here, a prisoner of circumstances, a stepchild of fate. Three more years he must stay, simulating interest in football or tennis, breaking in new boys, translating meaningless Latin and Greek. And then repeat the sentence for four years at college! What did life mean to him? Nothing! His existence was empty.

He had no mother. He had no home. He had no hope of the future.

The change was noticed by the other boys. On several occasions he was actually caught crying. It was safe now to make fun of him. He was gloomy and absent-minded in the dining room. He became a frequenter of the study hall to make up his studies. Try as he did, he could not concentrate, and all his books were stained by tears. He relaxed his domination of the new boys and by Easter he was a deposed monarch, openly jeered as a cry-baby.

Eight boys from the carpentry class had started out to build a dummy roller coaster on the far side of the lake. Jimmy had worked longer and harder than any of them. Suddenly he withdrew from the project and gave his tools to the others. He wanted to spend his holidays alone, brooding over his grief.

His nights were haunted by dreams now. Usually it was the same dream. It began with his mother coming around the corner of the drive in a carriage to take him back to town with her. It ended by his waking in a flood of tears.

Mrs. Beardslee, who had taught him English for three years, noticed the change and tried to mother him a little. Mrs. Mitchell, with a better insight into the trouble, scolded him unmercifully. He avoided them both.

HIS pent-up emotions began to upset his stomach. A long crying spell before or after a meal would bring on nausea. Miss Thompson, the nurse, suspected condensed-milk fudge and dosed him with castor oil regularly. The other boys made a joke of his stomach and his teachers accused him of feigning sickness to excuse his poor work. He found misery on all sides. He lost his confidence and pride. Only his pistol restored his self-respect.

The school closed in June and Jimmy was left to his own devices. Even the teachers were taking their vacations. Camp wouldn't start for a month.

Henry Clay Hugill, the school carpenter, was Jimmy's only companion, and he was his own master.

He lived in the tree house and cooked his own meals until camp opened. After the camp closed he became a tree man again until school opened in September.

He had regained control of his emotions during the summer, but now he began to have spells of depression again. The other boys were full of stories of mothers and sisters. There was no envy in his heart, only an aching emptiness. He was nicknamed "the hermit" and left alone with his pipe, his pistol, and his tears.

In October his father sent him a check to buy his winter clothes. He cashed it and went in to town to shop. But instead of selecting his wardrobe he bought a ticket to New York and slipped on the afternoon train. Perhaps his father would take pity on him and send him to another school. Mrs. Chappel had ruined Ashburg for him.

The next noon his father met him at the track gate in New York.

"Hello, Jimmy!"

"Hello, father! How did you know I was coming?"

"Mr. Mitchell called me on the phone. He found out you had bought a ticket to New York. I told him to let you come ahead. What's the matter? Get in a scrape?"

"No, father."

"What's the matter, then?"

"Er—er—I'm sick, father."

"Sick? They didn't tell me that."

"Well, I didn't exactly tell them. I've got a stomachache all the time."

"All right. We'll look into that. Probably growing pains. First we'll get you some clothes. Then we'll get you a room at the hotel near the club and let the doctors thump you tomorrow."

"I'm sorry I ran away, father."

"That's all right. You've been a little man for five years. Don't blame you for wanting to travel a bit."

By the next morning Jimmy was thoroughly ashamed of himself. He didn't know why he had run away. He hadn't meant to worry his father and he could see that he had.

A doctor examined him and asked him questions.

"Sound as a dollar," he told Mr. Steele. "He's probably been eating too much candy. Cut down his allowance and he'll be all right. He's a nervous type—keep him busy."

"Are you satisfied now, son?" his father asked.

"Yes, father. I guess it was my imagination."

"What do you want to do now?"

"I don't know."

"I can't keep you here. I wish I could, but it's out of the question. I don't want to change schools unless there is some reason for it. They've taken good care of you down there. It's a good school. I'll tell you what you do. Go back to Ashburg like a man and when you graduate I'll buy you an automobile."

"Please don't send me back to Ashburg, father!"

"Why not? What's wrong with the place?"

"Nothing. I just don't want to go back. I can't go back there! Please don't make me!"

He couldn't tell his father about Mrs. Chappel.

"All right. Where do you want to go?"

"I don't care. But I can't go back there."

"How would you like to go to military school and learn to drill and shoot and row and ride?"

"All right. Wherever you say."

III

SO Jimmy arrived at a military school. He was fitted out in a trim uniform, equipped with a gun, a broom, and a can of brass polish, and made to walk with his shoulder blades touching. Every hour had its duties and from six in the morning to ten at night he was on the run—drilling, sweeping, polishing, and studying.

He liked it. He never had time to get homesick. He had no opportunity to brood, and tears didn't match up with his spotless uniforms and erect figure. The teachers addressed him as "mister" and he felt he was a man again. The stern, spotless barracks gave him courage.

They hazed him methodically to impress upon him the necessity and benefits of discipline and he drilled many extra hours until neatness, promptness, and concentration became a habit. He became a good soldier, equally at home on a horse, in a boat, behind a gun, or beside a cannon. He was tough, prompt, conscientious, and efficient, which brought him a corporal's stripes in the new battalion. By common consent he was delegated to break in the plebes the next fall, to teach them to say "sir" and polish the shoes and buttons of the veterans. He was top man in the cavalry pyramids and the orderly for the War Department inspector.

One afternoon his company was standing at the edge of the drill field when the commandant approached with a lady. He beckoned to the company commander to join them.

The commander was presented to the lady and then he returned to the company.

"Private Schumann, fall out and report to the commandant!" he called.

Little Schumann on Jimmy's left fell out and marched up to the commandant, his gun on his shoulder, his eyes straight ahead. He halted in front of the commandant and saluted smartly. After the commandant returned his salute he lowered his gun with two smart taps and remained rigidly at attention.

As the commandant stepped aside, the lady came forward and lifted little Schumann, gun and all, into her

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wishing

never grew hair on any man's head

Better get to work, fella! Get a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and give your scalp the kind of treatment that makes it healthy and able to grow new hair. It's easy—here's how.

Apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic liberally, directly to the scalp. Then grasp the head with both hands and give it a thorough massage. Don't just rub the surface—make the scalp move. This makes the nourishing blood circulate briskly around the hair roots and cleanses the imbedded dust and perspiration from the pores.

Here's your routine—a complete, thorough "Vaseline" Hair Tonic workout once a week before a shampoo. And two or three quick rubs with a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic between shampoos. This will literally put your scalp through a course of sprouts—hair sprouts!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

The nearest drug store carries "Vaseline" Hair Tonic—two sizes of handy, shaker top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

LOST AND FOUND
Continued from page twenty-three

arms. With a cry of delight she hugged him to her as his gun went clattering to the ground and his cap assumed a very unmilitary angle.

“Attention!” shouted the company commander as a titter went down the ranks. “Squads right about! March!”

And the company went clanking away.

Jimmy went through the rest of the drill in a daze. Little Schumann’s mother had come to see him! He was no longer one more ramrod in the front rank. He was her boy—a little boy to be snatched up and kissed before the world! He determined to see that little Schumann got plenty of extra drill.

After supper that night in the mess hall a piano was wheeled out. Something was up! Then the commandant and Schumann’s mother appeared on the balcony. He came forward to make an announcement.

“It gives me great pleasure,” he said, “to tell you that Madame Schumann-Heink, our distinguished visitor, has consented to the request of Cadet Schumann to sing for us, even on such a hurried visit. She will give us first a lullaby and then The Star-Spangled Banner.”

More than one stern cadet officer showed red eyes before Madame Schumann-Heink finished the lullaby, so Jimmy’s tears were unnoticed. As an encore she sang Good Night to the music of their own Taps.

That night the officer of the day found Jimmy’s bed empty. He had gone to look for his mother again.

A railroad detective found him the next day not far away and a guard was dispatched for him. He was brought back under close arrest, flanked by two cadets with fixed bayonets.

THE commandant sent for him as soon as he returned, and dismissed the guard.

“Why did you leave the confines of the post, Corporal Steele?” he asked.

“I don’t know, sir.”

“Were you homesick?”

“I have no home, sir.”

“We don’t keep anyone here against his will. Do you wish to resign and depart in the regular way? That is always your privilege.”

“I have nowhere to go, sir.”

“Then why did you absent yourself without leave?”

“I don’t know, sir.”

“Do you wish to resume your duties?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well. You will be tried by court-martial tomorrow. You can go to your quarters now under open arrest.”

“Very well, sir.”

He saluted, made an about-face, and marched stiffly from the room.

The court-martial took away his corporal’s stripes and gave him fifty hours of extra drill. He was indifferent to the sentence. His feet were lead now and his spirit crushed—not by the extra drill, but by Madame Schumann-Heink’s lullaby. His marks went down in his studies and his appearance became sloppy. The plebes in the rear rank stepped on his heels, and one day when the company commander reprimanded him for dropping his gun, he burst into tears. For the honor of the company the affair was hushed up.

His roommate reported that he was often awakened in the middle of the night by Jimmy’s sobs. He didn’t know it was because Jimmy’s mother not only drove up in a carriage again but waited to sing Taps to the boys after supper. Awakening always brought sobs. The roommate was tolerant and sympathetic, but finally had to move out. He couldn’t command the proper respect from the plebes with a cry-baby roommate.

IV

ONE day the whole world changed. An orderly told him to report to the gate. A carriage was standing outside and beside it was his father. Jimmy yelled and rushed toward him.

In the carriage was a lady—he could see at a glance that she was beautiful. Not even Mrs. Chappel could compare with her. His heart stood still. Was his father married again? He stopped in his tracks.

Then his father stepped aside and the beautiful lady leaned forward and held out her arms to him.

“My James!” she cried with tears streaming down her cheeks.

Irresistibly he was drawn to her—into her arms. Then he knew her—it was his mother—his own mother! He clung to her desperately for a moment and then relaxed. It was only another dream! He had had a thousand. He was tired of being cheated. The bugle would blow in a moment and he’d have to hurry down to reveille.

But no bugle blew and no bell rang. Instead the hot tears were trickling down his neck. There was his father’s voice:

“Hello, old fellow! Took you by surprise, didn’t we? We’ve come to take you home!”

In a daze he packed while his father went to see the commandant. Surely this was a dream! He cried because he was afraid to wake up.

“You see, Jimmy,” his father explained to him after they were alone on the train, “your mother was very sick and we had to send her away. We put her in a hospital and the doctors told me it would be best to raise you as if you had no mother. They thought she would never get well. So we told you she was dead and sent you away. It broke my heart to do it, but if I had kept you with me you’d have found out she was alive. We were afraid that might lead you to imagine all sorts of things. For months she has improved steadily. Now she is well again. The doctors said that if she could have you back with her she would be completely cured.

“We’re all going home now.”

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

A fascinating narrative—the inside story of

King Carol II of Roumania

The Playboy of the Balkans

AND

Out of the Rough at Nineteen

A bit of golfing autobiography
by

Helen “Billy” Hicks

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Peru?
2—What does “between Scylla and Charybdis” mean?
3—What is a taffrail?
4—What is the meaning of the Latin phrase *lux et veritas?*
5—What Dickens novel includes the character Dolly Varden?
6—How old is President Hoover?
7—For what term is a United States senator elected?
8—What is *mal de mer?*
9—What are the Seven Seas?
10—Cleopatra was queen of what country?
11—A gill is what part of a quart?
12—What is an innuendo?
13—What is dermatology?
14—What is the technical name for common salt?
15—Who caused the execution of Mary Queen of Scots?
16—What are Babe Ruth’s given names?
17—What is called the City of Magnificent Distances?
18—Which is farther south, Phoenix, Arizona, or Atlanta, Georgia?
19—Which of the United States border on the Gulf of Mexico?
20—What is the capital of Pennsylvania?

(Answers will be found on page 71)

"Oil magnets?" Yes!

The important thing for you to know about your oil is not what crude it was made from, but that it was correctly made to fit your engine.

You wouldn't expect to hear that there was such a thing as an "oil magnet." Yet when you see these vacuum towers rising 80 feet into the air at the Mobiloil plant, you learn with surprise that they actually *are* "oil magnets."

With utmost precision, these giant vacuum towers draw out the choicest lubricating stock from the selected crudes used in the making of Mobiloil.

Mobiloil quality is the result of just such modern methods as this.

Oil made from selected crudes by these towers is vastly different from the oil you would get out of the bottom of an old-fashioned still.

In heat resistance alone, oil from the Mobiloil vacuum towers shows an improvement of 20° to 30° over an oil made the old-fashioned way. That's why Mobiloil lasts longer. That's why it shows less tendency to gum and to form hard carbon in your cylinders. That's why it has richer lubricating quality—which keeps down wear in your engine.

These vacuum towers enter into the making of every grade of Mobiloil.

There is no one crude in the world which contains all the properties, in correct proportion, to make a perfect lubricant for all types of engines. Mobiloil is made from the world's choicest crudes. *But a modern lubricant can be made to fit modern engines only by modern processes.*

Motor oil is made—not found.

Consult the Mobiloil Chart on this page. It will quickly tell you the type of Mobiloil made to fit your engine.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930		1929		1928		1927	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	..
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Black Hawk	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
De Soto	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc	....	...	....	....	.	..
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	...	...
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc	..	..
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	..	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	...	....	....	...
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	...	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash-Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Plymouth	A	Arc	A	Arc.	....	....	....	.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc	AF	Arc.	..	..	...	.
" President 8	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	..	....
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Stutz	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight	A	Arc	A	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	....	....	.	...
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	...	....	....

Motor oil is *made* . . . not *found*!

Mobiloil

Ask here for Gargoyle Mobiloil

The Music is *there*. . . .

But it takes FREEDOM FROM INTERFERENCE to bring it out

Millions of dollars are right now being invested in broadcasting. Never before have you been afforded the wealth of diversified entertainment and instruction now offered by *radio.*

Byrd, Lindbergh, King George, President Hoover . . . such are the notables who in endless procession pass before the microphone, to entertain, educate. And don't forget the great singers and musicians; the famous bands and orchestras; the opera, symphony, the big games and sports!

The music is *there.* It's in your home—in every home. And it's all *hearable* at a cost so small that the most economical "evening out" becomes a comparative *extravagance.*

But no singer can sing when his mouth is *gagged.* Just as it takes freedom from interference to bring out the full rich tones of the voice, so does it take properly equipped radio to reproduce those tones when put on the air.

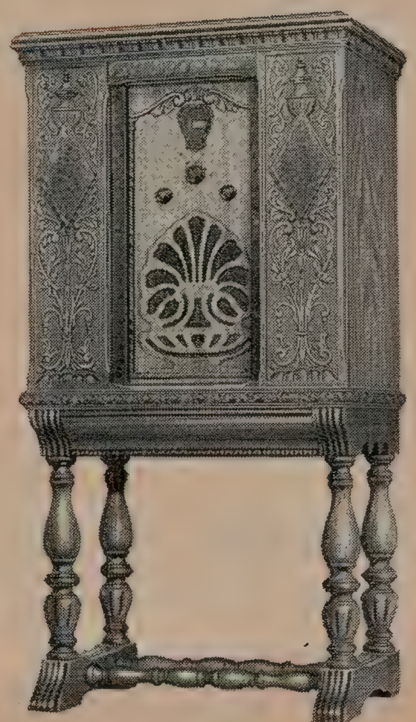
And that is why you should be sure your radio is a Stewart-Warner. For here is the radio that brings in all programs true to life—with nothing added, nothing taken away. What you *hear*, is what you *want* to hear—just that and no more!

Embodied in these sets is every fundamental essential for championship performance, *clear across the dial.* Behind them is 25 years' experience in the making of fine electrical precision instruments.

Stewart-Warner Radio is as pleasing to the eye as to the ear. Four splendid Period cabinet designs—with genuine carved decorations and exquisite finish.

But see them—hear them. They are now being displayed and demonstrated by authorized dealers everywhere, at extremely low prices. Easy terms too.

Remember! The Music is *there!* But to get it just as it truly *is*—get it with a *Stewart-Warner!* Let a demonstration prove it. Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, Illinois.



The St. James Model

A rich reproduction of Elizabethan furniture design. Top and sides are of American ply walnut, the front being of solid walnut embellished with real wood carving. Non-vibrating, silent, sliding doors. Dull satin finish. One of four exquisite new Period models priced from $99.75 to $197.50 [less tubes].

STEWART-WARNER *Radio*

A Great Radio Backed By A Great Name

Thieves' HONOR

A Heist Guy Shows Up the Gangsters' "Code"

As Told to EUGENE SEGAL

By ROY CHADWICK

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

(Reading time: 14 minutes 37 seconds.)

THIS is the true story of an all-round racketeer, told under an alias. It is vouched for by Charles P. Taft, 2nd, who came into contact with "Chadwick" as prosecutor of Hamilton County, Ohio.

I'VE never been much on church. But since I'm talking about honor among thieves I can't help thinking what a chaplain said to me years ago when I was serving a rap in the reformatory at Hutchinson, Kansas.

The old boy used to go to work on me every Sunday afternoon.

"Roy," he'd say, "don't you know what it means to be robbed?"

I guess he's still asking the young punks out there the same question and getting no more satisfaction than I gave him.

But if it'll do him any good thirteen years later, I'll tell him I sure do know what it means to be robbed. What's more, I've lost my dough to friends. My best buddy was the mark for a holdout and then croaked by friends.

I've seen the double-cross pulled in mobs time and again. You wouldn't believe a mother could double-cross her own son. I've seen even that.

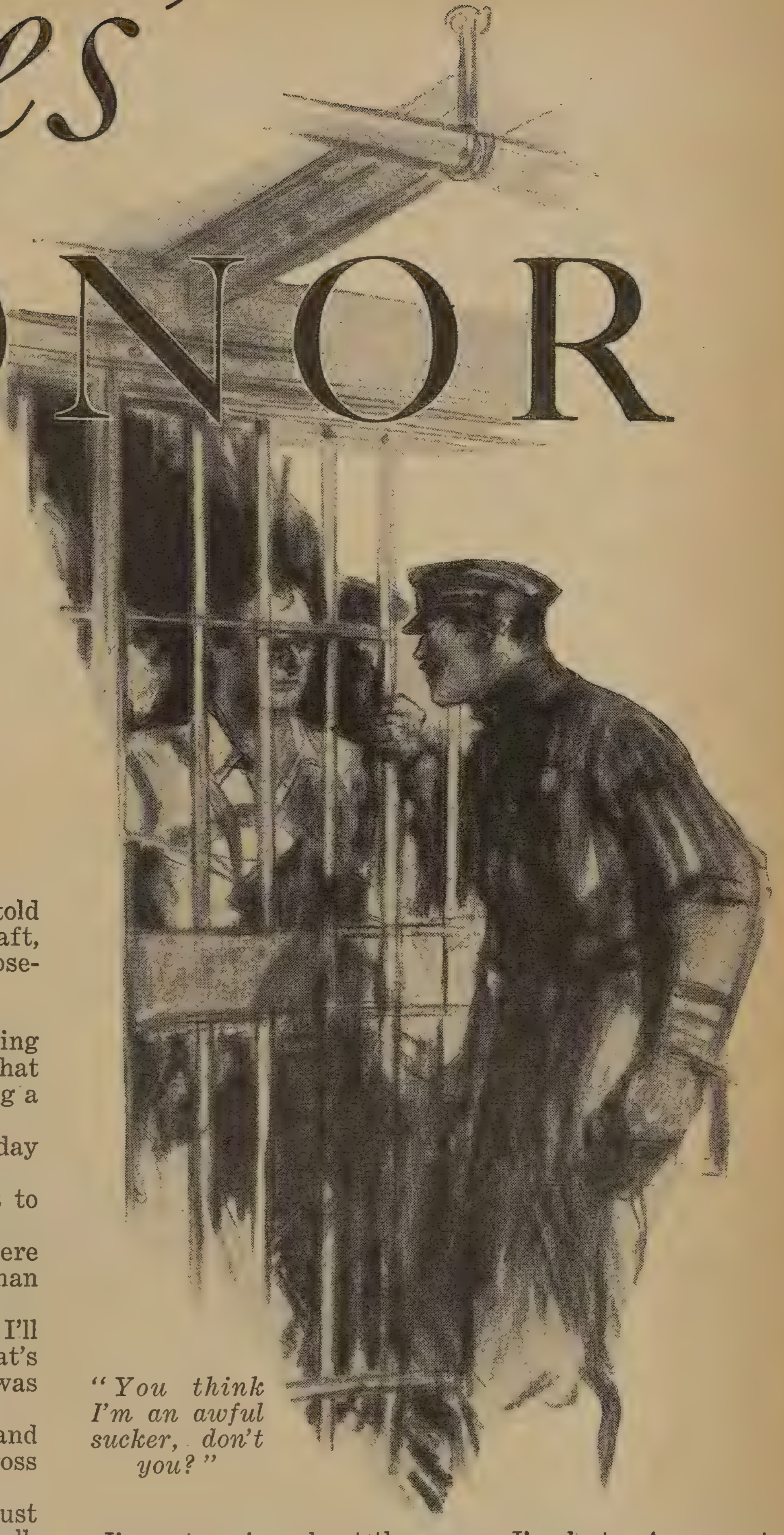
Don't tell me about honor among thieves. That's just something in the newspapers. I've read where they talk about "the code of the mob." A hustler has no code except what's good for him. He'll keep his mouth shut and he won't cheat on his partners as long as they're ready with the rod.

There never was any honor among thieves. Old heads in the rackets have told me about "master minds" who used to run the mobs years ago.

The master mind was nothing but a high-class steer guy, usually a big gambler who knew the ins and was set with the law. He'd tip you a pete mark; maybe tell you the night hack had been paid off.

You weren't supposed to crack to the watchman. He was going to play dumb so the job would look natural.

All right, the safe came, say, for six grand. Then the master mind made the split—a grand for the night hack, a grand for the harness bull who took a walk around the block, a grand for some more guys who never existed, and the master mind got it all, besides his regular 10 per cent.



"You think I'm an awful sucker, don't you?"

I'm not crying about the money I've lost. A guy outsmarted me, that's all. That's just one on me. You can't win all the time.

But I'm not going to forget how my buddy, Jerry Roger, was croaked. It took a guy who pretended to be his friend to get him.

Jerry had a heist lined up for a Saturday night. There was a gambling-joint owner who was set to come for about fifteen grand. Jerry had two guys in his mob besides himself and needed another to help handle the heavy man who took the gambler home. I couldn't go because I was on good terms with the police chief in the town where I was running a booze joint and didn't want to spoil my drag. After I turned him down, Jerry sent a kite to Charlie Boyd, the toughest member of a tough mob upstate, asking him to fill in.

Boyd flew into town on a Thursday morning, got the full lineup of the job, and disappeared the same day. Saturday comes and he doesn't show, so Jerry has to let

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THIEVES' HONOR
Continued from page twenty-seven

the job slide. Next day, he learns that Boyd had gone back home, brought down his own mob, and knocked off the gambler for twelve grand.

It didn't take Jerry long to find out that Boyd was still in town and where he was staying. Monday night, he buckles on his rod and goes calling.

Who does he find in Boyd's room but Swede Nilan and Gary Curtis, the two members of his own mob. They're the ones I blame for what happened. I never heard what they were doing in Boyd's place, but I do know that when Jerry showed they tried to make their out. I get this story from a hustling friend of one of the guys present.

Jerry came out with his rod and stood by the door.

"You guys are staying," he said to Swede and Gary.

"Lay off of 'em," Boyd remarked. He was smiling. "You'll get your split."

That threw Jerry off. He thought he'd have to sweat Boyd into owning he pulled that heist.

"I got a notion to blow your damn' brains out," Jerry said, kind of half-hearted.

"I ain't denying anything, am I?" Boyd answered, still grinning. "I got friends to take care of, ain't I? They get theirs and you get yours."

"The hell with your friends," Jerry yelled, going up in the air again. "It's a four-way cut and I'm taking three grand."

"That leaves Gary and Swede out," Boyd came back.

"You argue with them. I want three grand."

"I ain't got it."

"Open that grip," Jerry ordered, walking toward Boyd with his rod.

"No one's holding out on you," Boyd replied.

"I'm leaving here in two minutes with that dough or else," Jerry went on.

"Keep your shirt on, won't you?"

While Boyd was opening the valise, Jerry made the mistake of his life. He turned his back on Boyd to face Swede and Gary. I never knew him to do anything like that before. I guess those two had him so worked up he lost his head.

"I want to know what the hell you guys are doing here," he said to them.

HE got no answer. They were glancing toward Boyd, who was motioning them to get out of the way. Jerry guessed the play. Without looking, he whirled around and blasted. The slug went wild. Boyd emptied his rod and Jerry dropped. His body was found next day in a gutter.

Boyd took it on the hot out of town and hasn't been around since. The best thing that ever happened to Steve and Gary was that they soon drew long time for a bank stickup. I knew those guys would double-cross Jerry some time. I warned him, but he had his own way so long he thought he'd live forever.

Jerry took Swede and Gary into his mob as a favor to a friend. Before Swede met Jerry he had only about a year's experience in any racket. I don't see how he got by that long without being bumped. Once, in another mob, a friend of his was grabbed on an interstate commerce charge and couldn't make bond. Swede wouldn't let the rest of the guys come to the front. He told them his friend was facing a bang-up rap and intended to take it on the lam as soon as he got out. They thought that was pretty square of Swede. They didn't know he was making a play for his friend's moll. It's just another case of honor among thieves.

When I'm talking about thieves, I mean everybody who is lined up behind a racket in one way or another. That includes the law, fences, and steer guys. Without them, no mob can stay in business. As for dicks and harness bulls who are on the take, they can't be trusted any more than the hustler himself.

I'm thinking about a warehouse sting in which I had a hand several years ago. A friend of mine, new in hustling, told me he had a buddy working at a wholesale grocery plant who had given him a steer on a four-grand shipment of cigarettes that just came in. He wanted me to help him as he knew I had connections with some good fences.

WE kicked in the warehouse and loaded the company's truck with the cigarettes. Then I drove around the corner to a saloon owned by a fence who had agreed to take the load off my hands.

I wasn't half through dumping the stuff when two coppers took a stand across the street. Right away I began to throw the cases of cigarettes back in the truck.

"What's the idea?" the fence asked.

"Do you see what I see?" I answered.

"Sure I do," he said. "They're my friends."

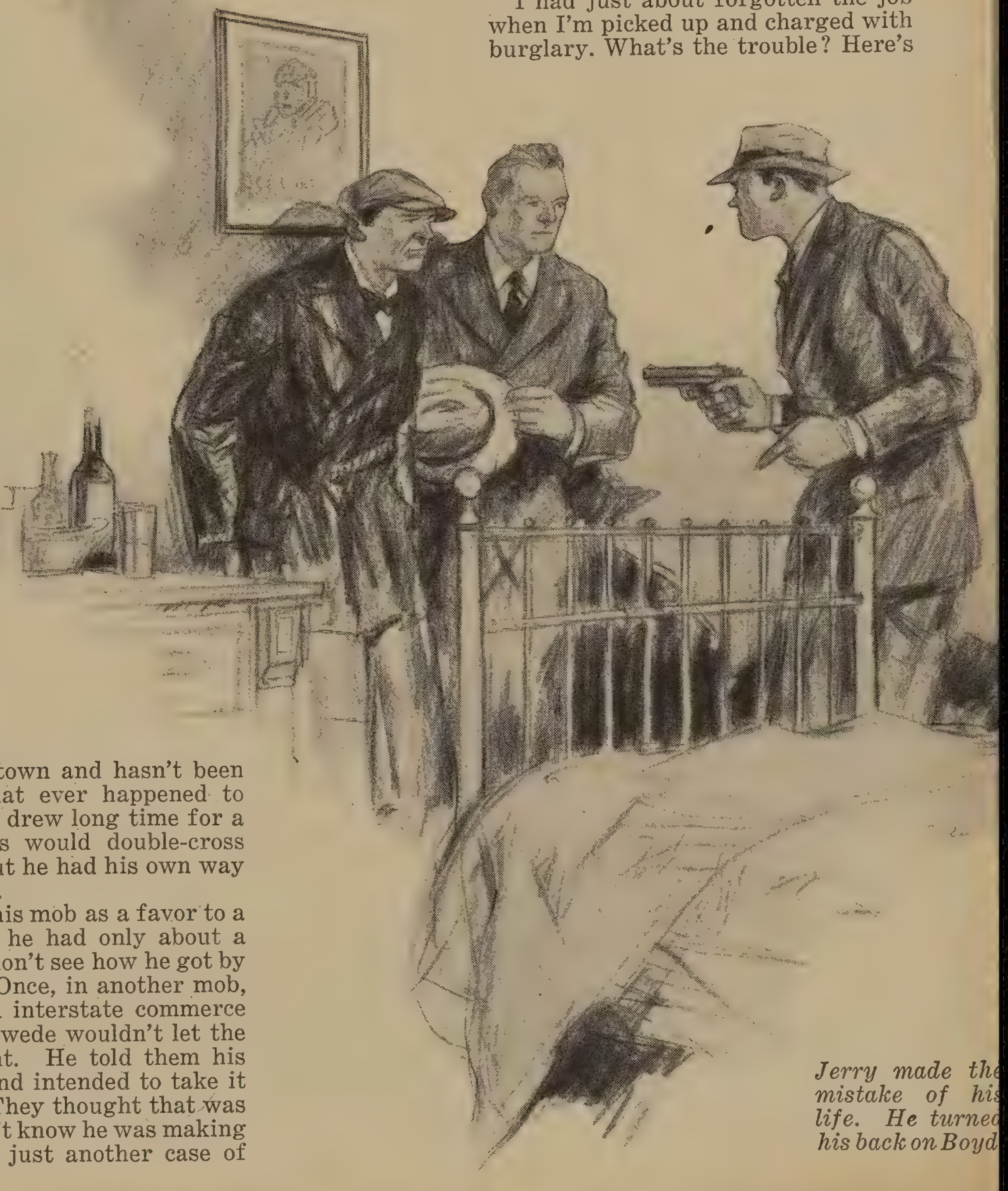
"Anyway," I told him, "you go over and talk to them." He was gone only a few minutes.

"It's fixed," he said when he returned. "Will two C notes be all right?"

"O. K. with me," I answer. "You can take it out of the load money."

My friend and I split eleven Cs after the payoff for the bulls was deducted.

I had just about forgotten the job when I'm picked up and charged with burglary. What's the trouble? Here's

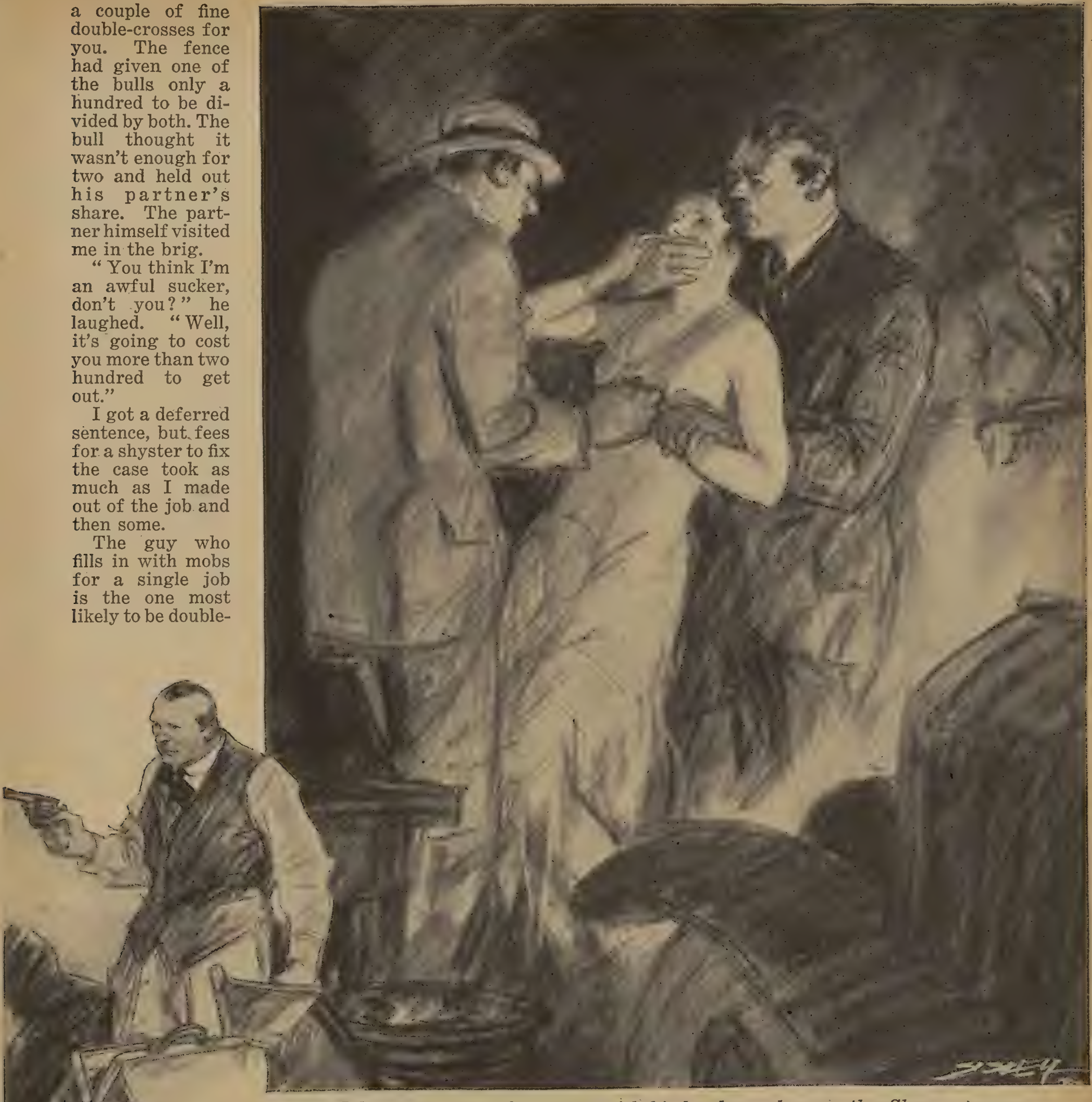


Jerry made the mistake of his life. He turned his back on Boyd a couple of fine double-crosses for you. The fence had given one of the bulls only a hundred to be divided by both. The bull thought it wasn't enough for two and held out his partner's share. The partner himself visited me in the brig.

"You think I'm an awful sucker, don't you?" he laughed. "Well, it's going to cost you more than two hundred to get out."

I got a deferred sentence, but fees for a shyster to fix the case took as much as I made out of the job and then some.

The guy who fills in with mobs for a single job is the one most likely to be double-crossed. They don't ask you to come in because they want to do you a favor. They need a man and he might as well be one they can ditch after the work is finished. I never minded being the extra man when a mark looked good, as I always felt I could take care of myself. One time in particular, though, I took the fall.



John strong-arms the woman with his hand over her mouth. She carries on like somebody's wife.

That was when I went on a heist with a mob including Charlie Waters, Freddy Martin, and Big John, a tough gunman on the lam out of Philadelphia.

They had a steer on a woman sporting a bunch of rock quoted to be insured for twelve grand. She was a theater owner, and the dope was that if she could be taken after the show she should come for another two grand in cash.

We knocked off a Cadillac sedan and drove to her house. Martin stayed in the car while Waters, Big John, and I laid out behind her garage. About eleven thirty she drove in with a man.

I keep the man up in the air, John strong-arms the woman with his hand over her mouth, and Waters begins fanning her. The man behaved fine, but the woman carries on like somebody's wife. She claws at John's hand until he has to let go.

Then she screeches and there's nothing for us to do but take it on the hot.

First thing I asked Waters is what he got.

"She didn't even let me get started," he answered.

I didn't tumble until the next day, when the papers cracked that the woman had lost a ring worth a lot of money. Then I hunted up Waters. He opened up before I could say anything.

"Did you see the papers?" he began.

"Yeh," I answered, "and I'm asking you about it."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This is the YEAST for CHILDREN

pure.. tasty.. doesn't cause gas

For children who are listless underweight undernourished and...

Only half there

A tip to wives—and their husbands! And especially to those who have youngsters: try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern, non-fermenting, non-objectionable form of pure yeast. One of the best conditioners the human system ever had!

You or your children may not like raw yeast, but you'll swallow or chew these little tablets with relish. Purity and potency guaranteed . . . this yeast is used and recognized as the standard for vitamin studies by leading universities and by the U. S. Government.

The large 10-day bottle costs but 50 cents . . . at all drugstores.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 N. Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

YEAST FOAM
TABLETS
Extremely Rich in Water Soluble B Vitamin
Pure Dehydrated
YEAST
A Tonic Food

Name..

Address..

....

ON THE AIR

Every Wednesday 7:00 P. M. Central Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers"—WJZ—WBZA WBZ—WHAM—KDKA—WJR—WLW—KYW—KWK—WREN—KSTP—WTMJ—WEBC—KFAB

[THIEVES' HONOR
Continued from page twenty-nine]

"You sap," he explained. "Don't you know those people are always trying to collect insurance?"

I had to let it go at that, but I know he's a liar because I happened to meet the steer guy, a personal friend of the woman, who told me she actually did lose a ring. Six months later I learned from a fence that, four days after the heist, Waters sold him a rock for one grand.

Key to Crook Talk in This Story

Brig—Jail.
Bumped—Killed.
C—100 dollars.
Crack—Here, to talk, say.
Cop a sneak—Take a look, scout.
Grand—1,000 dollars.
In the grease—In trouble.
Kite—Letter, message.
Night hack—Watchman.
Pete mark—A safe to be robbed.
Rock—Diamond.
Steer guy—Tip-off man.
Sting—Burglary, holdup.
Working suckers—Toilers, honest citizens.

People have a notion a mob is something like a union of working suckers and that if you lick one you've got to lick them all. The fact is it's every man for himself. On a job they work together as if they sleep in the same bed. That's all the public gets to see. But if you could see them after they've got the dough you'd think they came from different countries. A thief's worst enemies are his friends. If a mob was half as well put together as a police force, not one in a thousand hustlers would ever be grabbed.

I get a laugh when I read in the papers that just out of friendship for a guy who has been croaked, one gunman bumps another. You can take this straight—when a hustler is knocked off by one of his own kind, it's a money deal nine times out of ten.

THE way a mob of four men usually lines up is like this: You have them divided into pairs, the guys in each being partners but suspecting the other two. All right. They're going on a job. All they have to do is bust in a joint and walk off with the dough. But first they've got to have an argument.

"How do I know you're not going to hold out on us?" one guy asks.

"I'll blast your guts out," the other answers. "You're fixing to hold out yourself."

But no one is going to do any shooting just then. Until the dough is in the pants they've got to be friends. So they compromise. One guy is cleaned of all his dough. He's going to do the fanning on the job. Afterwards he's cleaned again, and you know that all he's got came out of the heist.

To show you how sometimes you have to shake down even your old-time partners, take the case of Duke. I had worked with him for three years. He got a steer on a fishing camp, a hangout for some of Cincinnati's big business men and politicians. They didn't catch any fish, but they played a steep game of poker.

About ten o'clock one night, when we figured the game should be going good, four of us drove out to the camp and Rube copped a sneak on the joint to find out if it was ready. In twenty minutes he gives us the O. K. He says there are fifteen men and two women in the place. We're four—Butch, Duke, and Rube, besides me.

Butch, Duke, and I bust in the front way while Rube guards the kitchen door to see that nobody gets out. After we have everybody, including the cook, herded together and lined up with faces to the wall, Rube is to wait in the car.

OUR play was for Butch and me to use the rods while Duke fanned the crowd and put all the dough and ice on the tablecloth. That was my idea. I suspected Duke had been getting more than his split out of some previous deals. So I'm watching him when he starts to work, and, sure enough, I see him go into his pocket. I edge over and give Butch the office to keep his eyes open. He just winks.

We make it out of the joint after about ten minutes. On the way back to town we unroll the tablecloth. It held forty-two hundred bucks and five diamond rings. I did the counting.

"Is that all you got?" I ask Duke.

"That's every cent," he answers.

"You didn't go into your pocket with anything, did you?" I go on.

"You're a liar," Duke hands me.

Here Butch pipes up. He's been kicking me in the shins.

"Well," he says, "I call for a shakedown."

With nothing to lose and maybe something to gain, Rube also calls for a shake. Three men against one was too much for Duke, so he begins to feel in his pockets.

"Maybe I did forget something," he says. "Well, I'll be damn—what do you think of this?"

He comes out with a one-grand package of twenties.

Not satisfied with being caught once, Duke made another play to get away with an extra share. He was the one who had dealt with the steer guy, so we gave him five C notes and two tens, or 10 per cent, to make the payoff.

A week later the steer guy puts in a beef to me that all he got from Duke was a C note. I tell him to come around that night, when the mob will be at my house. He knows what he's to say.

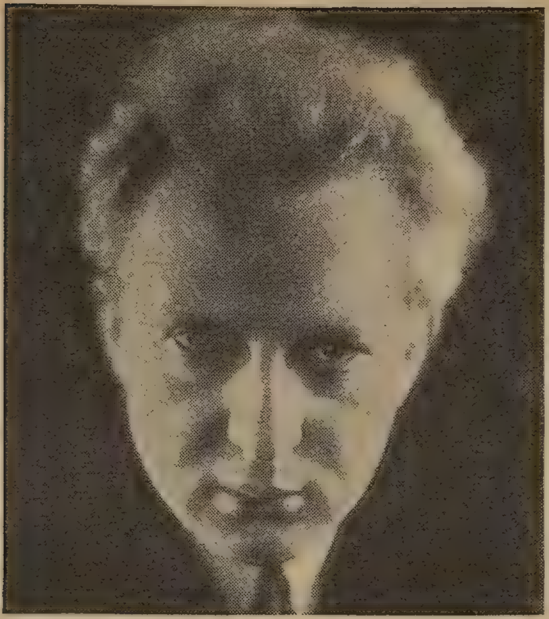
When he walks in on us we're playing stud.

"Sit in a few rounds," I invite him.

"I got to be going," he answers. "I just dropped in to say there's another job I can dump you."

"Yeh?" I asked. "Where?"

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]



Stokowski CREATES NEW BROADCASTING METHOD FOR PHILCO CONCERTS BY Philadelphia Orchestra

"Since our Radio Concerts last year I have been working to develop a method of broadcasting the modern orchestra without distortion of tone values. For example, recently, I heard some broadcast music in which the clarinet was producing in the concert hall about 40 degrees of tone, and the violins about 20—yet the values were reversed when heard by Radio—with the result that the music was distorted. Through the courtesy of Mr. Aylesworth, President of National Broadcasting Company, and in conjunction with Mr. Hanson—chief engineer—a new form of equipment has been designed, which I hope will be a step forward in making the broadcasting of an orchestra what it eventually will be—not only equal, but musically more eloquent than concert hall music."

October 12th · · · · November 16th · · · · Christmas Day · · · · Easter Sunday

FROM 5 TO 6 P. M. EASTERN STANDARD TIME

For 16 years Leopold Stokowski has led The Philadelphia Orchestra; welding its 110 artists with the fire of his amazing genius; creating a symphonic art that both Europe and America have for years recognized as the finest of all time.

Last year, when radio reception took vast leaps forward and Philco led the way with its balanced units to produce true, clear, *undistorted* tone, the Philadelphia director felt that the most subtle tone colors of the great orchestra could be faithfully reproduced and Stokowski "went on the air" for the first time for Philco. Now, Philco again is his exclusive sponsor in four radio concerts.

Enjoy fully these superb concerts on a Philco Screen Grid-Plus—The Super Set

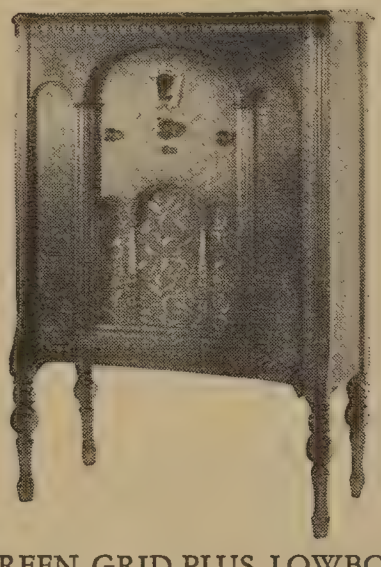
Philco 9-tube Screen Grid-Plus is so sensitive and powerful a receiver that its super-performance is more than the average listener needs. However, the remarkable results it has given; the way it *holds* programs at a constant level of tone without fading because of its Automatic Volume Control, and the gorgeous, true, undistorted tone produced by Philco balanced units, have created an enormous demand.

As a result, Screen Grid-Plus is now available at prices which bring it within the reach of the average family. For it must be clearly understood that radios now being offered at far *higher* prices, cannot attempt to match this performance.

Philco Tone-Control, both Screen Grid and Screen Grid-Plus, is already famous as the outstanding improvement of the year. This knob on the front of Philco sets now gives you control of station tone so you can bring in programs YOUR way with any one of four tone qualities—"Brilliant"—"Bright"—"Mellow"—"Deep."

The new Philcos also have a Station Recording Dial on which you *permanently* log favorite stations. The complete line of Radios and Radio-Phonographs is priced from $49.50 (Baby Grand) to $198 (Radio-Phonograph). Concert Grand, greatest of all receivers, $350. All prices less tubes. Slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC and in a Battery Set.

Ask your nearest Philco dealer for a free demonstration of a Philco today. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is obtainable through all authorized Philco dealers.



SCREEN GRID-PLUS LOWBOY

An exquisite cabinet of American black walnut, figured butt walnut and Oriental wood with American Gobelin tapestry over speaker $127.50

Available also in a beautiful Highboy of matched and figured American butt walnut $145.00

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers of the famous Philco Radio, Diamond Grid Batteries for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.

IN CANADA
PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

To add New Luxury to your Shaving...

RUBBERSET
Trade Mark

has the honor to present the *Modernized* Brush with

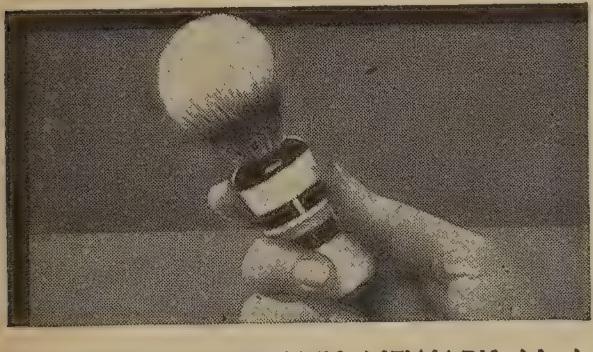
blended bristles

NOWADAYS even the little details of ordinary living are tuned to the modern key of greater speed, greater luxury. Even shaving brushes have snapped into line with the new modernized RUBBERSET with *Blended* Bristles.

Blended Bristles mark the greatest forward step in shaving comfort and efficiency since RUBBERSET originated the brush set in an everlasting grip of hard rubber!... By a precise blending of imported Badger hair and Wild Boar hair, the new RUBBERSET gives you exactly the proper balance of softness with firmness for a rapid, luxurious shave.

The radical improvement of Blended Bristles is not the only feature of these luxurious brushes. They have been entirely *restyled* to the modern taste. New attractive colors. New shapes, for better appearance and a better grip in the fingers.

Ask your druggist to show you a selection of new modernized RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes. Prices from $1.00 up at drug and department stores.



RUBBERSET COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.
Selling Agents
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 40 E. 34th St., N.Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

"That's just the point," he says. "I got to be treated right. There's a lot of guys who would have paid me more than a C for a five-grand sting."

Everybody looks at Duke.

"Well, Duke," I say. "Now it's your turn."

I never knew anybody who could cook up a lie quicker than Duke.

"Boys," he says, "it sure looks bad for me, but everything I do is for your good. If you want me to give him his dough all at once, O. K., but don't blame me if he starts four-flushing. Better let me feed it to him a hundred at a time, like I was going to."

"Duke," I answer, "no one is calling you a cockeyed, two-faced liar, but it just might happen you'll lose that money and then we'll all have to kick in again."

Butch and Rube agreed, so Duke couldn't do anything but come out with four hundred and twenty right there.

I can't feel bad towards Duke. He's up in the big house right now. He's the guy who was double-crossed by his own mother. I've seen every kind of a lousy deal a fellow can pull, but they were just innocent pastimes alongside what she did. I've told this story to some pretty tough monkeys, guys with as many as ten killings to their credit, and you ought to see it burn them up. If you have a hard time believing it, you'll just have to take my word.

Why Duke's mother hated him, I don't know, except that she hated his wife.

ONE day Duke, Butch, Rube, and another guy who filled in for me, pulled a bank heist upstate. A little while later there was a stickup near Cincinnati in which a bank messenger was croaked. That's when Duke's mother came into the picture. Duke had ten grand worth of government insurance and his mother had him covered for another grand and a half. All of it was made out to her.

Can you feature this? She went to a dick and cracked that we were the ones who bumped the bank messenger. We were all hauled in for a showup, but a man who was wounded failed to identify us. At the same time, the officials from the bank upstate took a look at us and put the finger on Butch and Rube. Duke and I were turned loose.

But she was bound to get some dough out of his downfall. The bankers' association had out a reward of a grand a head for the guys who pulled the upstate job. So she squeals again. She tells the dick she's sure Duke was on that job because she saw him making the split.

WHEN I heard about this, I brought Duke to live at my house, at that particular time near Hamilton, Ohio. He was there three months and during that time formed a new mob of Hamilton boys to pull a fifty-grand jewelry-store holdup near Cleveland. The jeweler found Duke's mug in the police records and the heat was on.

The law picked him up on a fluke. The dicks were looking for a blue sedan used in still another bank stickup in Cincinnati. They knew I had a car something like it. One night they raided my house. I wasn't there. Duke was. They came for milk and found cream.

Among the dicks who grabbed him was the one Duke's mother had spoken to. He took the witness stand when Duke was tried on the jewelry-store rap. He told how he was set on Duke's trail by his poor old mother. The jury couldn't figure it any other way but that if a mother puts her son in the grease it must be true. Duke drew a long term.

When he gets out, it's a cinch he's not going home, and it will be a surprise to me if he stays on the level. People like to say that once a guy is a thief he's always a thief. That's true, but it's not always his fault. I say a thief's double-crossing friends have a big part in keeping him from going legitimate.

The true story of some of the Heist Guy's further adventures will appear in an early issue.

Liberty is offering
$100 Apiece
for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Finesse

A Short Short Story

By

LUCY DOLES

whose career thus far consists of having been born in Stanley, North Dakota, taught for two years in a mining town near the Canadian border, studied journalism in Milwaukee, and got herself a job (which she still has), reporting for the Racine, Wis., Journal-News.

(Reading time: 5 min. 15 sec.)

THE Silver Peacock is a roadhouse. De luxe.

It lies near the state line, and has more than a casual acquaintance with hurried and inebriated brides and grooms, with the mistresses of prominent men, with the more or less secret loves of fascinating women. Its popularity is in its clandestineness, and the soft center light that diffuses itself so negligently that warm kisses pressed on hungry lips go unnoticed in the corners.

The clientele of the Silver Peacock is polyglot. The orchestra is exceedingly subtle. The floor show at the Silver Peacock goes on at midnight. Usually there is a dancer whose white powdered body weaves a supple pattern, the light striking from her rhinestoned thighs, and many covetous hands reach out to touch her as she runs from the center of the floor after her number. There is a blues singer with a crimson voluptuous mouth and a trailing gown. Usually, too, there is a chubby little tap dancer with abbreviated velvet shorts and a casual bandeau.

After the floor show the entertainers go back to their table and order short beers. The dance goes on. . . .

A couple pirouettes slowly in the center of the floor. The man bows his head attentively over the girl's. He is successful, self-confident, assured, and—just the slightest bit—conceited. His office is the kind that has a capacious desk with a marble inkstand and, perhaps, one picture in a slim silver frame. He gives orders.

You know, however, that with this girl he will always be quite humble, because he loves her.

She fits into his arms exactly, following his intricate steps with the ease of long acquaintance. Exquisitely correct are her clothes, her frock of coffee velvet fitting sveltely about her hips and trailing her ankles. Her brown hat is slashed to show a scimitar of eyebrow and droops intriguingly low on the other side.

You know, too, that she loves him.

The blues singer says, "I wonder where she got that hat?" The hostess says meditatively, "He's Howard Martin, the attorney that won the Wentworth divorce case. Who do you suppose she is—the defendant or the corespondent? She looks the part."

The owner of the Silver Peacock, pausing a moment at the table, looks at the couple appraisingly. He sees many women in the course of an evening—hard women, greedy women, foolish women, crying women, drunken women, angry women. This one is different. "She's a honey!" he says.

The orchestra plays.

> My Sin—was loving you, not wisely but too well,
> Your Sin—was letting me, and getting me in your
> spell . . .

THE man's arms tighten around the brown girl, and her fingers at the back of his neck tuck themselves under his coat collar. You know that this is their song, that they have sung it to each other on soft spring nights, driving along quiet roads, that its trite sentiment is something vital to them.

> Our Sin—was following a love that could not be . . .

A couple enters, standing near the door under the peacock that covers half the wall with its brilliant silvered plumage. The woman is an odd contrast to the exotic bird.

She is a medium woman. Everything about her is medium, from her bob that is neither pertly short nor smartly long to the coat that is neither copenhagen nor navy and fits her neither snugly nor loosely. Her eyes are neither blue, nor brown, nor gray. She is thirty, perhaps, and the man with her, fumbling his hat, is not more than twenty-two.

She stands there a moment, poised. Then she walks abruptly through the crowd of dancers to the man and the girl in brown. Stopping them, she addresses them briefly while astonished dancers stare uncomprehendingly, unbelieving. Turning, she cuts rapidly through the crowd and disappears through the door with her youthful escort. Thirty seconds, perhaps, have elapsed.

The head waiter expostulates vehemently with the owner. "How in hell was I to know she was his wife? I was across the floor when she came in. I couldn't of stopped her, could I? She found them. Her old man's a judge. She's a devil. She'd of had the place raided!"

The owner is angry. Red cords stand out on his temples. "I pay you to keep things like this from happening. And the next time you slip up on something like this, the gate for you!" He looks at the door apprehensively. "That quiet kind—and her dad a judge!"

The girl in brown and the man continue dancing, return to their party. Nonchalant, but something in the girl's brown eyes has been stabbed. The man's assurance retrieves him. He laughs arrogantly, uncomfortably. There is nothing to do now. It's all over.

The blues singer twists her handkerchief and orders a shot. She is thinking of Jens, who is to call for her at five o'clock after he takes his wife home from some party. "Oh, my God, if that ever happens to me! . . . If I'm ever caught. . . ."

The hostess is thinking of the owner's wife, and wondering if—just by accident—she should happen to return from the south some night; should come to the apartment unexpectedly . . .

AND on every side people whisper, "What do you suppose she said to them? What do you suppose she *said?*"

And in answer others look at the brown girl and say, "I'm glad *I'm* not in her shoes." Whether they are or not.

The Silver Peacock has a balcony with booths around it. It is a shade too clandestine for the average couple, and those who prefer other diversions to Terpsichore sit there. It is above the dance floor, affording an excellent panorama of things below.

Miss Genevieve Wilson and her boy friend, asleep over his highball, sit there. Miss Wilson smiles cryptically. She has bright Titian hair and deep rose nails. Miss Wilson prides herself that seven years as an executive's secretary have taught her many things, among them finesse. And, furthermore, Miss Wilson preens herself, no man has ever given her the air—without paying for it, she amends.

Miss Genevieve Wilson is methodical. She keeps carbon copies of all her letters. She inspects one now, pulling it forth from her beaded bag. It says:

> Perhaps the frequent business conferences of your husband would be explained to you if you will visit the Silver Peacock Saturday night and watch who he dances with. I am your friend and I don't like to see you get a dirty deal.

She tears it to little bits, still smiling, and lights a match to the small pile of paper in the ash tray.

After all, women scorned have their rights.

THE END

Two Men and a Girl

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 minutes 45 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ MONTE CARLO

CAST

Count Rudolph Falliere	Jack Buchanan
Countess Vera von Conti	Jeanette MacDonald
Maria	Zasu Pitts
Armand	Tyler Brooks
Prince Otto von Seibenheim	Claud Allister
Duke Gustave von Seibenheim	Edgar Norton
Paul	John Roche
Monsieur Beaucaire	Donald Novis

Produced by Paramount. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

JUST as everyone is beginning to say that musical pictures are out, along comes Lubitsch and presents one so good that it will be the talk of the town—yours and mine—for a while. It is almost as good as The Love Parade, but not quite, because The Love Parade had Maurice Chevalier, and, begging Jack Buchanan's pardon, he is not as fascinating a *vis-à-vis* for the lovely Jeanette MacDonald as the Frenchman.

Buchanan is good and there may be those who think he's better, but he hasn't got that million-dollar crooked smile that is making French musical-comedy history.

Do you really want to know what it is all about? You don't need to, to be assured of a good time, when you know you've got such a combination as Lubitsch, MacDonald, and Buchanan, with Monte Carlo as a background and some clever and haunting songs by Harling, Whiting, and Robin.

But I'll tell you this much: The beautiful but penniless Countess Vera leaves her princely fiancé waiting at the church while she changes her mind and her wedding dress and takes the first train away. Accompanied by her maid she stops at Monte Carlo and decides to risk her last thousand francs at the casino in the hope of making a grand *coup*. But of course she loses the thousand. Count Rudolph Falliere sees her and falls instantly in love, and, in order to be near her, accepts a job as her hairdresser. Her fiancé pursues her and renews his suit. The countess is torn between love and a rich husband, until Monsieur Beaucaire helps her make up her mind. Jeanette MacDonald is a clever comédienne and she sings Beyond the Blue Horizon beautifully. Jack Buchanan is very attractive and amusing, and Zasu Pitts gets the most out of her part.

Jack London's novel, The Sea Wolf, reaches the speaking screen, with Jane Keith, Mitchell Harris, and Milton Sills.

★ ★ ★ THE SEA WOLF

CAST

Wolf Larsen	Milton Sills
Lorna Marsh	Jane Keith
Allen Rand	Raymond Hackett
Death Larsen	Mitchell Harris
Smoke	Nat Pendleton
Mugridge	John Rogers

Produced by Fox. Directed by Alfred Santell.

A deft adaptation of Jack London's The Sea Wolf was made for the audible screen by S. N. Behrman and Ralph Block, and through the skillful interpretation of the director the story is made vital and compelling.

The late Milton Sills made the Wolf live again in all his fierceness. This fine characterization is a fitting monument to a skillful actor.

Captain Larsen is known wherever ships are sailed as the Wolf because he rules his men by fear. When about to leave the port of Hakodate, Japan, finding The Ghost short-handed, he orders his mate to fill up the crew, no matter how. Among the men shanghaied is Allen Rand, a young American whom the Wolf regards as a weakling and whom he handles brutally. He has invited a girl from one of the water-front cafés to accompany him, fascinated by her beauty. The girl accepts his invitation because she has seen Rand taken aboard. Once under way, the struggle between the Wolf, the girl, and Rand begins.

Jane Keith, the only feminine member of the cast, is a lovely blonde beauty who is startlingly like the late Jeanne Eagels. She has played only small bits before this.

She has a great deal to learn about acting and voice cultivation, but possesses great possibilities.

I must say that John Rogers' performance as Mugridge, the cook, stands out as well-nigh perfect.

And just a word of warning to the squeamish and faint-hearted: there are some horror scenes realistically performed.

They're the Plot of All But One of These Pictures

Jeanette MacDonald promenades, not entirely unobserved, in the musical picture Monte Carlo.

Sweet
Chocolates

A piquant moment in Sweet Mama. The lady is Alice White.

The Storm tempts you with Paul Cavanaugh and Lupe Velez.

★ ★ SWEET MAMA

CAST

Goldie	Alice White
Jimmy	David Manners
Joe Palmer	Kenneth Thomson
Lulu	Rita Flynn
Al Hadrick	Lee Moran
Policeman	Robert Elliott

Produced by First National. Directed by Edward Cline.

Alice White in a gangster story turns out to be better than anticipated. The story is exciting enough to hold your interest to the end.

Alice gives a sympathetic interpretation of Goldie, the cabaret entertainer who is working to save the boy she loves from the clutches of a gang leader.

The story is well worked out and the direction is good.

★ ★ THE STORM

CAST

Nanette Fachard	Lupe Velez
Cave Stewart	Paul Cavanaugh
Burr Winton	William Boyd
Jaques Fachard	Joseph de Grasse

Produced by Universal. Directed by William Wyler.

The familiar triangle forms the basis of the story for The Storm. Two men and a girl are marooned in a cabin in the Canadian woods during a snowstorm and the usual drama results. The men quarrel over the girl. One wants her honorably, the other just wants her.

Lupe is an elfin Nanette who is unaware of the passion she has aroused in the men until a crisis occurs which brings her own love to life.

★ ★ ANIMAL CRACKERS

CAST

Captain Jeffrey Spaulding	Groucho Marx
The Professor	Harpo Marx
Signor Emanuel Ravelli	Chico Marx
Horatio Jamison	Zeppo Marx
Arabella Rittenhouse	Lillian Roth
Mrs. Rittenhouse	Margaret Dumont
Roscoe Chandler	Louis Sorin
John Parker	Hal Thompson

Produced by Paramount. Directed by Victor Heerman.

This is a picturization of the Four Marx Brothers' stage show which delighted New York theater audiences last year. It is not strictly a musical picture, but there are a couple of songs in it. In fact, it is not strictly anything but foolishness.

Three of the brothers are first-class clowns, the fourth is just present to make up the quartette.

If you have never seen Groucho, Harpo, and Chico cavort, I think you've missed something. Theirs is the sort of fooling of which a little is satisfying, too much is stultifying.

This is a long picture. We forgive it its vulgarities because of some of its honest humor.

I'd like to make a suggestion (gratis)

To Howard Hughes, who has, according to newspaper reports, offered a hundred thousand dollars for a good story suitable for Billie Dove. Why not give it to George Bernard Shaw for his Cæsar and Cleopatra?

Wouldn't Billie make a glorious Cleopatra?

Do you know that—

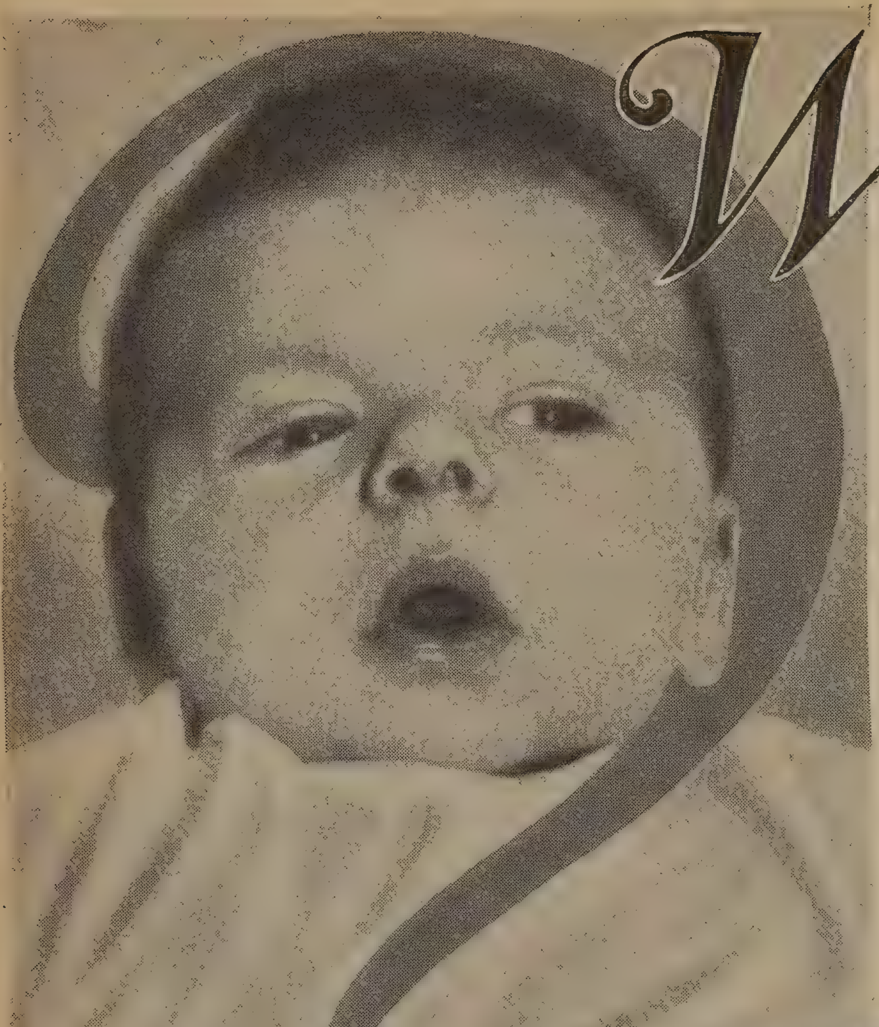
Greta Garbo's next picture, Inspiration, was written especially for the screen by James Forbes, well known playwright?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Abraham Lincoln.

★★★—Old English, Call of the Flesh, Moby Dick, Hell's Angels, Dancing Sweeties, Anybody's Woman, Rain or Shine, Grumpy, Common Clay.

Whose Baby



An Account of the Watkins-Bamberger Puzzle, in Which Science Was Stumped and the Law Waits for Time to Decide

By

GRACE ROBINSON

The baby whose tag caused all the trouble. This is the child first taken home by the Watkinses, when he was four weeks old.

P. & A. photos

After the exchange of babies. The same child but a new mother, Mrs. Charles Bamberger.

(Reading time: 17 min. 42 sec.)

TWO babies—both boys—were exchanged by their parents in Chicago recently. This extraordinary swap was made because the mothers and fathers decided that for seven weeks—ever since June 30, when their sons were born an hour and a half apart in Englewood Hospital—each family had been loving the wrong child.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watkins handed one baby—Charles Evan Watkins—to Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Bamberger.

The Bambergers gave George Edward Bamberger to the Watkinses.

Thus did two sets of parents attempt to correct a blunder apparently made soon after their sons were born. Even now they are not sure they have the right children. They may have given away their own flesh and blood.

If the Watkins-Bamberger births had occurred in royal households, there would have been witnesses to certify there had been no mix-up of babies. But Bamberger is a bricklayer, and at the time his son was born he didn't even have a job. Watkins by profession is a traffic manager, who generally earns fifty dollars a week. He, too, was jobless on June 30. So their babies came into the world in the ordinary hospital routine. Indeed, both families thought themselves lucky the wives could be sent to a hospital for the important event. It required much saving and planning to meet this expense. Only after they had paid their bills and returned home did the storm break.

Now that the tumult has subsided, we can ease gently and lucidly into this puzzle. Let us go back to that important Sunday when the alert Watkins detected the mistake.

Mrs. Watkins was bathing the new baby. He squawked when the wash cloth got near his ears, and yowled when he was turned on his tummy.

Father Watkins looked on. This was the first Sunday after his wife and her first-born had returned from the hospital to their little flat at 1619 West Eighty-second Street. He watched with interest while Mamma Watkins removed the hospital's adhesive name label from his son's back.

IT was an ordeal for the baby. He yelled and beat about with his tiny fists as Mamma Watkins, using alcohol and proceeding as gently as possible, detached bit by bit the 2½-by-3-inch plaster from his tender skin.

Off came the last corner of tape.

"Let's see it, mamma," said Watkins. The label was soaking wet and the red letters were indistinct. Watkins' curiosity would not be damped so easily. He put the tape on the ice box to dry.

Two hours later he examined it again. Just "curious to see how they worked things at the hospital."

"Do you know anybody named Bamberger?" he asked.

Mrs. Watkins was occupied with the baby. "Wha-a-t?" she returned vaguely.

"I say, do you know anybody named Bamberger?" shouted Watkins.

"Don't yell, Bill. You're frightening my child. Bamberger—ye-es, there was a woman named Bamberger in

AM I?

the room with me at the hospital. Those were the Bambergers we went down in the elevator with, when you came for me."

"Well," announced Watkins, "it looks like we've got their baby!"

Recapitulating these events now, one cannot help wondering whether it wouldn't have been better if Watkins had been somewhere else that Sunday morning. At church with his mother-in-law, drunk in a speakeasy, or even in jail. After all, many of us in this world have no positive proof that we are the persons we think we are. As a result of Watkins' discovery, two sets of parents, the great health department of the city of Chicago, Englewood Hospital, and a flock of doctors, nurses, lawyers, relatives, and fingerprint experts have been thrown into a turmoil of argument, recrimination, accusation, and hysteria which bids fair to muddle along for years. Not to mention the fact that two men—twenty, thirty, forty years from now—are never going to be certain which is Mr. Bamberger and which is Mr. Watkins.

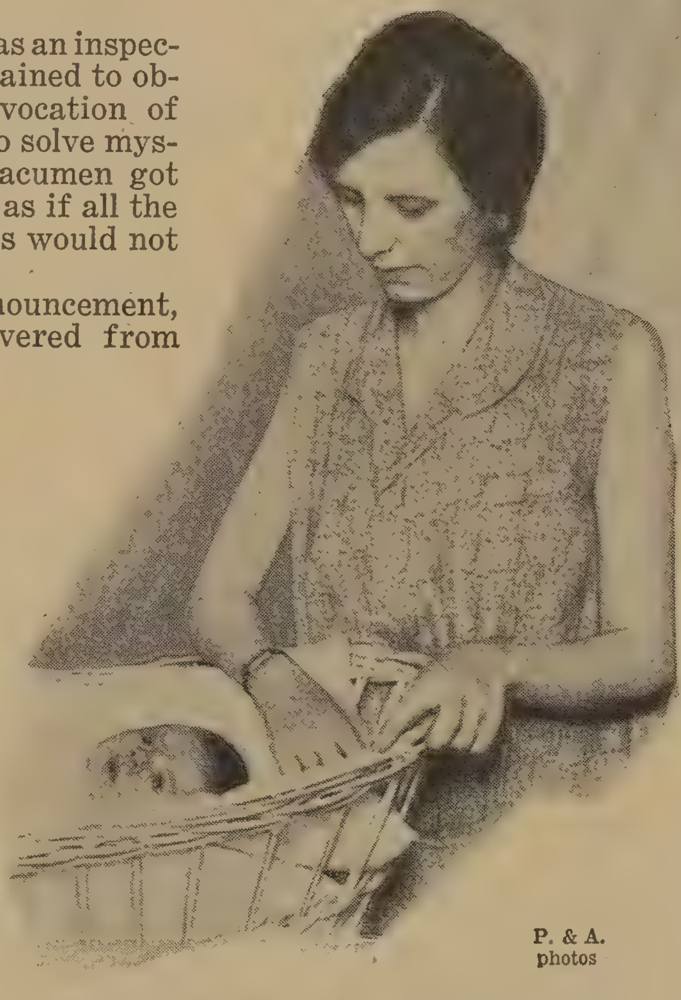
Here, also at four weeks, is the child the Watkinses demanded and the Bambergers were so sure was theirs that they had him baptized.

WATKINS, the father, once was an inspector in a boiler factory. Trained to observe details, in his present vocation of traffic sleuth he is accustomed to solve mysteries of missing cargo. His acumen got him into this mess, and it looks as if all the accumulated wisdom of the ages would not be sufficient to get him out.

At Watkins' dramatic announcement, Mrs. Watkins, not fully recovered from the ordeal of childbirth, turned ashen. She looked at the bit of tape. Sure enough, in red script was the legend, "Baby Boy Bamberger." There were also the name of the doctor and the date of birth, but these were smaller and less plain, although legible.

Mrs. Watkins cried. She couldn't believe it.

Watkins telephoned Dr. Frederick F. Fair, who had delivered the baby. Dr. Fair said he'd call the hospital and investigate. Then Watkins looked up Bamberger in the telephone book and got him on the wire.



P. & A. photos

Mrs. William Watkins with the child she nursed and cared for until the children were exchanged.

"This is Watkins," he said. "Have you taken the tag off your baby?" Bamberger replied it had been removed the day before.

"What was on it?"

"It had our name on it," answered Bamberger.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, of course."

"You know who I am?" pursued Watkins.

"Yes; you're the people who left the same day with us."

The two fathers had paid their bills at the same time.

Bamberger then turned to his wife. She was almost sure the tag had had their name. It had been thrown out in some refuse. They would look for it.

Later Watkins walked over to the Bambergers' house. They had found the tag in a child's toy express wagon in a closet, under some odds and ends intended for the ash heap. Watkins looked at their tag. Plainly it spelled "Watkins."

"I looked at the Bambergers' baby," Watkins related afterward, "and for the life of me I couldn't tell whether it was the baby I'd seen the first night at the hospital or not. I knew the baby at home was the one I'd been seeing every day when I called to visit my wife. I knew if a switch had been made it must have been the first night. But beyond that I could be sure of nothing. I was all mixed up.

"Bamberger, too, was pretty excited. He couldn't tell any better than I could which baby was which. Mrs. Bamberger cried. She was befuddled, too.

"If we could have been sure the adhesive labels were right it wouldn't have been so tough. We could simply have swapped babies. But according to the labels that had been on our sons' dresses, and on their cribs at the hospital, we had the right children.

"And how could the nurses at the hospital bathe those children eighteen times [each baby was bathed daily for nine days] without discovering that the label on the back didn't agree with the one on the gown? Or had the back labels become detached, in some mysterious way, and replaced wrongly?"

But Watkins didn't think so. His stand was that the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

skin tags were correct, while Bamberger soon took the position that the baby he had was his and no traffic manager could route his child away from him.

As one result of this tragi-comedy of errors, a month-old infant designated as John Doe brought suit against the hospital and the two sets of parents, demanding a solution of his "lost identity." John Doe was the child then residing with the Watkinses, later transferred to the Bamberger camp.

"Whose little boy am I?" was the embarrassing question John Doe, alias the Watkins baby, alias the Bamberger baby, asked of Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Bamberger, and the Englewood Hospital. Mr. J. Doe demanded $100,000.

Addressing himself through a Chicago mother, Mrs. Grace Dibrell, "as next friend" to "the Honorable Judges of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, in Chancery sitting," John Doe charged that the hospital "so negligently and carelessly supervised and superintended the birth" of himself and the other baby that identifying tags were misplaced. He further affirmed that the Watkinses "deny that there rests upon them the duty to rear, educate, or support this complainant." Likewise, the Bambergers, the baby complained, "deny there rests upon them any duty or obligation to rear and educate and support this complainant." Declaring he was entitled to these services until he'd become twenty-one, he pointed out that, unless the court decided who was to do it, he was "wholly without remedy at law."

P. & A. photo

Mothers and children side by side. This picture was taken when the conflict over the children was at its height.

Barratt O'Hara, lawyer for John Doe, also prepared a suit in behalf of John Doe's supposed — at that time — mother, Margaret Watkins. She wanted $100,000 from the hospital, declaring she didn't know how to distinguish her child and she "is and will be forever deprived of the joy of loving and rearing and educating the said child as her flesh and blood."

THIS disturbing situation, involving the identities of two individuals, brings up the question: what is mother instinct worth?

Does it mean anything?

Or is it merely a sentimental term that may be applied with equal accuracy to the deluded hen that tenderly cares for ducklings and to the human mother who rears a creature supposedly possessing an immortal soul?

The divine intuition that is supposed to descend on a woman like a mantle immediately after her body has strained through a childbirth failed badly in the Watkins-Bamberger mix-up. King Solomon's famous problem was simple compared with this one. He depended on a mother's instinctive urge to preserve her child from harm. When two women claimed one baby and he offered to divide the infant with a sword, one woman in an agony of fear relinquished her claim. That one, the sage judged, was the true parent.

In Chicago we have two mother instincts apparently deceived from the start and now so befuddled with the conflicting decisions of scientific men that nobody knows where it will end.

Mothers will swear to you, "I could always distinguish my child. Why, once at the hospital they gave me the wrong baby to nurse. I knew instantly it wasn't mine — they couldn't fool me."

Investigating these confident assertions, you will generally find that the mother has had a good look, or several good looks, at her child, before she demonstrated her vaunted mother instinct. Let a woman view two newborn infants immediately after her ordeal, and there seems no reason to believe she will pick out her own.

AFTER Father Watkins' Sherlocking business with the labels, nobody connected with the infant scramble had any private life at all. Newspaper reporters, newspaper photographers, even editors trooped into the two-room and bed-in-the-wall flat of the Watkinses, and into the equally unpretentious abode of the Bambergers at 5523 South Paulina Street. The two babies, without even a chance to grow teeth and adequate hair for their encounter with the critical public, were rushed before movie cameras and their infant wails and gurgles were recorded for the talkies.

Every sneeze, every haphazard gesture, every fancied change of expression exhibited by the two baby boys was scrutinized and weighed with almost painful attention by the parents and any caller who happened to be present. Did Bamberger frown like that, or was that a Watkins grimace? His eyes look browner this morning—Watkins has brown eyes. The shape of his head is changing—it is growing rounder—dear me! Bamberger is the one who has the round head; Watkins' head is long. Thus it went.

Both sides engaged lawyers, and from that time on every episode of both infants' lives was enmeshed with legal red tape. Writs of injunction and habeas corpus writs and writs of this and that, actual and threatened, cropped up on the most unexpected occasions.

Dr. Arnold H. Kegel, Chicago health commissioner, attempted to unscramble the babies. By this time the Bambergers had become convinced that the child they held was showing marked resemblance to Bamberger and that they should keep him.

When the Bamberger lawyer, John P. Loughnane, heard that Kegel intended to exchange the babies, he

Chronology of Baby Puzzle

June 30—Babies born to Mrs. William Watkins and Mrs. Charles Bamberger in Englewood Hospital, Chicago.
July 13—Watkins discovers tag marked "Bamberger" as wife bathes baby at home.
July 19—Dr. Arnold H. Kegel, Chicago health commissioner, called upon to decide mix-up as case arrests nation-wide attention.
July 24—Jury of eminent scientists reports babies correctly tagged and in wrong homes.
July 27—Child in Bamberger home baptized in Catholic church when Bamberger steals march on irate Watkins.
August 8—Judge Robert E. Gentzel grants petition for writ of habeas corpus to compel Bambergers to give up child.
August 15—Bamberger wavers, asking writ to protect baby in Watkins home from health-imperiling tests.
August 19—The Bambergers and Mrs. Watkins agree, amid tears, and exchange babies.
August 29—Law seals bargain when court upholds habeas corpus writ.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

SPECIAL 49¢
INTRODUCTORY OFFER

New Medicine Cabinet Bottle
FEEN-A-MINT
The Chewing Gum Laxative . . . Value 50c

• • •

DILLARD'S ASPERGUM
The Right and Easy Way
to Take Aspirin . . . Value 25c
Total Value 75c

SPECIAL PRICE FOR BOTH 49¢

THE NEW MEDICINE CABINET SIZE FEEN-A-MINT BOTTLE

A NEW size package for Feen-a-mint, the original chewing gum laxative! Thousands of Feen-a-mint users have asked for a package that would slip into the most crowded medicine cabinet, yet contain an ample supply of Feen-a-mint for all the family. And here it is! Feen-a-mint is pleasant to take, safe and dependable in action and non-habit-forming. The chewing insures the thorough distribution of the laxative throughout the system—helps Feen-a-mint work without the distressing after-effects so common with ordinary laxatives.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE

DILLARD'S ASPERGUM

THE finest aspirin scientifically combined with delicious chewing gum. Can be taken any time, any place. No bitter tablet to swallow, no fuss or bother—simply chew this deliciously flavored gum. Because you chew it the aspirin in Dillard's Aspergum is effective in smaller doses for relieving every type of pain for which aspirin is ordinarily used. Dillard's Aspergum is especially fine for relieving sore and irritated throats because while you chew it the aspirin combines with the saliva and quickly soothes and heals the irritated throat membranes. Recommended by physicians and throat specialists as the safe, effective way to take aspirin.

Dillard's
Aspergum
The convenient way to take Aspirin

ACT *NOW* WHILE THIS OFFER IS STILL IN EFFECT!

Your druggist can offer this remarkable value for a limited time only so it is important to act promptly to take advantage of this opportunity. If your druggist has not yet obtained his supply of these combination packages, fill in the coupon with your name and your druggist's name and send it at once with 49c in stamps to

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION
113 NORTH 13th STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION, Dept. L1.
113 North 13th Street, Newark, N. J.

Enclosed please find 49c in stamps for which please send me your introductory offer of Dillard's Aspergum and the new medicine cabinet size Feen-a-mint bottle.

Name..........
Street..........
Town.......... State..........
My Druggist's Name..........
Address..........

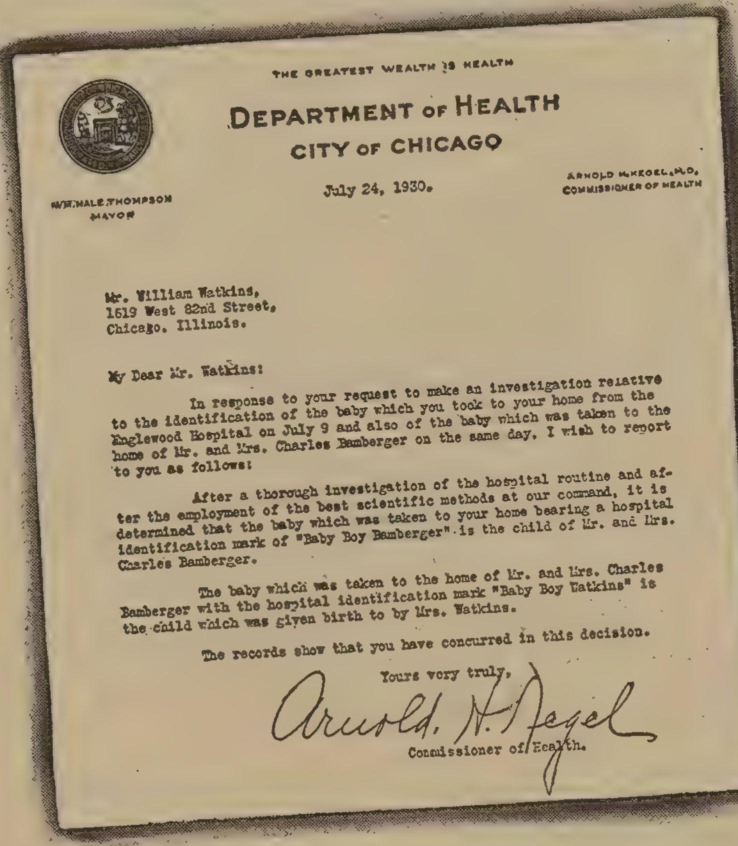
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

invoked the axiom that a man's home—especially when the destiny of one of his children is threatened—is his castle.

"Go home," Loughnane told Bamberger, "and if necessary defend your family with a shotgun, should anyone attempt to come on the premises to take your child."

The lawyer backed up this ringing mandate with the announcement that he would get an injunction to keep the health commissioner out.

The Bamberger baptism—holy rite of mother church—was accomplished only under the protection of the watchful lawyer. The baptism was publicly announced for 1 P. M. But actually the ceremony was hastily performed at nine in the morning, to the anguish of newspaper photographers who had slept late on an "overnight" assignment. Loughnane had heard that the Watkinses contemplated injunction proceedings to prevent the baptism. So he advanced the hour to thwart any legal ruse that might be employed to jeopardize the — then — young Bamberger's soul.



THE GREATEST WEALTH IS HEALTH

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH
CITY OF CHICAGO

WM. HALE THOMPSON
MAYOR

July 24, 1930.

ARNOLD H. KEGEL, M.D.
COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH

Mr. William Watkins,
1619 West 82nd Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Mr. Watkins:

In response to your request to make an investigation relative to the identification of the baby which you took to your home from the Englewood Hospital on July 9 and also of the baby which was taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bamberger on the same day, I wish to report to you as follows:

After a thorough investigation of the hospital routine and after the employment of the best scientific methods at our command, it is determined that the baby which was taken to your home bearing a hospital identification mark of "Baby Boy Bamberger" is the child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bamberger.

The baby which was taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bamberger with the hospital identification mark "Baby Boy Watkins" is the child which was given birth to by Mrs. Watkins.

The records show that you have concurred in this decision.

Yours very truly,

Arnold H. Kegel

Commissioner of Health.

The Chicago health commissioner's letter informing Watkins he was right. Three weeks passed, however, before the children were exchanged.

Lawyer O'Hara then leaped into the newspaper headlines with his suits on behalf of the Watkinses, mother and son.

Shortly thereafter, the (then) Bamberger baby found himself the subject of a habeas corpus writ, a proceeding to bring both children into court, evoke expert medical testimony, give some judge or other a world-wide reputation as a second Solomon, and in addition solve the problem of the true parentages. The nervous systems of these ill-starred children were hardly likely to derive benefit from such an arrangement.

But (to anticipate the story a little) before the day set for the hearing, a semi-amicable arrangement was arrived at by the two camps. The mothers exchanged babies, with the health commissioner officiating at the ceremony and everybody facing the cameras.

When that happened, of course, the habeas corpus proceedings had lost their point, since the baby the writ sought to bring into court was already in Watkins' home. Nevertheless, all concerned went ahead with the hearing, and for a time it appeared that the babies would become the principals in a perennial lawsuit which would crop up in the courts with the regularity of sturdy sunflowers blooming by the roadside. Each year changes in face and figure would be noted, and in time, it was felt, they would develop resemblances to determine whose children they were.

UNFORTUNATELY for this plan, it must be noted, babies rapidly emerge from helpless, wailing lumps of flesh into reasoning creatures with desire and will. If somebody should leave Bamberger a million dollars, he would be a desirable parent indeed, and the child, or young man, bearing the name Watkins might rebel and demand that he be transferred to that daddy. So, if the tide of fortune were reversed, might the Bamberger by science and law desire a change in his condition.

In any event, neither child need fear a dull, monotonous future.

And now, to go back—

While lawsuits were popping up with bewildering rapidity, scientists were trying to match each child with its proper parents.

The hospital attempted to solve the puzzle by weight. The child the Watkinses had brought home weighed seven pounds eleven ounces at a little less than two weeks of age. At birth he had tipped the scale at seven pounds ten and one-quarter ounces.

The infant then in Bamberger custody had weighed eight pounds eleven ounces, and when the mix-up was discovered he weighed consistently. Babies, Watkins was told, lose weight at first and then regain their birth weight in two weeks.

By weight, then, each family had brought the right baby home, despite the contradiction of the adhesive labels.

There were the doctors who delivered these puzzling progeny. They had been the first persons to handle them. Perhaps they could help. All hands repaired to Englewood Hospital. The babies were laid side by side, in their birthday garments, so as to recapture, as nearly as possible, the exact conditions of birth. Dr. Fair and Dr. P. A. Murphy, Bamberger physician, surveyed them. Finally Dr. Fair pointed to the baby the Bambergers had, and exclaimed, "Watkins, there's your baby." He based his decision, he said, on the pronounced masculine characteristic of the baby born to Mrs. Watkins, a fact he had noted at birth.

DR. KEGEL, the health commissioner, called a conference of experts. Not only would all six persons be examined, but ancestors of buried ages, progenitors now turned to fossils, who walked the earth in prehistoric times, would be invoked for aid. Each of us is the product not only of a mother and a father but of countless generations before. The forefather who first brandished a bronze spear, for instance, might have transmitted his brachycephalic head to a Watkins or to a Bamberger living in Chicago in the year 1930. And, indeed, the ancestors played a surprising part, as we shall see.

The babies were three weeks and one day old. They still looked as much alike as a couple of peas from the same pod. All day long, in Dr. Kegel's private laboratory at 2820 Pine Grove Avenue, Chicago, the momentous examinations went on. They had all the solemnity of a cigarette test, except that the doctors were not blindfolded. The babies were bottled and re-diapered at intervals, while reporters, photographers, and news-reel men punctuated the long ordeal with their maneuvers.

Said Watkins afterward: "They tested our blood; they measured our heads, lengthwise and across; they measured the length of our noses and the width of our chins; they looked at our ears; they peered into our eyes with little lights; they took our fingerprints; and examined our skins."

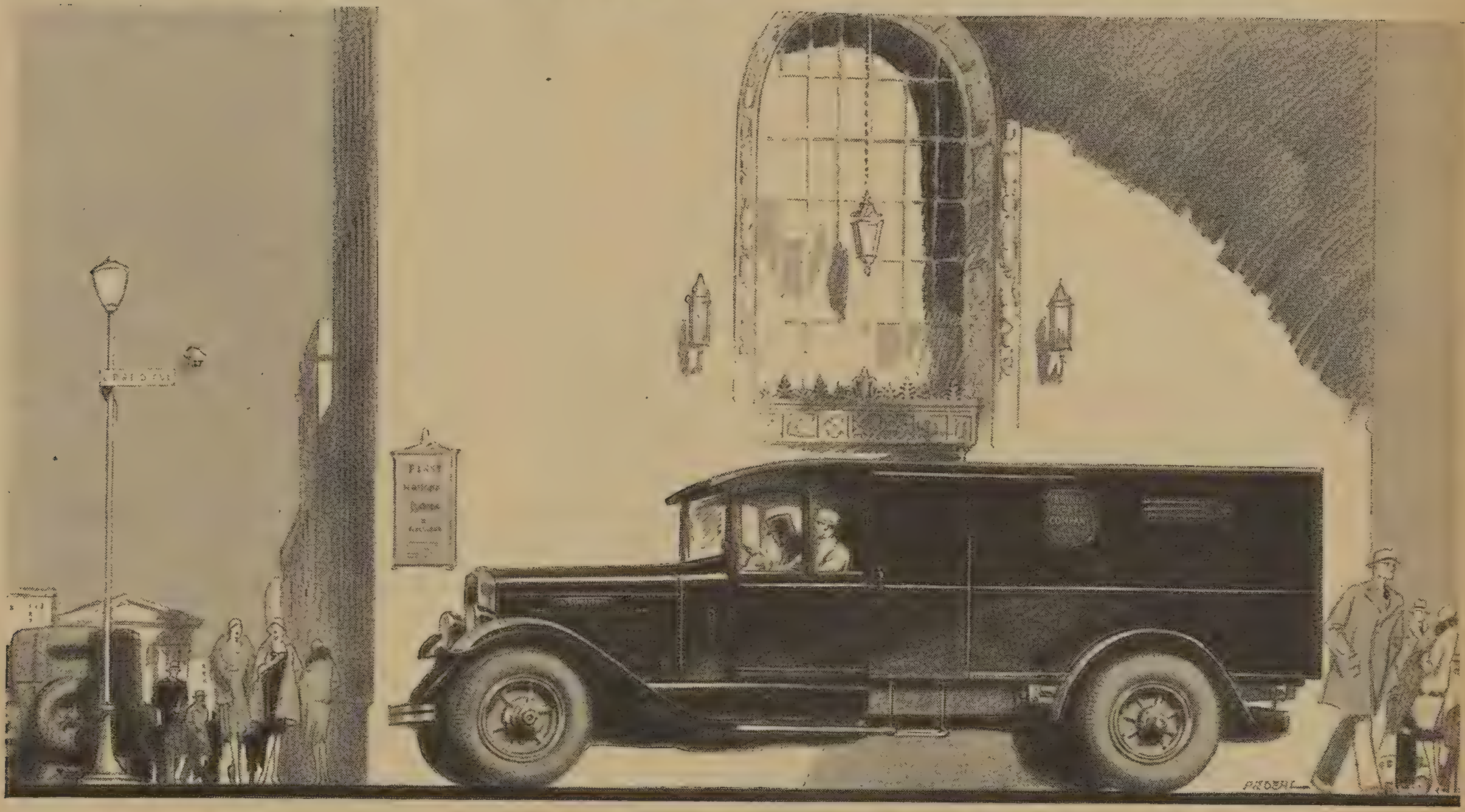
There was much excitement when Baby Watkins, struck on the knee with a tiny rubber hammer, threw out his little pink foot in a reflex exactly as Mrs. Watkins did when she was similarly struck. The wonder grew when Baby Bamberger showed a reflex like Mrs. Bamberger's. This seemed to indicate the women had the right children.

Then they sat for the movies and showed their reflexes all over again.

Dr. Cleveland J. White, a dermatologist, looked all six over for skin deviations of hereditary nature that might constitute clues. But the Bambergers and the Watkinses, parents and offspring, were disgustingly close to perfect human beings. Their skin, hair, and nails were all in order—worse, they were supernormal, except for a small

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

Brink's have over 500 International Trucks in Service ...but not a Single Service Station



Brink's experience with trucks takes in many makes and many years. The result has been complete standardization on Internationals.

INTERNATIONAL

The complete NEW line of International Speed Trucks and Heavy-Duty Trucks is on view at Branch and Dealer Showrooms throughout the United States. Ask for a demonstration of any model at your convenience.

HERE is a mammoth transportation company that has been enabled to hold down its investment in truck-service facilities to a minimum because of the outstanding service rendered by the company from which it buys its trucks—*International Harvester.*

Brink's Express Company owns a fleet of over 500 Internationals. They have branches in 78 of the largest cities. Their trucks serve these and 537 other cities and towns. *Yet Brink's do only the emergency servicing themselves.*

The bulk of this big service job is handled by International Harvester. From routine greasing to mechanical maintenance, the work is done by trained mechanics in our 161 Company-owned Branches.

Most of the work is done at night—for Brink's rigid schedules must not be interrupted. Brink's Express transports money—all the money in the world, you would think, for their annual volume in actual worth is nearly *fifty billions of dollars.*

Brink's Internationals have bodies of two thicknesses of steel, and windshields of bullet-proof glass. In every mechanical detail these trucks are built to provide the surest kind of transportation. They are so serviced that they go on providing it, for International Harvester has service wherever Brink's have trucks.

It is this unique "after-sale" service that has helped to give International Trucks their fame. Every user swears by it and so will you when you put your first International to work—and your five-hundredth!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

SICK OF BLADE PROMISES?

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO. NEW YORK N.Y.
DURHAM
PAT'D U.S.A. NOV 7 1911
DUPLEX

Send for

DOC DURHAM

with his hollow ground Blade

GO AHEAD—if you must. Try every blessed razor and blade on the market. Then, when your head's in a whirl, let Durham-Duplex blades restore your faith in humanity and give you something to swear *by*, not at.

Durham-Duplex blades are better now than ever. The latest output are a revelation in long-lasting keenness. Their hollow-ground edges are the finest in over twenty years . . . and that's saying plenty!

Package of 5 Blades 50c or get a razor and one blade for a quarter at your dealers or DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, New Jersey. Canadian address 50 Pearl Street, Toronto.

Name ____________

Address ____________

Present this coupon to your dealer or send to Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N.J. with 25c and get a genuine Durham-Duplex razor and blade.

DURHAM-DUPLEX

THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES MEN SWEAR BY — NOT AT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

blood birthmark on the left heel of the Bamberger baby, and a small cellular birthmark at the same point on Bamberger's left heel. But birthmarks prove nothing. They are suggestive, but not conclusive, Dr. White pointed out. Watkins fancied the Bamberger infant's hair was turning red; Watkins' mother is red-headed. So the doctors turned an ultra-violet lamp and filter on the youngsters, but no color differences were found.

P. & A. photo

Charles Bamberger.

Dr. Harold S. Hulbert, psychiatrist and former associate in neurology at the University of Illinois, sought to discover some inherited nervous disease which could be related to one family or the other specifically. But no—they were lovely children, "well born, of excellent nervous health so far as you can measure so young a child," Dr. Hulbert reported. The Bambergers, mother and infant, had slightly brisker reflexes than did the Watkinses, mother and infant. But both were normal and nothing conclusive was shown.

Dr. Gerhardt von Bonin, an anthropologist, associate in anatomy at the Medical College of the University of Illinois, examined the shapes of the six befuddled heads. The Watkinses, he concluded, were the present Nordic type; the Bambergers were the present Alpine or Central European type. He judges from the top of the head, which reveals a totally different conformation than lay judgment based on the shape of the whole head. The Watkinses had dolichocephalic (long and narrow) heads and the baby in their custody astonished the learned doctor by being a frank brachycephalic (short and broad) when the instruments were applied to his little skull.

The Bambergers were out-and-out brachycephalics—out of Asia, ages ago. But the baby—heaven help him—proved to be dolichocephalic, like Mr. and Mrs. Watkins. Clearly, something was amiss here. Thus did the ancestors contribute their bit to a possible solution.

DR. EMIL DEUTSCH, an opthalmologist, looked for eye diseases or deformities that might be hereditary. He found nothing conclusive. If only the Watkinses and the Bambergers hadn't been so healthy! Oh, for a disease—just a little disease—that would cut this knotty problem!

Dr. Hamilton R. Fishback, a pathologist, studied their bloods. He separated them into the blood groupings that are the basis for selection in blood transfusions. Baby Bamberger was group IV; Baby Watkins group II.

Bamberger was group I; Mrs. Bamberger group IV. This combination of parents can only produce a child in groups I, II, or III. The one blood they cannot produce is group IV. Clearly the so-called Bamberger baby didn't belong to them, and the Watkins baby, registering group II, might or might not belong to them.

On the other hand, both Watkins and Mrs. Watkins were group IV. Group IV people can't have anything but a group IV child. So (it begins to work out like a game of solitaire) there is no place to put the Bamberger baby except with the Watkinses.

Well! Well! It appears that the doctors, so far as they can decide anything, have decided the babies should be swapped. But wait! Here comes Dr. Watzek—Dr. Ferdinand Watzek of Vienna, famous criminologist and head of Northwestern University's crime detection laboratory.

Dr. Watzek smudged all twenty of the babies' clutching little fingers, and all forty of the parents' digits. After rolling their prints and examining the papillary patterns he found that Mrs. Watkins had a twin loop, category "W," on her right thumb, and that the baby in her care also had a twin loop, category "W," on his right thumb. Their left thumbs went on with the disillusioning story, with category ulnar loops on both. And so on, throughout all their ten fingers.

MRS. BAMBERGER and the Bamberger infant showed similarities, too, though not so definite.

Then the experts deliberated.

The majority opinion, despite the fingerprints, was that the infants had landed in the wrong homes. But Bamberger was unconvinced. The baby he had looked like him, and like his other children. When Dr. Kegel arrived to make the official exchange Bamberger had fled to parts unknown, taking his family with him.

He appeared, however, at another conference of doctors arranged by Dr. L. K. Eastman at Keystone Hospital. All were practicing physicians, mostly accustomed to delivering babies. They assured the discouraged parents that the scientists were wrong; that the babies they had were their own. The Watkins child's head was still "molded," they pointed out, molding or temporary malformation being just what might be expected from a woman having her first baby, as Mrs. Watkins was. The Bamberger infant's head showed it had been delivered with ease, being a third child.

Mrs. Bamberger went wearily home to nurse the child in her care. Likewise Mrs. Watkins.

Meanwhile Miss Alida Shultetus, supervisor of the obstetrical ward at the hospital, insisted she had written and applied the adhesive tags to each child's skin within four minutes after birth. If this were true, the families *had* drawn the wrong babies, because the Watkins child was born an hour and a half before young Bamberger

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

Meet the Radio with no DEAD SPOTS on the dial

EVERY notch of the dial holds a program for you on the new Columbia Tele-focal Radio! This radically *new* instrument hasn't the silent or useless spaces you find on most radios—spaces which fail to deliver the programs that are really *there.*

This amazing new Radio pulls in stations you've never before been able to get! Pulls them in wonderfully sharp and clear. Even in the most program-crowded evening hours. Right through the worst kinds of interference. *No overlapping of stations!*

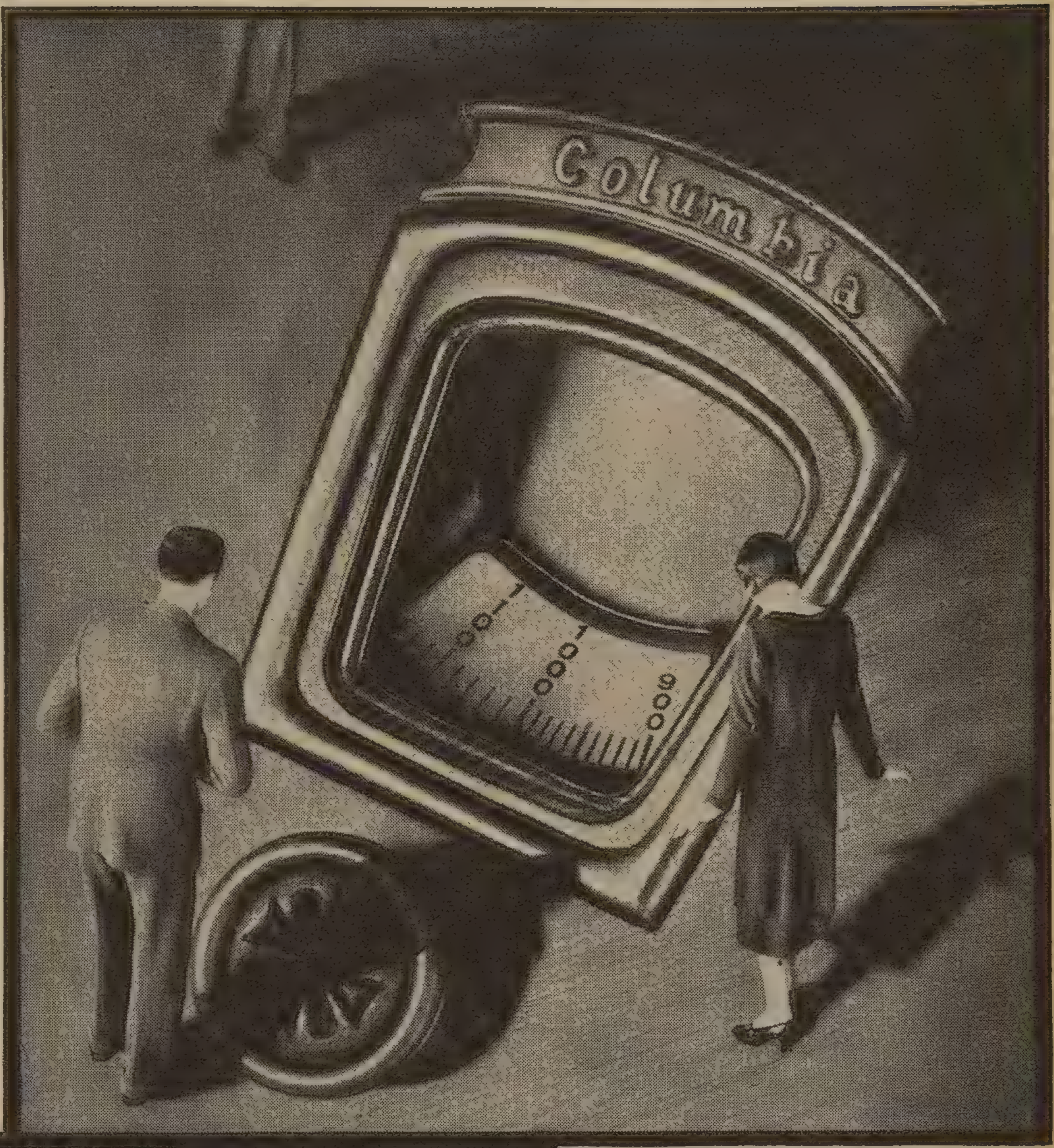
And Tele-focal Radio reproduces each program for you with the most glorious tone quality you've ever heard. You get *more* programs—and get them *better* than you ever thought possible!

Single-Tube Automatic Volume Control!

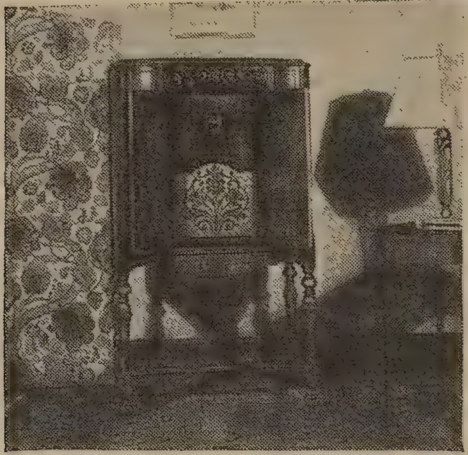
Another big point about this Radio is Automatic Volume Control accomplished with only *one* tube instead of the usual *two.* So this radio doesn't require specially *matched* tubes. To replace a tube, just another good tube is needed.

Drop in on your Columbia dealer to-day. Make a test log on the new Tele-focal Radio. Go down the dial yourself. And after you've seen the extraordinary variety of radio entertainment this great new machine delivers—take extra notice of the beautiful cabinet models this set comes in! *Write the Columbia Phonograph Co., Inc., 1819 Broadway, New York City. In Canada: Columbia Phonograph Co., Ltd., Toronto.*

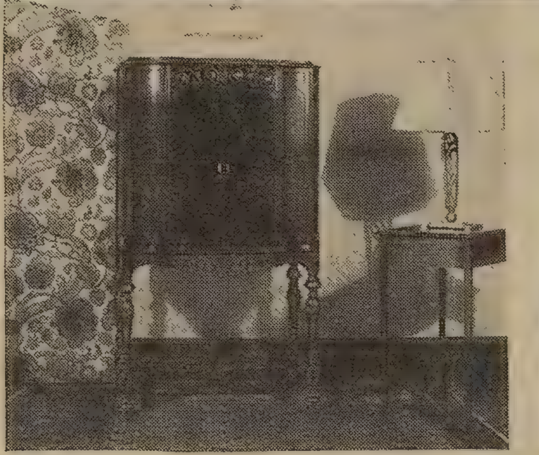
"Magic Columbia *Notes"*



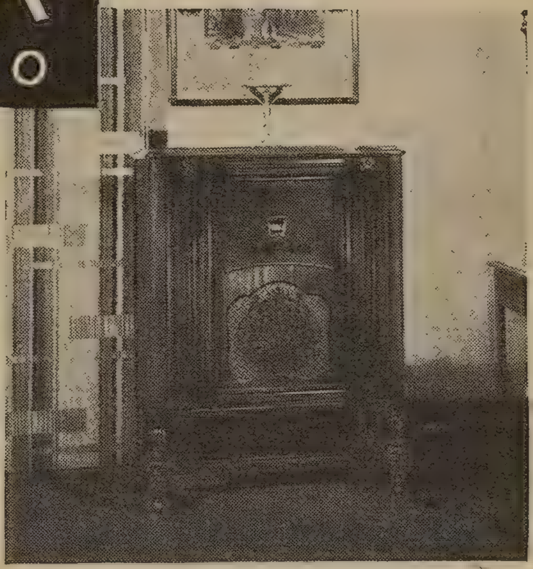
THE NEW
COLUMBIA
TELE-FOCAL RADIO



MODEL C21 *(open)—High-boy cabinet, influenced by Carolean Period. Open, the High-boy's doors reveal the instrument board, illuminated dial and speaker. The cabinet in open position retains its delightful symmetry—its beautifully balanced appearance.*



MODEL C 21 *(closed)—The exquisitely carved frieze over the doors—the rich finish of the doors themselves gives you some idea of the splendid cabinet-work that distinguishes this instrument throughout. Price, less tubes, $185.00.*



MODEL C 20—*Columbia Tele-focal Radio. Low-boy cabinet adapted from early English. Carved quarter-foil ornaments. Beautiful walnut finish. The lithe, graceful lines of this Cabinet—its restrained smartness, help it to blend harmoniously with any living-room suite. Price, less tubes, $145.00.*

*All Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
M.R.: M. Ind. Rgtrda. Nos. 18423 y 18426 de 6 de Agosto 1920 y 26088 de 23 de Agosto 1926: Marca Industrial Registrada Bajo Nos. 1090, 2648 y 2072.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

made his tearful appearance in the world.

But there had been considerable confusion at the hospital that memorable afternoon. The customary black ink had been missing; the tags were written in emergency red ink. There had been a stillbirth. Perhaps Miss Shultetus was mistaken. If she was not, certainly some subsequent nurse had blundered, since the dress labels were confused. At least, so the frantic parents reasoned.

P. & A. photo

William Watkins.

Mrs. Watkins is dark-skinned, with a long nose that turns up a little. She has dark brown hair, and is of German extraction, her maiden name being Stahle, and her mother's maiden name being Kirsch. Watkins is dark as to hair and eyes, and comes of Welsh and Scotch-Irish parentage. His mother is a MacFarland, and she has blue eyes.

Bamberger has light brown hair, blue eyes, and a turned-up nose. His mother is a Regan and Irish. His Bamberger antecedents came from Germany to England to America, and have lived here since early colonial days.

Mrs. Bamberger has black hair, gray eyes, dark skin. She is the former Johanna Popovitsch and comes from Olbersdorf, a little town in the mountains of Austria. All her people are Austrians.

All this proves pitifully little, when you examine the babies. Both are brownish of hair, and gray-bluish of eyes, the indeterminate gray-blue or most anything that shows in young babies and young kittens alike. Which child might result from a German-Welsh-Scotch-Irish-American ancestry, and which from a German-English-Irish-American-Austrian inheritance, it is quite impossible to tell.

A result of the muddle was that in Chicago many expectant mothers canceled hospital reservations, and fixed up maternity quarters in their homes, at heavy expense.

Doctors took alarm, declaring that a reversion to old-fashioned home confinements would increase infant and mother mortality.

Prospective mothers all over the country started demanding witnesses to their ordeal, besieging their doctors to arrange incontrovertible proof of identity, and otherwise fretting about the coming event.

SENTIMENTALISTS remarked that the world was going down—no more romance surrounding a birth, no more legend.

Once you could walk past a house and see a brass plate informing you that Byron or Poe was born there, but in our decadent age great men's births were unrecorded except on a prosaic hospital register and in the Bureau of Vital Statistics.

A mass meeting of mothers formed the Associated Mothers of Illinois and pledged themselves to press legislation to prevent future mix-ups.

You can't blame people for this hysteria. Nobody wants to be a changeling. Tell a child he's a changeling—that the papa and mamma he loves aren't his own—and he'll cry bitterly. The Bamberger-Watkins affair is not the first of its kind. Baby mix-ups have brought at least seventeen pairs of distraught parents to court in the last twelve years and have brought ten more nerve-shaken mothers and fathers together to exchange the babies they were given to rear. A recent example was the Sam Smith case in Cleveland. The "boy" born to Mrs. Smith turned out to be a girl. Two other babies—both boys—had been born at the same hospital that day. The Smiths took legal action to recover "George Smith," but the judge finally ordered them to take home the little girl.

In Havana, Señora Caridad Perez, a white woman, went to court pleading for help. Her baby, born in a hospital ten months before, was turning dark! Her husband threatened divorce. Then it was discovered that a colored mother, confined there at the same time, was the proud possessor of a light child. They swapped, and Señor Perez was appeased.

BUT there is a brighter side to the picture. Even though a dispute like that of the Watkinses and the Bambergers occurs, it is the very rarity of the case that makes it a matter of nationwide interest. When we compare the number of mistakes in infants' identity with the birth rate of the United States—over two million a year—we may see that percentage is all in favor of a mother leaving a hospital with the bone of her bones and flesh of her flesh. And we may be sure that hospitals take every possible precaution, and that this unfortunate confusion will have a fortunate result—that unremitting vigilance will be the watchword wherever babies are born!

As we explained at the beginning, the Watkinses and the Bambergers finally exchanged their infants. Now they have the babies the anthropologist and the blood expert said they should have and that the fingerprint expert and the group of physicians said they shouldn't have.

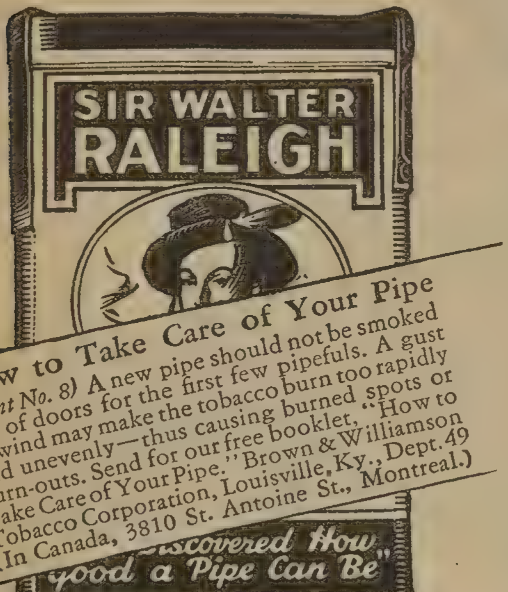
When Judge Joseph Sabath concluded the last legal action, he decreed that the exchange gave them the right children. Nevertheless, he said, they should "live close to each other and bring the children up as brothers, letting each boy have two fathers and two mothers. If time should prove human judgment erring, the boys could be restored to their real parents without violence or estrangement."

So Bamberger is Watkins, and Watkins is Bamberger—until somebody can prove different.

THE END

People just don't distinguish

IT'S utterly unfair, of course. But if a man *will* smoke an outrageously strong pipe, nobody is going to get close enough to him to appreciate his heart of gold. Don't keep potential friends at a distance. Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite blend is incomparably rich and fragrant—yet so mild as to be acceptable to the most fastidious pipe-sniffer. Nor does Sir Walter lack body and real flavor. They're all there in Sir Walter Raleigh—as you'll discover when you try it.



How to Take Care of Your Pipe
(*Hint No. 8*) A new pipe should not be smoked out of doors for the first few pipefuls. A gust of wind may make the tobacco burn too rapidly and unevenly—thus causing burned spots or burn-outs. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky., Dept. 49 (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

"Higher, Father, higher! You won't let me fall!"

Health! The glorious ability to laugh and be happy even when the world throws you further than Dad used to!

What is the easiest and safest way to gain it?

Clean inside-well outside!
and they look it!

© 1930 Stanco Inc.

THIS business of being *well*, which is the thing that makes life worth living, is not as difficult as most people make it. According to the doctors, the rules for most of us are few and simple: eat, exercise, and sleep right; keep yourself internally clean.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness and lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it — keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

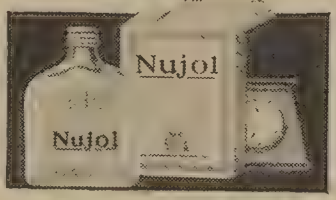
The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chance of keeping well — and therefore happy — all the time. Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

Here's a way to get a result you know is good for you, without using drugs you know are bad for you. It may make all the difference in your life between success and failure, between happiness and unhappiness. Why don't you try Nujol, and begin tonight?

Nujol



health

Vox

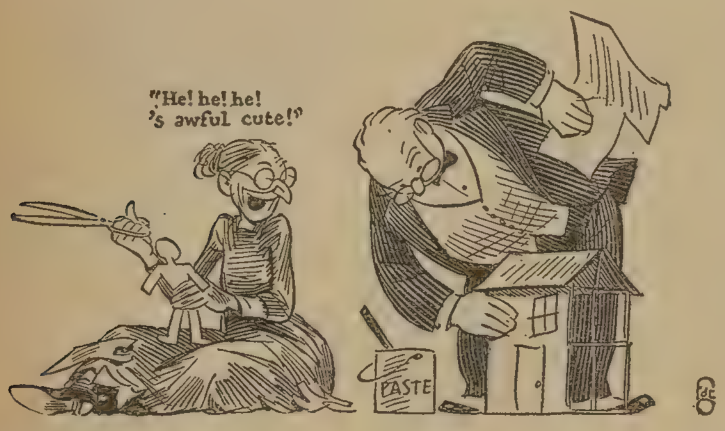
Thanks So Much for Your (Ha! Ha!) Helpfulness

CLEVELAND, OHIO — Why don't you print a page of paper dolls to be cut out along with doll houses, dresses, etc.? It would appeal to your mature readers. You might also induce your limerick editor to write some nursery jingles to accompany them, such as "The Adventures of Dolly Dimples."

This plan would add another half million to your circulation and would not make your "magazine" (ha! ha!) much cheaper or more ridiculous than it already is.

"Advice to the Lovelorn" by "Aunt Polly" or "Mrs. Marrywell" would also be a circulation getter.

If you could arrange to publish the life story of "Fatty" Arbuckle, Al Capone, or Rudy Vallée and other really important people as a sequel to the stories about Jeanne Eagels and Mabel Normand, you would render an invaluable service to the world.—*Pollyanna.*


"He! he! he!
's awful cute!"
PASTE

Postscripts on Juliet

ATLANTA, GA.—I am so relieved that Miss (or Mrs.) Thyra Samter Winslow brought her "Still Another Juliet" to a happy conclusion.

I would have wanted to poison her if she hadn't.

Maybe I thought the story was great because "Juliet" is my story. Only I made a mess of things and she didn't.—*E. G. Mack.*

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Are you sure that Keith (and I am sure that, after all these years, we all know who Keith is) had two dollars or whatever it is you pay to get married?

And then his mother's ingrown toe nail hurt so he had to postpone the wedding. And then Juliet's mother had a toothache and she postponed the wedding. And then Keith did. And then she read "No Bed of Roses," and then, and then, etc.

What a movie it would make! Slow motion.—*M. H. G.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Shades of the old Mencken-edited Smart Set book—what Thyra S. Winslow has done with her little pen now! Making one bromidic situation last five or six installments. Making so many tiresome repetitions it finally becomes comic (like a vaudeville act that might be good with one song, but rotten with four).—*H. A.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—That last chapter saved the whole works, but, my God, it took him nine years to do it! Can you imagine any two healthy, normal people acting the way Keith and Juliet did?—and dear old Thomas made things stir for a while, but even he failed at the crucial moment.—*Navy Clerk.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Thank goodness Juliet has become Mrs. Keith Morris at last! Whew! I nearly had softening of the brain crawling along the years with that pair.

I think Thyra Samter Winslow herself became pie-eyed and groggy with it all and decided to conclude it with a bang. Well, not exactly a bang 'cause this one had all the punch taken out of it first.

I, for one, am glad the agony is over, now. It was a rummy thing for the authoress to trifle with our nerves so long—like having the dentist extract your tooth bit by bit or having the surgeon remove your appendix piece by piece without ether!

Gruesome idea, eh? Well, no worse than the idea which inspired "Still Another Juliet."—*Snake in the Grass.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—All your readers no doubt experience a strong feeling of relief now that Keith and Juliet are really married and the story is ended. This has been the worst drawn-out, tiresome, and irritating story that I have ever read or ever expect to read. God knows why you ever accepted it!

The reader has been kept in an angry, irritated mood for many weeks. The fools! Why didn't they marry long ago? Why let their mothers dictate their course of life? Those mothers should have been squelched long ago and everybody would have been happy.—*G. W. Walker.*

GLADSTONE, MAN., CAN. — Just finished reading "Still Another Juliet." If a synopsis had been written it would have made a darn good short short story. How short? The whole thing could be described in five words: they got what they wanted.—*Two Poppers.*

HOUSTON, TEXAS—I have just finished reading your September 6 issue, and am beginning to believe that you do get some stories that are really worth while reading.

"Still Another Juliet" has been a wonderful story. Please give us more of Thyra S. Winslow's stories.—*M. S., a Regular Reader.*

Afterthought from the Author of "Corsair"

LITCHFIELD, CONN.—I have a frank letter from Captain Bill McCoy about my article, "Prohibition As Is," in Liberty for March 9, 1929.

I can quite understand how my characterization of his dealings with the government may have put him in wrong with his friends.

In that article I implied that he swapped information with the government for favorable action on indictments.

From what I have heard about him since those days I feel that certain government officials had no adequate cause for saying anything about him that would reflect on his loyalty to his associates.

I should like to express my sincere regrets that he has been caused so much annoyance. — *Walton Green (former chief U. S. prohibition investigator).*

Subtle

BALTIMORE, MD. — Liberty? Pfui! Also pooh, bah, pshaw, and ugh! Wotta mag! The more I think of it, the less I think of it.—*Disgruntled.*

Mellowing Influence of Liberty in One Southern Community

ATLANTA, GA. — Darn clever, you Swiss, with your Funny Faces contest. I bought and ruined four copies last week before I was satisfied. And this week I only spoiled three.

Hooray. Progress!

Another thing that gets under my skin is your "For the Love o' Lil." Gwen has a standing invitation to come and visit me. I have a cute little terrier that's showing signs of going mad. I think they'd enjoy each other. He could bite her and she could bite him. Sandy is welcome, too. If this Georgia corn don't get him there's a deep gully right back of the house—

"Go it, youall haounds!"

In fact, any of your guys are welcome to drop in any time you're down this way.

True southern hospitality, that's me, brother.—*Mystified.*

Pop

The Folly of Plagiarism

CLEVELAND, OHIO—You want to know what to do with Mr. Parker Bloser who plagiarized one of Miss Zona Gale's stories.

There are no extenuating circumstances, unless Mr. Bloser was contemplating resorting to twelve inches of lead pipe to keep the body and soul of a starving wife and children together. If this is true, then two dollars should be collected from every magazine editor in the Occident, the Orient, and the Antipodes.

If Mr. Bloser just plagiarized to please his vanity, or from affectation, or to buy beer with, then one of the following three things should be inflicted on him:

1. Have somebody chew up a copy of Liberty, and blow it in his face.
2. Hanging's too good for him—he ought to get a good swift kick properly placed.
3. Tell his parents on him.

If you want any more advice, I have plenty to give ungrudgingly.—*Alliare.*

ATHENS, ILL.—As an obligation to all that is fine and honest in literature and life, insist on plagiarist Parker Bloser being punished to the full extent of the law and beyond, if possible.—*A Disgruntled Contestant.*

MOHAWK, N. Y.—I don't like plagiarism; but I do like the restrained and charitable tone of your editorial in the September 13 issue of your magazine.

It is quite equal to the gentle rebuke contained in the incorporated letter of Miss Zona Gale.

You ask, "What would you do?" I don't know what I would do. I don't know what I would do if it were up to me to guard the interests of a great publishing concern.

But the spirit of your editorial and that of the letter of Miss Gale turns my thoughts to the balanced reflections of a gentle and kingly spirit who said, and seems still to say, "Forgive, if ye have aught against any, that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses" (Mark 11:25).—*Burnside Steen, Pastor First M. E. Church.*

Oh Yeh?

LARAMIE, WYO.—The lawyer sees all the wickedness, the doctor all the weakness, and the theologian all the stupidity of mankind.

You put all of these together and print them for the benefit of all of us.—*F. J. Roybal.*

It IS Interesting

MERKEL, TEXAS—Thank you for the Doherty articles on Jeanne Eagels. That man could make farm relief sound interesting.—*John R. Coomer.*

Well, We Thought It Wouldn't Do Any Harm to Ask

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—By all means give us the 2 cross words instead of the "What's Wrong Here?" pictures. We are 3 Beauty Operators and goodness knows we need the cross words to ease our minds, especially after working on some of the fussy kind of patrons that frequent our establishment.—*Lula, Mildred, and Marie.*

WALLA WALLA, WASH.—You ask how about leaving out "What's Wrong Here?" and as I have been a constant reader of Liberty since its first issue and never criticised it in any manner, I think now a good time to commence.

In the first place, leave out "What's Wrong Here?" by all means. Publish no more articles by that Patterson Woman, as her stuff would never be considered if she were not related to the President of your company, as any published so far have been with out merit.

Then murder or otherwise dispose of Leslie Thrasher, as his "Love o' Lil" has outlived its time and should be allowed to give up to a younger and better character.

The one best thing you have done for Liberty was to restore the second cross word puzzle, as, to my way of thinking, the cross word puzzles are the best feature of the magazine.—*E. D. Buck.*

HOUSTON, TEXAS—By all means, leave out the "What's Wrong Here?" I can find plenty "What's Wrong" by looking around me, but nothing quite takes the place of those cross word puzzles.

I like Kate Cameron, and find that I can trust her verdict on the pictures. Keep the "Twenty Questions" going. I use them at school.

Whenever the wets succeed in repealing nature's laws, they will have things just the way they want them.

Liberty prints many things I do not care to read. When I fall into a mud-hole, I do not lie there and wait for assistance to get out. Even so, when I stumble into printed filth, I am able to resist its influence. You folks who knock Liberty, haven't you strength enough to turn the page when you find some inferior story or article? Sometimes smug people need a rude awakening. As long as the serials are as fine as "Smoke Screen" and "Still Another Juliet," I shall buy Liberty.—*Josephine H. Coffeen.*

CORONA, N. Y.—Today when out for a drive, my husband and I, a boy was selling Liberty along the street and I bought one, and to my great surprise I see the beautiful large numbered puzzles have returned. I indeed thank you for this treat as I spend many happy moments busy with them. Yes, by all means take out the "What's Wrong Here?" picture, as this does not interest me at all.—*An Old Lady.*

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, KAN.—Certainly glad you restored to us the second puzzle. Would have yelped before, only for a sore arm.

For my part, muster out the "What's Wrong here?" More E. W. Springs, P. G. Wodehouse, and for goshsakes keep "Twenty Questions."—*Peegay.*

It Certainly Makes Life Complicated

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Give us an article on how to tell a good girl from a bad one. Was a time when I could tell. Am not so sure now 'cause both kinds paint, pet, smoke, and do things exactly alike. Guess women will have to start wearing labels, so a man can tell.

They say a nice girl will insist on walking home. But never yet have I had a single one snap, as they do in the story books: "Say, you, stop this car right here! What do you think I am? Just 'cause I ate your old dinner, and then came out in this old bus—Here's where I start walking home, see!"

GOOD LITTLE GIRL
? ? ?
BAD LITTLE GIRL

Never have I seen one of these dollies with four-inch spike-heeled shoes, painted lips, pipe-stem legs, washboard chests, walking on any road, anywhere, unless she was walking toward a date, not away from one.—*Male Reader.*

Corsair

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By WALTON GREEN

Pictures by HARRY T. FISK

(Reading time: 25 minutes 35 seconds.)

What Has Gone Before:

FOR the first time in his life John Hawks was exposed to the attentions of a valet, and, also for the first time, breathed an atmosphere of multimillions. But Johnny was not impressed. He himself was a hero. Probably the swiftest half back the middle west had ever produced, he had come east with the Hammers College team to do battle with Yale. And his flying feet had won the game!

It had naturally followed that at the dance that night he was presented to Alison Corning, daughter of the great Stephen Corning, international banker, whose time in working hours was said to be worth almost a thousand dollars a minute.

The girl coolly snubbed Johnny! Snubbed the great Hawks, then invited him to drive down to the Corning place on Long Island.

Rebelling inwardly, Johnny went. And the youth who was working his way through college and sending his surplus to his mother and his younger brothers back on the Iowa farm drank tea on the Corning yacht and talked to the young heiress, alone.

Twice Alison surprised Johnny. First she suggested that, after his graduation in June, he come back east and let her father give him a job; and, second, on parting, she calmly kissed him.

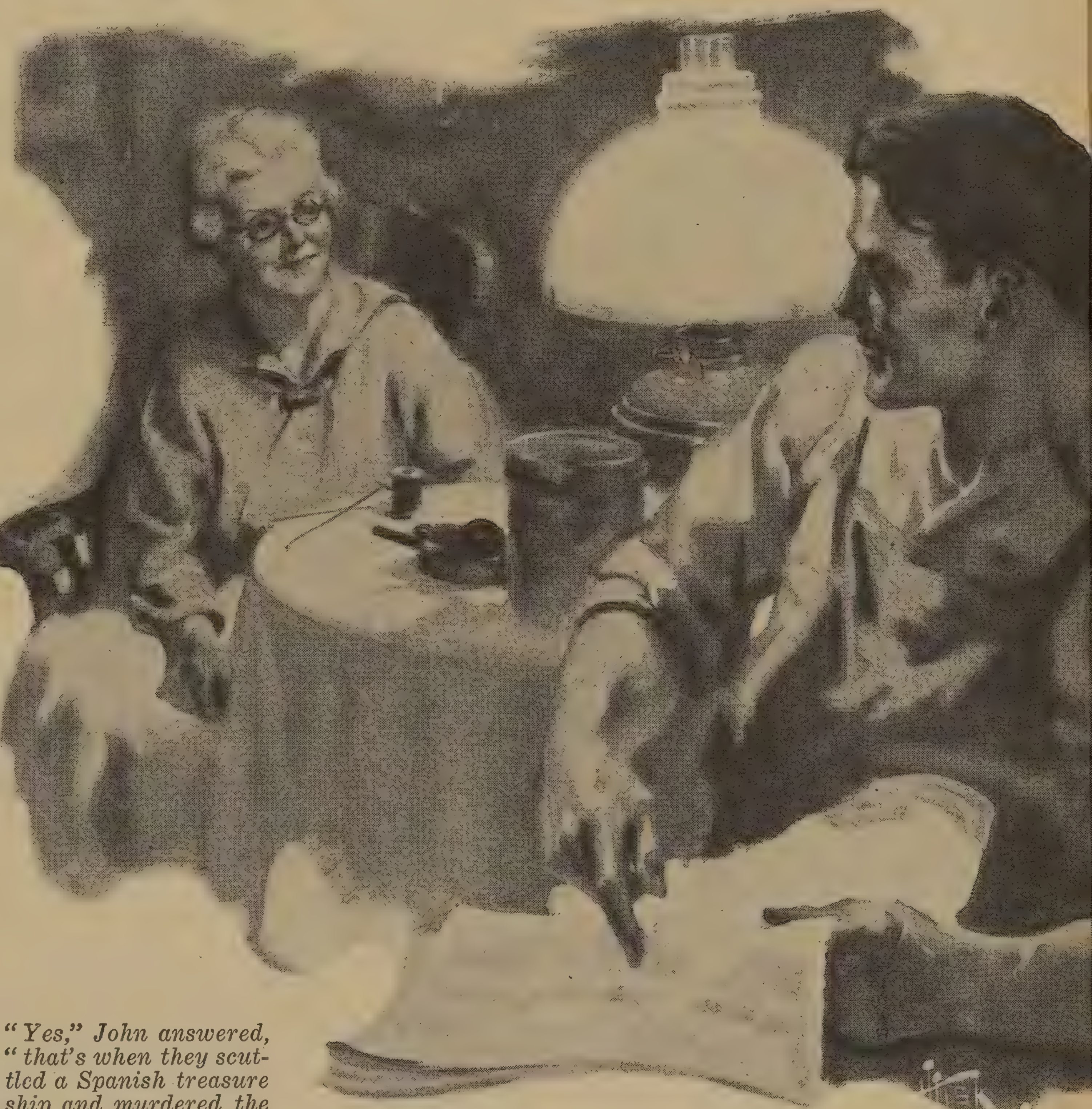
He took the suggestion more seriously than the kiss, came back, got the job, and held it until he refused to sell a woman some questionable bonds. Then he was fired. He decided to return to the farm.

Alison heaped contempt and taunts upon him. Furious, he caught her and kissed her brutally on the mouth, declaring:

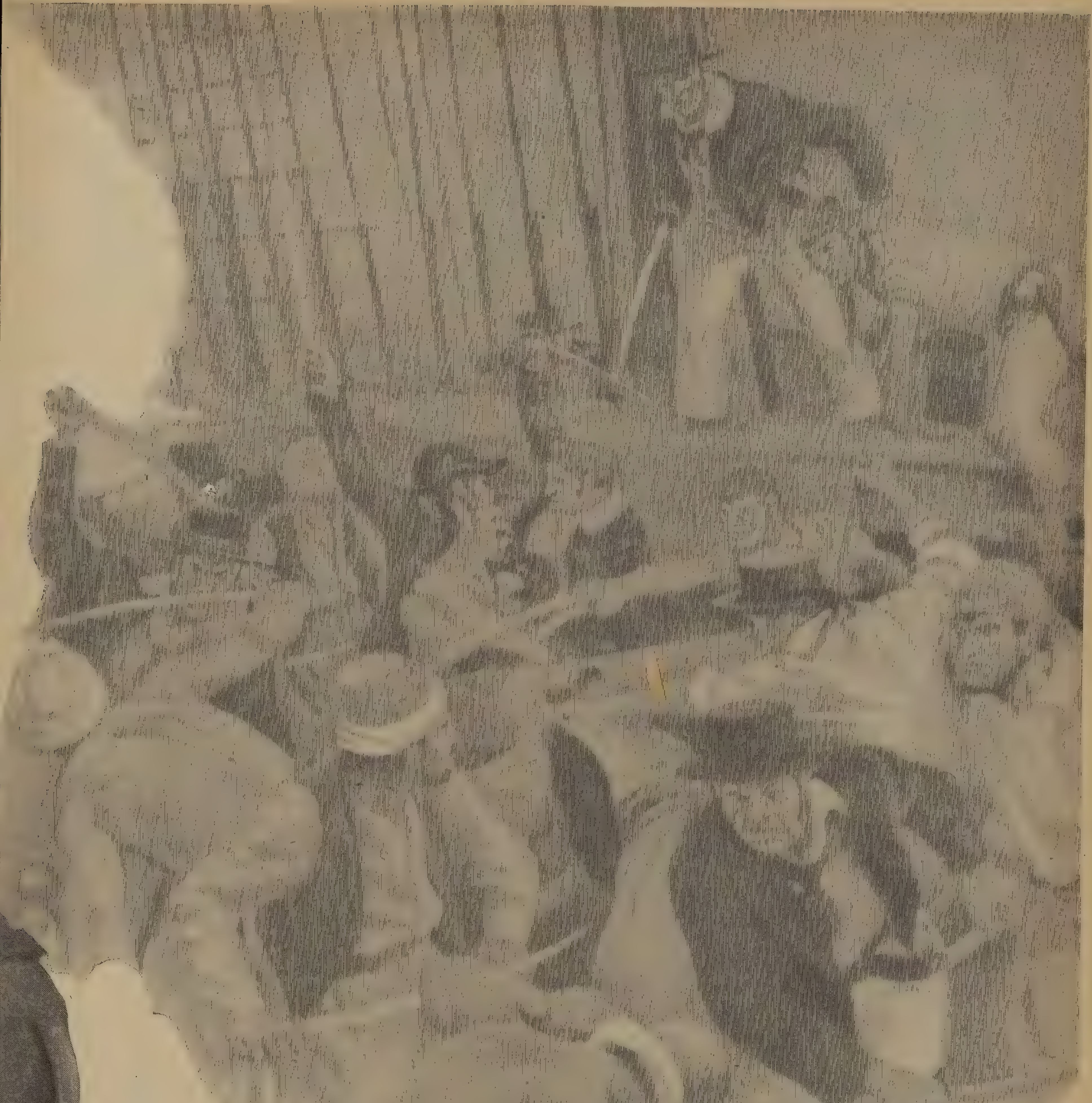
"I'll be back inside of a year!"

After which she murmured composedly:

"I can't imagine what my fiancé would say." Now go on with the story.



"Yes," John answered, "that's when they scuttled a Spanish treasure ship and murdered the crew."



Part Four

JOHN THINKS THINGS THROUGH

JOHN HAWKS straightened up from the gang plow and threw the Stillson wrench disgustedly to the ground.

"Nothing doing, Phil," he announced. "I can't even start the nuts. The bolts are rusted clean through the moldboard. You'll have to hack-saw 'em off. And get an extra share for that third bottom when you're in town Saturday."

"Yeah," agreed Philip somberly; "and that there clevis is wore thin. Hadn't I better get us a new one?"

"Huh-huh."

John retrieved the wrench and they walked toward the cow barn.

Philip slid back the door and they entered the long low shed, sweetly hay-smelling and redolent with the faint warm pungency of new-drawn milk.

From the far end they were greeted by a stream of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FAST
SMOOTH

PLYMOUTH can do smoothly more than 60 miles an hour by stop watch because the Plymouth engine develops 48 horsepower . . . because it is the famous Silver Dome high-compression type for which Chrysler Motors engineering is famous . . . with rubber engine mountings, mirror-finished cylinders, full-pressure lubrication and many other important features. Driving fast in a Plymouth is a real pleasure.

PLYMOUTH
CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

$535
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

Roadster $535; Coupe $565; Sedan, 2-Door $565; Sport Roadster $610; Sedan (4-Door, 3-Window) $625; Coupe (with rumble seat) $625; Sport Phaeton $625; Convertible Coupe $695. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD AND SERVICED BY 10,000 DE SOTO, DODGE BROTHERS AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

On order, Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

CORSAIR
Continued from page forty-nine

profanity: profanity low and sustained and practiced and blood-curdling and intense with fury—and all delivered in the passionate treble of childhood. It was Duggy, youngest brother of all—Duggy, aged ten, finishing his evening chores.

John, an ominous light in his eye, slammed the door to behind him. Instantly the blasphemous cacophony gave way to a contented and cheerful whistling. The older brothers reached the cooling tank in time to find Duggy industriously straining milk into one of the forty-quart delivery cans.

He looked up, his black-brown eyes beseechingly innocent, but with a slightly frightened look in their depths.

John's hand curled in the collar of Duggy's tattered shirt with slow menace. The child showed no slightest sign of flinching.

"Yes, John?" he almost cooed.

John's fingers tightened slowly.

"Next time I hear you cussing like that, young feller me lad, I'm going to warm your backside so you'll eat off the mantelpiece for a week," he said, and tried to maintain his severity of tone.

Duggy, wide-eyed, and with the innocence of ages on his face, rubbed one foot against the other shin bone.

"Yes, John," he said with quiet righteousness. "But I wasn't cussing. I was just saying over things I read in a book."

"Ugh!" grunted John, trying not to laugh.

"Yes, John—a pirate book—you can ask mother," offered the child with simple dignity.

John gave up and followed Philip through the far door of the barn. Duggy listened until he was certain the door was closed. Then, with cold fury and careful deliberation, he hurled his empty milking pail at a cow stanchion.

As the pail rolled back toward him he kicked it viciously, but taking careful aim at the flexible top of the pail where he would not stub his toe.

By the time John got back through the door Duggy was hugging his unharmed shin bone and bravely biting back the tears.

"I fell over the pail, John," he explained tremulously, "but it don't hurt much."

John knew that he was lying, and he knew that John knew. But his darkly sharp little face with its great deep eyes carried an ineffable charm that disarmed hostility. Beyond peradventure Duggy did things that made people want to kill him—until Duggy turned and smiled and agreed. Then they only wanted to hug him.

JOHN shook his head in despair and rejoined Philip in the yard.

Philip was grinning—a sort of first-cousin grin to John's crooked smile and which bore a bucolic but unmistakable family resemblance to it.

"Can't do narthin' with the kid," he said slowly. "He gets in these tantrums every so often—but where he learns the cussing I dunno—must be to school. And when you jump on him for it, butter wouldn't melt in his mouth."

John made no answer, but strode on to the house.

He had been home ten days now, and everything was at sixes and sevens. It was late autumn and the farm work was behind. His mother, relying on John's mounting earnings of the summer before, had branched out too fast—new equipment, and more land under cultivation, and two of the harvest hands held over for fall plowing. John had let them out directly he had got home. But the damage had been done. The mortgage interest was in default, they had virtually no cash, and their credit at the feed stores on which they depended for seed and fertilizer was near the vanishing point.

For the first time in years they were acutely and distressingly in debt—on top of chronically and comfortably, as all farmers are.

Something must be done. But, for the life of him, John could not make up his mind what that something was. He began to realize that he had made a mistake in rushing home, in his too ready acceptance of defeat under the first humiliation of dismissal by Corning & Co.

Should he yield to the line of least resistance—stay at home and farm it, along with the rest of the ineffectives and city failures who clung precariously to the land and spent most of their working time panhandling a vote-venal government into agricultural handouts? Should he do this, throwing away the little he had learned and the lot he had got out of college and afterward? Throwing away the certain capital of his athletic prestige, the short, rich experience and the invaluable contacts of his months in Wall Street?

Should he do this, gradually dropping back to the intellectual and economic level of his brother Philip, spending the rest of his days tilling the fickle soil, tending sick stock, and placating the grocer and the banker and the machinery vendors?

THAT night John had a talk with his mother. She was a capable woman, was Mrs. Hawks, with a streak of balancing placidity that kept her from ever seeing red.

John saw red occasionally and effectively, Duggy seldom saw anything else, and Philip saw only what lay beneath his nose.

But Mrs. Hawks was of different metal. She had a genius for the acceptance of things as they are. She did not gird at that which she could not change. She had lived wisely and not too unhappily with her restless and erratic husband, following him patiently if not passionately from one exaggerated enterprise to another.

And so she would live with her children, caviling neither at the earthliness of Philip nor at the precocities and dark furies of Douglas, calm in the philosophy that the morrow is never as bad as it threatens, and content in the belief that in John his father's tempestuousness was tempered with her own more deliberate-mindedness.

Mrs. Hawks was not a practical woman. But she was a wise one. She never nagged, and she never forced a situation.

She had passed over John's announcement of losing his job with scarcely a comment. She had forborne to question him lest she seem to urge him to a decision. But tonight he had precipitated the discussion himself.

"Things can't go on this way, mother," he began uncomfortably.

Mrs. Hawks smiled gently, and adjusted a patch of neutral-toned cloth to the seat of what had that morning been a pair of Dug's corduroy breeches.

"Douglas is the worst-dressed child in school," she observed complacently. "I start him off neat and clean every day, and he comes home in rags, and all fastened together with safety pins that the teacher fixes him up with. There isn't a suspender or belt made that will keep that child's pants up. Land knows, I—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Character in every line and every inch of snowy canvas marks this proud aristocrat just as character created by unusual blend distinguishes
Old Briar
TOBACCO

CHARACTER is as definite a reality in Old Briar smoking tobacco as in the smartest racing yacht. If you will try one package of this fine tobacco you will instantly realize its character—not merely by its fragrance, its appetizing taste, its smooth, full mildness, but because the choice tobaccos that combine to give Old Briar these pleasing qualities, have been skilfully blended to produce also a life and sparkle missing from ordinary blends.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

CORSAIR
Continued from page fifty-one

“Listen, mother,” John broke in with a touch of exasperation, “we’ve simply got to talk things over. Forget that little devil for a minute, will you?”

“Yes, John.”

“I made a mistake in coming home. I ought to have got another job in New York.”

“I thought you were thinking that these last few days, John. But I didn’t say anything because I figured maybe you were going back to Hammers for coaching or something.”

“Too late for that this year, mother—the football season’s nearly done. But I’ll tell you what I have done. I wrote a week ago to Hammers and to some of the eastern colleges to see if they wanted me for spring practice, and then for a permanent job next season, of course. I’ll hear any day now.”

“I see,” said Mrs. Hawks neutrally.

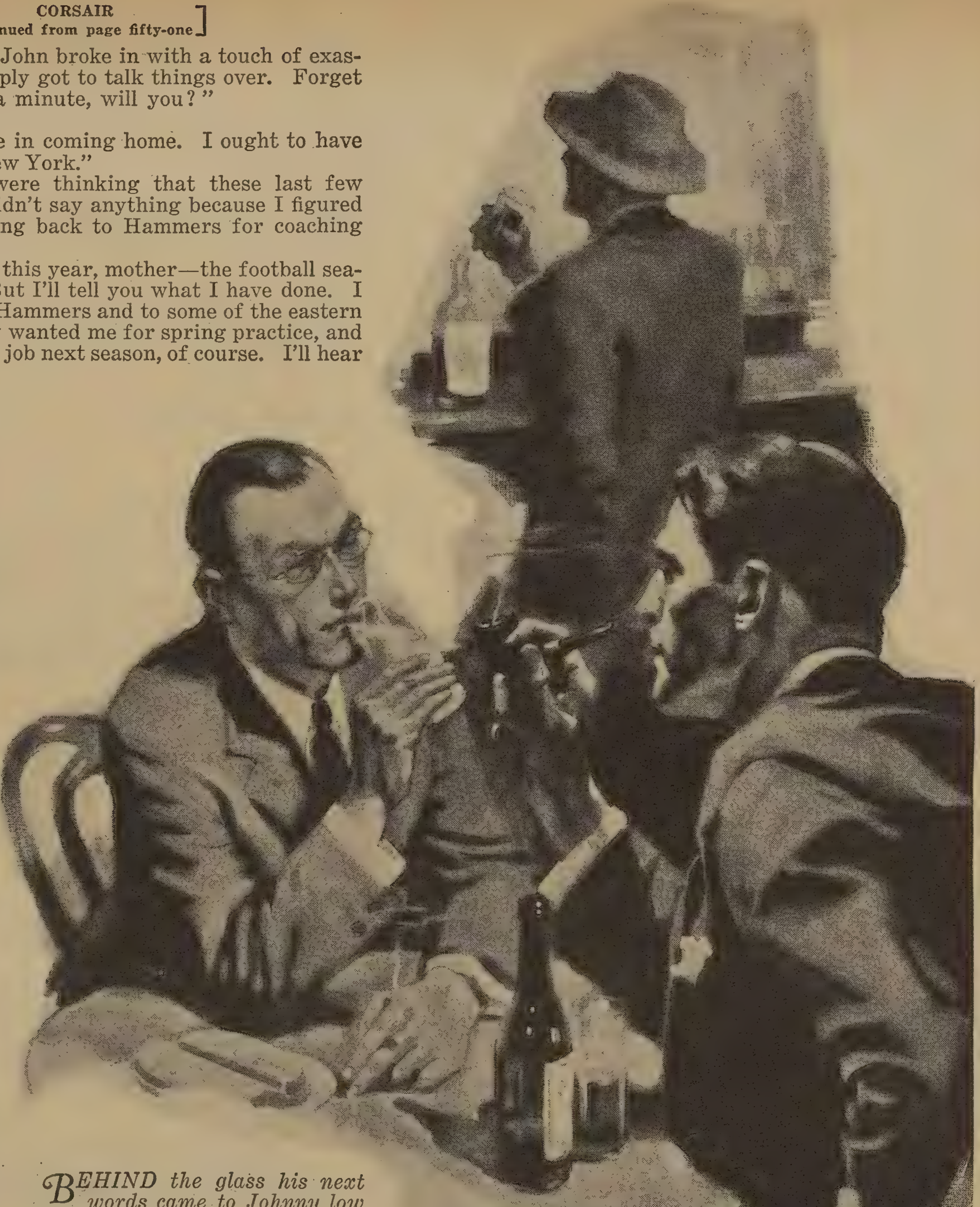
“Don’t you think I ought to do that?” persisted John. “I do wish you’d say something, mother.”

“I never crossed your father, and I’m not going to start bossing you, John. You’ve got a lot of sense, except sometimes, and I’m not worrying about anything. You’re free, white, and twenty-one, John, and you’ve got to plan your own life.”

“I KNOW, mother—but I mean—just now things are desperate. The only sure crop we raise on this farm is mortgages.”

“What goes into the land can be taken out of it,” quoth Mrs. Hawks with the easy optimism of the farmer.

“I’m not so certain, mother. The only thing I am sure of is I’ve got to get into pay dirt pretty quick.”



BEHIND the glass his next words came to Johnny low and insistently: “That bird that just come in is a lobby-gow to English Harry Wallon.”

“What else did you learn in college besides football, John?” asked his mother after a pause.

John was startled.

“Why—how do you mean, mother?”

“Nothing, John. Only I was reading in the paper after that Yale game how when you were in a tight place you always seemed to use your head. I was kind of wondering if you’d decide that athletic coaching was the best way of using your head in the long run. And the man that wrote the piece in the paper said that Hawks never seemed to know when he was downed. I suppose he meant you went right on trying the same thing in another way, didn’t he? Your father was like that, only perhaps he tried a little mite too many ways. But, I’ve no mind to—”

“I get you, mother.” John was beet red and his voice was sharp. “If I can’t get a quick job at one of the colleges I’ll go back to New York and break in on something. Of course, I know a lot of people there—I ought never to have come back.”

“You’ve changed a lot, John,” continued Mrs. Hawks gently. “You changed more those few months in the east than all four years at college. It did you good in lots of ways you can’t see yourself. But I can see it. You’re a lot older, and you think of things that wouldn’t have come to you a year back. And I don’t figure that losing your job has hurt you, except in your pride. It’s taught you something more, that’s all, John.”

Mrs. Hawks put the last stitch in the patch and folded the corduroy breeches neatly.

“Do as you’ve a mind to, John, but just remember I’m not worrying about anything. I’m going up now. Good night, John.”

After his mother had gone to bed, John sat for a long time sucking at his pipe and turning things over in his deliberate mind. The change in himself he could not, with his lack of self-consciousness, be expected to appreciate. But he had, in fact, changed a great deal, or, rather, he had developed. Much of his simplicity of out-look he had lost, replaced with a touch of hardness, a worldliness that even a month of Wall Street will impose upon its neophytes.

The most obvious change was in his appearance and manners. The John Hawks of today was a different-looking young man from the Johnny Hawks who had invaded the Yale Bowl.

Gone were the bulbous-toed shoes which the west was affecting at the moment. Gone, too, was the enlisted man's haircut—the shaven neck and too-long top hair, the matched socks and tie, the waist-accentuated suits with suspicious shoulders and bell-bottomed trousers. Instead, his hair was crisply short, his boots looked indigenous to any Anglo-Saxon land, and his two business suits were the loose and excellent British ready-mades which are sold in New York and which manage to escape both the prices and the sleek standardization of American tailors.

As for his manners—well, let us remember that the true athlete is an instinctively imitative animal in his physical motions. When Johnny had first gone east he had been inclined, for example, to draw his handkerchief from his pocket with something of a flag-waving flourish, especially if it was of silk and had been given him by some admiring maiden.

And if he had been older, and if they had needed it, he might have picked his teeth behind the protective barrage of a napkin instead of openly, as is done in all the smartest clubs in the world—except, of course, in England, where the Britishers have no teeth worth the picking.

Furthermore, he had learned that to place the palm in a straddling position on the thigh—with the hand reversed, the thumb and forefinger nearest the body and the crooked elbow menacingly advanced toward the company—is a practice properly confined to cow-punchers in the saddle and U. S. senators at their meals.

ALSO, he had learned to put his elbows on the table when he chose, without any apologetic tentatives in the act, and to keep on staring at people when he was caught staring, instead of furtively shifting his glance, as do detectives and thieves and middle-class persons in general. And, finally, he had learned to use his handkerchief for a blower and not a shower, which was no small victory in a world infested by bond salesmen and captains of industry.

None of which is by way of saying that Johnny had deliberately aped the manners of the smart and leisurely people with whom he had been thrown. He was far too uncalculating to be either a spiritual toady, or consciously to snobberize his physical deportment. It ran far deeper than that: a stripping away of the veneer of provincialism which had uncovered the slightly insolent aristocracy which was intrinsic to him—the aristocracy which knows that the distinction between vulgarity and breeding has little to do with the act and everything to do with the manner of the act.

His mother might have told him that all this came from his father's side of the family, from the erratic and fiercely brilliant slave-running Hawkses of New Bedford, and back of them from the piratical ruffianism of their notorious Welsh forbears.

She might have told him all this; but she would have been put to it to explain the lethargic Philip in the same breath. And, in any case, Mrs. Hawks was not much of a hand at explaining things.

Johnny sighed and knocked the dottle from his pipe. His glance traversed the familiar room, so cozily warm, so comfortably utilitarian, and so altogether dreadful, and a slight frown came between his eyes. Immediately he was ashamed of his shame. What right had he to inwardly disparage what he could not even pay for? Yes, it was distinctly up to him.

Funny how his mother and the cold and lovely heiress —he grinned a trifle bitterly—had both got the same slant about his football coaching. But if he went back, what could he do? Wouldn't it be better, for the winter at least, to grab any coaching job that would bring him ready money—anything, even basket ball—and then tackle New York in the spring?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FROM THE LABORATORIES OF Thomas A. Edison

It is not merely because Thomas A. Edison is a great name that it means so much on a radio. It is because Thomas A. Edison is a great name in science . . . in electricity . . . in sound reproduction—the things that make a radio. Fifty years of achievement in the Edison Laboratories are back of the Edison . . . a lifetime of beauty, satisfaction and pride of possession in your home are before it. Hear the Edison—the radio voice triumphant! There is a dealer, near you, selected because of his reliability.

EDISON
LIGHT-O-MATIC
RADIO

THE PLEASURE OF OWNING AN EDISON MAY BE YOURS FOR AS LITTLE AS $175 (LESS TUBES). PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE FAR WEST.
THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

Are you comfortable when you sit? . . . .

Are you one of the countless thousands who suffer from this prevalent form of human illness, rectal trouble? If you are, don't get the idea that all remedies for this ailment are alike. It is not fair to yourself to go on suffering discomfort when relief is so easily had.

Pazo Ointment is a soothing, healing ointment made especially for this one purpose It acts instantly to relieve itching and lesson the irritation. A few applications reduce both the inflammation and the swelling. When used for several days the trouble will likely disappear.

Pazo Ointment has been so successful, even in exceptionally severe cases, that it is now widely recommended by physicians and druggists both in the United States and abroad.

Pazo Ointment may be purchased at any drug store in tin boxes, 60c, or in the handy tube with a special applicator for 75c.

GUARANTEE
Pazo Ointment is guaranteed by the makers to bring relief in any case or your money will be refunded.

The circular enclosed with each tube and box contains facts that every sufferer from this form of trouble ought to know.

Get Pazo Ointment from your druggist, or, if you prefer, use the coupon and send stamps or money order.

PAZO OINTMENT

PARIS MEDICINE COMPANY
Pine & Beaumont Sts. St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me:
( ) tube of Pazo Ointment with special applicator, 75c.
( ) box of Pazo Ointment, 60c.
I am enclosing stamps or a money order.
Name..........
Street..........
City State

CORSAIR
Continued from page fifty-three

Well, he'd talk with his mother again the next day. In the meantime, bed.

He walked into the kitchen, shook down and coaled the fire, left the lids slightly ajar, and gave the oatmeal a final stirring before he pushed it farther back on the stove. Then he climbed the stairs to his room and went to bed on the lumpy cotton mattress. He didn't notice it any more now.

II

THE next day was a notable one. Everything seemed to break at once. With the noon mail came letters from both Hammers and Yale. Nothing doing at either place until autumn, then practically anything he wanted at Hammers, or a chance as assistant back-field coach at New Haven. Much good that would do him now. Also, and astonishingly, there arrived a highly provocative and distinctly contrite and intimately curt note from Alison Corning. Wasn't it about time, demanded the note, that the son of the soil stopped sulking and came back to take up the white man's burden? Signed: C. & L. H.—which John finally and excitedly unraveled as " cold and lovely heiress."

John read his mother the athletic letters. But he did not show her the other.

John had changed his mind about talking again with his mother. During the day he had reached his decision to return east. There was nothing further to discuss except the time of his going. Two incidents, quite unrelated, precipitated his departure.

That evening they were sitting in the parlor as usual. The boys had gone to bed. His mother, placidly creaking herself back and forth in the patent rocker, was absorbed in a Des Moines paper.

Ever and anon she would read aloud in her gentle singsong an item which interested her or which she thought ought to interest John. It was her most persistent and least admirable habit.

" And here's a piece that you'd be interested in, John."

" Yes, mother," returned John in the far-away tone of inattention which long practice had taught him. He was deeply in the " pirate book " which he had finally discovered under the mattress of Duggy's trundle-bed.

" It says here that the head of a great banking firm and prominent Y. M. C. A. benefactor has been caught smuggling twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of champagne."

" Yes, mother," dutifully and vaguely.

" ' Fine of five dollars a bottle or jail sentence is possible,' " continued Mrs. Hawks in her kindly singsong.

" Yes, mother," still further away.

" ' New York financial tycoon faces federal prosecution. Stephen Corning'—isn't that your Mr. Corning, John?—' placed under arrest at Long Island estate—' "

" What's that? " John snapped out of it. " May I read it myself, mother? Thanks."

John read it. As he gathered its full import his head cocked over to one side and a crooked grin of satisfaction widened his mouth. He cut the story from the paper and placed it carefully as a marker in the large book he had been reading.

" Holy mac! " he breathed fervently. " Yes, that's my old boss. Whew, mother, but doesn't that beat the Dutch? I can't any more imagine Mr. Corning—I mean—if you knew what he was like— Why, he's used to sitting on top of the world and telling it to turn around for him. Pinched! Gee—and for bootlegging! "

He relapsed into silence, and stared at the big volume on his knee.

It was a " pirate book " indeed, but not a printed one. It was an ancient leather-bound ledger, and across its title page it bore the legend: " A Journal and Occurrences of the Voyage of the Ship Swallow." And beneath that, " Jno. Braughan, Capt. in the Fleet of Sir Hy. Morgan," and the date, " 1671."

" How long has this old log book been in the family, mother? "

" I don't know, John. Your father always set great store by it, but I could never make head or tail of it—it's all spelled so queer. And every now and then there's a figure of a ship upside down."

"Yes," John answered, "that's when they scuttled a Spanish treasure ship and murdered the crew. The figure of the ship is inked in with a handmade wooden stamp. They sank so many that it got to be a regular rubber-stamp proposition, I guess."

"Duggy reads it all the time, but I couldn't find any swearing or blasphemy in it, so I let him keep it," commented Mrs. Hawks.

John smiled wryly.

"What he's learning here is a couple of hundred times worse than cussing. Is this Captain Jonathan Braughan any ancestor of ours?"

"Of yours, John—not mine. I mind me how your father wanted to christen you Braughan Hawks. But I wouldn't let him. It sounded too kind of flighty to suit me. You see, my people all come from Vermont. But your father's folk were seafaring men from Massachusetts. Respectable whalers and traders out of New Bedford they were."

"Humph!" observed John. "Respectable after this devil Braughan had laid the foundation of the family fortune by serving under the greatest and wickedest buccaneer in history."

"You don't say. Well, I'm sure your father's people were most respectable and looked up to. I s'pose it's the way you end up that counts."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed John, and then was silent.

AFTER a time he reopened the log of the Swallow and began to read again.

Presently his mother arose and started for bed. John laid the big book gently on the table. There was a puzzled, worried look in his eyes.

"Do you really believe that, mother—what you said just now—about only the end counting?"

"Land sakes," said Mrs. Hawks comfortably, "what with all the goings-on these days a body doesn't know what to believe. But I always did think that the man who said 'virtue is its own reward' was kind of laughing in his sleeve. Well, I'm going up now. Good night, John."

"Good night, mother."

John turned this over in his mind for some time. Was it true, he wondered. Were the big ones of the world a law unto themselves?

His thoughts went laboriously back to his recollections of history courses at college. He pondered the great grabbers of the world, from Alexander and Genghis Khan to Disraeli and Roosevelt. He thought of the biographies he had been reading lately—reading quite uncritically for the narrative alone—Napoleon, Frederick of Prussia, Bismarck, Tarbell's Rockefeller. Outside of science and art and philosophy, wasn't ruthlessness and acquisitiveness the touchstone of greatness? Washington and Lincoln to the contrary perhaps, but, even so, there were a hundred conquerors to one liberator, a thousand Clemenceaus to one Lincoln.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hectic Days . . .
Sleepless Nights—

"NERVES"
All Tired Out

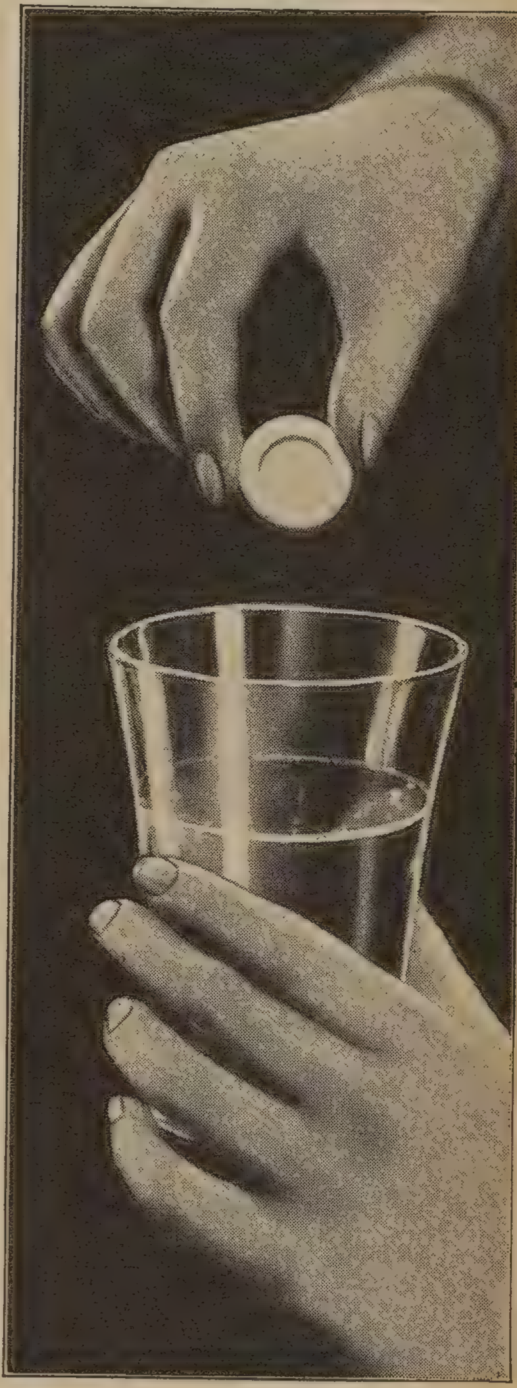
Every day, thousands of people drive themselves to the limit of endurance. Then their keyed-up, work-weary nervous systems refuse to relax and allow them to rest. Here is a new delightful way to quiet the "NERVES"—a pleasant, harmless Effervescent drink. Read about it. Try it—you'll welcome the relief it brings.

IN this fast moving age, few people escape nerve strain. The ceaseless din—the constant rush of modern life, put a continual excess strain on our nervous systems. How often have you gone through a fretful, nerve-racked day—cancelled an engagement the last minute—spent a miserable evening with friends, or endured a sleepless night . . . because your "NERVES" were tense and refused to relax. NOW—when your "NERVES" are fagged out, tense and jumpy — when overwrought "NERVES" cause Headache, Sleeplessness or similar troubles due to nervousness . . . try this delightful way to quiet the "NERVES."

Just drop an ***Effervescent*** NERVINE Tablet into a glass of water. Watch it bubble up like sparkling spring water—then drink it. You'll like the pleasant effervescent drink it makes. You'll welcome the effective way it soothes the "NERVES" and gives nature a chance to correct the trouble.

Try Dr. Miles' ***Effervescent*** NERVINE Tablets. They are safe and harmless. In these Tablets the time-tested Dr. Miles' NERVINE formula is combined with bicarbonate of soda and citric acid which tend to correct hyper-acidity—a frequent cause of nervousness.

Get a package of Dr. Miles' ***Effervescent*** NERVINE Tablets at any Drug Store. Try them—and if you are not satisfied with results the druggist will refund your money.



Countless thousands of busy men and women have discovered this delightful way to quiet the "NERVES." Mr. Nate Wagner, the famous dramatic actor and singer says:—

"In my profession, 'NERVES' are cruelly unstrung at times. Dr. Miles' Effervescent NERVINE Tablets have been of inestimable help in bringing me calm and refreshing relief from nervous tension."

Why don't you try them. Take the coupon below to any Drug Store and get a regular 25c package to try for only 10c.

At All Drug Stores

Small Pkg. 25c
Large Size $1.00

This Coupon Is Worth 15c to You
Take this Coupon to any Drug Store and as a Special Introductory Offer, the druggist will give you a regular 25c. pkg. of Dr. Miles' NERVINE (Effervescent Tablets or Liquid) for only 10c.

Name____
Address______________________________________

DRUGGIST:—Mail this Coupon to us signed by customer and we will replace each package you give out on this Special Offer.
Dr. Miles' Laboratory. Dept. 251, Elkhart, Ind.

No matter what your AGE

No need Now to Have Gray Hair

THIS is the age of youth! People want to look young. The country wants youth. Employers want youth. Society wants youth. So now you see fewer and fewer people with Gray Hair. Do you know the secret? Hundreds of thousands of other people have found it—in a queer discovery of science—a liquid that is as colorless as water—yet which imparts color to Gray Hair! Its name is Kolor-Bak! Not a sticky, messy, hard-to-use preparation that might endanger your hair. But a clean, safe, liquid that you simply comb into your hair to make the gray go. It acts so gradually that even your friends won't realize that you are using anything. And it leaves the beautiful sheen of the hair unchanged. No experimenting with Kolor-Bak—the one bottle does for Blonde, Black, Brown or Auburn. Be young looking again! Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger your money will be refunded any time you ask.

KOLOR-BAK
Imparts Color to Gray Hair!

Mercolized Wax
Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

LUCKY TIGER
A Proven Germicide!
For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors.
TRY IT TODAY!

CORSAIR
Continued from page fifty-five

And as with men, so with nations. Even pietist, Panama-grabbing America, with its smug verisimilation of Britain's smooth ruthlessness of empire—America burrowing and buying its predestined way into the bowels of mankind.

Aye, that was it. Wring the neck of mankind hard enough and your fellow men will rear you statues and with eager hands build you Juggernauts before which they will prostrate themselves in an ecstasy of mob masochism.

Conquerors of the past had worked their wills with ships and guns and men. The world masters of tomorrow—nay, of today even—were dominating mankind from the desks of Wall Street and the factories of Detroit.

Stephen Corning? What did arrest matter to him? You can't keep a million dollars in jail—for long enough to hurt.

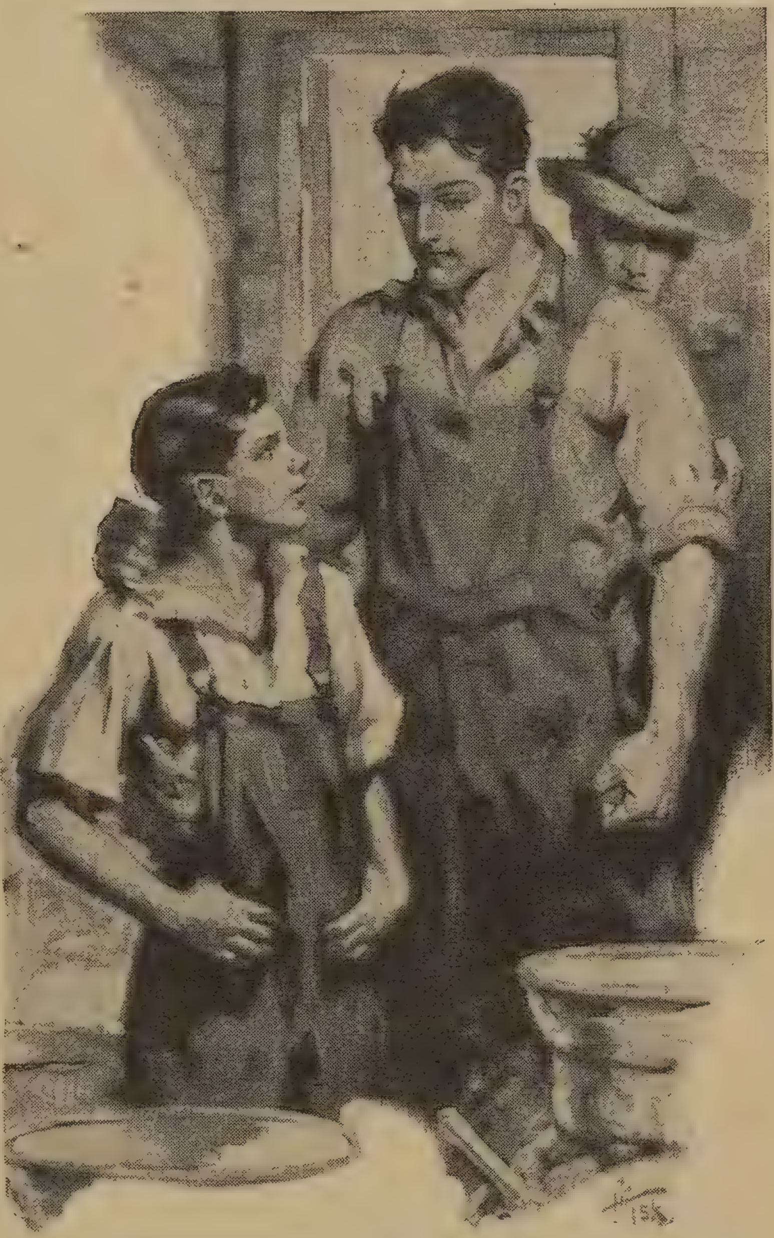
THAT'S the ticket. To the ruthless belong the fruits of the earth. Rob a million widows and endow a dozen hospitals and you'll slip through the eye of the heavenly needle like water through a sieve.

Stephen Corning! Hah—that was a good one. Hadn't Mr. Corning been Y. M. C. A. president in his undergraduate days? Of course—even as he, John Hawks! And hadn't Johnny himself listened to Mr. Corning on three separate commencement days, listened to his pseudosermons on business righteousness, to say nothing of the many office lectures on selling ethics? And now to be pinched for rumrunning!

What a curious mixture was Corning. His streak of evangelicism, his obvious generosity and benevolence; his money-giving side so distinct from his money-grabbing side.

What was the secret of his success and the success of men like him? Ruthlessness, self-deception, hypocrisy? Perhaps. But there was more to it than that; more to it than mere ability coupled with acquisitiveness. The acquisitiveness was a powerful factor—perhaps that was nearer to it—the wanting of one big thing to the exclusion of a lot of little things.

All of this did not come to John in a flash of divination as it would to a quicker and more superficial mind. It had come to him bit by bit—as he went about his chores, while he repaired the separator and doctored sick cows and dodged the installment collectors and wheedled the storekeepers into further credit; it had come to him slowly and in simple-worded thought, but none the less convincingly and finally.



John's hand curled in the collar of Duggy's tattered shirt with slow menace.

It didn't matter how you got it, but how you spent it. It wasn't how you began, but how you ended that counted. Organized charity drew its lifeblood from preorganized plunder. Rob the many and throw a pittance to the few, and St. Peter will compound the felony and meet you at the pearly gates with a brass band and the keys of the celestial city.

Want a thing hard enough, then go after it to the exclusion of everything else. Build a cathedral and buy absolution—split fifty-fifty with the powers that may or may not be in the hereafter and thumb your nose at eternity. That's the ticket. Go after the big thing you want.

Well, Johnny wanted one big thing —money. And he'd go after it as the Stephen Cornings of the world went after it.

That was that.

Johnny put out the light and went to bed. There was a grin at the corners of his mouth, and he fell asleep as soon as his head hit the lumpy pillow. He was seeing pleasantly red.

The next morning he sent a long

telegram to Mr. Charles Hopping at his father's mill in Ipswich, Massachusetts. A year before John would have written. A year later he would have telephoned. Within a few hours he received his answer:

OKAY TO EVERYTHING MEET YOU TWO
WEEKS FROM TODAY SEVEN P M RITZ
DONT DRESS CHUB

"Mother," said John that evening, "I'm going to New York on the afternoon train tomorrow. I'll put the new strainers in that separator before I get away."

"Very well, John."

"I'll just about have to clean out the old bank balance for a grubstake," he added uncomfortably.

"I'm not worrying, John," said Mrs. Hawks placidly.

III

FORTY-EIGHT hours later John Hawks was in New York again. It was seven o'clock in the evening. John sat at a small iron table in the very small back room of a small Italian restaurant in the lower Fifties.

The restaurant was within easy drinking distance of several celebrated clubs, and it lay in the direct cocktail route of a highly concentrated section of Park Avenue's drinking classes. There were only seven other speakeasies in that particular and short block, so the proprietors enjoyed a noncompetitive monopoly of trade for several hundred feet in each direction. They had a price-fixing agreement on food and drink, they bought wholesale from the distributing bootleggers, and they had a cooperative liquor storeroom.

Also, and being an intelligent bunch of Italians, they syndicated their bribery, and paid off the station house and the prohibition agents in a weekly lump sum for all seven.

John sat at the small iron table and enjoyed a pint of Quebec ale.

Across the table from John sat a tall and very thin man, a man with a high and scholarly forehead.

He was very quiet, was this man, and his movements were infrequent and unpretentious. Before him stood a tall glass of scalded milk and a plate which held a few rusks of Zwieback.

He seemed singularly aloof from, and superior to, his surroundings. When he spoke it was with a curt and schooled flatness of tone, and with a minimum of lip motion. When he moved it was with studied economy of effort. His name was James Sherrill Hermann, and he was one of the ablest all-around crooks east of Chicago.

"I'll think it over, mister," he said from behind his cigarette-guarded lips, and looking straight ahead so that a person across the room would have had difficulty in knowing that he was speaking at all. "I'll think it over. I'm not saying there ain't great possibilities in such a combination. But naturally I got to know more about you. And, if it ain't tipping your hand, could you say who it was sent you to me?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Fight Fat In
Your Doctor's Way

He Knows What's Right

Physicians the world over now employ a new method of treating obesity. It is based on modern science, and aims to correct the cause. No starvation, no over-exercise, no harmful drugs.

The reason is this: Medical research has found a great cause of obesity in a weakened thyroid gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. Its secretion helps turn food into fuel and energy. When that secretion is scant, too much food turns to fat.

So physicians now feed the factor that is lacking. That is one great reason why excess fat is so much less common than it used to be.

Used in Marmola

Marmola prescription tablets supply this needed factor in ideal combination. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. A book in each box gives the formula complete and explains the results. The purpose is to supply this new method, at a modest price, to all who are over-fat.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others the results, and the use has spread. It has for two decades held top place in this field.

Now you see the results wherever you look. Your own friends can tell you of them. Excess fat has been disappearing at a rapid rate in late years.

Avoid the Fraud

During all this time, many false treatments have been offered for obesity. Some were harmful, some absurd. One by one they have dropped out as users found them false. But others have come under new names.

But Marmola has stood the test of time, because it offers the right way to reduce. The use has grown and grown as users proved it out. Let these facts guide you. Don't be misled. You cannot grow slender without harm and much effort, unless you correct the real cause of obesity.

Do what modern doctors do.

Fat is Abnormal

Excess fat is a blight to beauty, health and vim. To those who know it suggests an abnormal condition. It overtaxes hearts, shortens lives, it quells vitality and vim. Half life's joys are missing to the fat.

Be moderate in all things, but don't starve, don't over-exercise. Such methods often bring injury. Combat the cause in an easy way, as multitudes are doing. Simply take a Marmola tablet four times daily, until weight comes down to normal.

Watch the New Vim

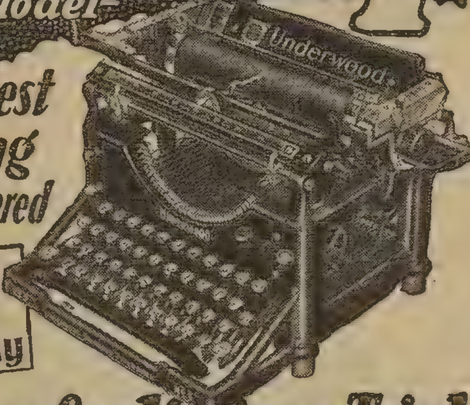
As weight comes down, watch the new vitality, new vim. Not only because you lose the burden of fat, but for other reasons. Other ductless glands depend on the thyroid for activity. So this simple help may bring many amazing results.

Go try Marmola. A nine-day treatment costs $1 at drug stores. Read the book in the box. When Marmola does for you what it has done for so many, tell others about it. Go start today.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce

Genuine No 5 UNDERWOOD (Refinished) $1 DOWN

Late Model—



Greatest Saving Ever Offered

Easy Terms 12¢ a Day

Yours for 10 Days Trial

Think of it—this world famous Underwood is yours for 10 days' Trial for only $1.00 down. Positively the greatest value ever offered—less than ½ manufacturer's original price. This is the full-size, late model Underwood No. 5 with standard universal 4-row keyboard (84 characters), manufactured to sell originally for $102.50 Fully guaranteed.

Lowest Price and Easiest Terms

Only 12c a Day

This late model Underwood, at only $44.90 (cash), is the lowest ever quoted. Has all modern improvements, including 4-row universal keyboard, two color ribbon, back spacer, ribbon reverse, tabulator, release, shift lock key, and many other improvements. Beautifully refinished and renewed. Looks and operates like brand new.

Learn Touch Typewriting
Complete (Home Study) Course of the Famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned, given during this offer.

Money Back Guarantee
Send coupon for 10-day Trial—if you decide to keep it pay only $3.50 a month until $49.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

International Typewriter Exchange,
231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 1007

I enclose $1 deposit. Send Underwood No. 5 at once, F. O. B. Chicago, for 10-day Trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it Express Collect and get my deposit back. If I keep it I will pay $3.50 until I have paid $49.90 (term price) in full.

Name..............................Age..........
Address..
Town..............................State..........

NO DANDRUFF

CAN RESIST THE CLEANSING, ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDAL OILS OF

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL (SARCOPTIC)
MANGE MEDICINE
AND
GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
MEDICATED SOAP

A complete scalp and hair treatment

Glover's Mange Medicine—as active in 15 minutes in stopping germ growth as 5% carbolic acid is in 48 hours.

MASSAGE scalp with finger tips.

APPLY Glover's Mange Medicine. **Leave on at least 5 to 15 minutes, then**

SHAMPOO with Glover's Medicated Soap, which is an additional cleansing agent and deodorizes the hair and scalp.

FREE—New booklet on Care and Treatment of Scalp and Hair.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., New York

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

CORSAIR
Continued from page fifty-seven

Johnny had taken an immediate liking to this somberly distinguished man. All his preconceived notions of the criminal type had been rudely and pleasantly upset. With a sound and simple instinct he now determined upon frankness from the outset.

"Not at all," he said readily. "When I decided to take a crack at the racket I went to a polo-playing friend of mine, Sandy Donald of Cedarhurst, and asked him for a lead. Donald sent me to a headquarters detective, John McMahon—and what Sandy said to McMahon must have been plenty, because the detective came through without a murmur."

"Huh-huh. And what's the connection between your friend and McMahon?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask."

Slim Hermann permitted himself a wan smile of approval.

"That's right. Don't never ask, if you can find out some other way. Well, mister, of course I knew all this before, but I'm glad to have it check. And McMahon—what did he say about me?"

"Nothing. Said he could fix it for me to talk to you, that's all."

"HUH-HUH. Mac's on the up and up. This ain't the first job he's steered my way. And you're okay, too, mister, 'cause when McMahon vouches for a guy, that's enough for me. 'Tain't that, you understand—it's jest two things. First place, I'm tied up with a little unfinished business of my own for a couple of weeks, and, second place, I'm a bit leery of distinguished amachoors, if you don't mind my saying."

Johnny's crooked smile made its appearance. "Sure—but I've got some awfully good connections."

"And then some," agreed Slim calmly, "or I wouldn't have bothered even to give you the double O."

He picked up his tall glass and sipped gently at his milk.

Behind the glass, and from one corner of his mouth, his next words came to Johnny low and insistently.

"Put your pipe in your mouth when you talk, mister. That bird that just come in and is looking at us in the mirror behind the bar is a lobby-gow to English Harry Wallon the box-opener, an' next to me he's the best lip reader in the business."

Johnny sucked at his pipe and wisely said nothing. Slim continued:

"I'll let you know definite in a few days about going in with you, mister. But what you was asking about to begin with—there's no harm in starting whenever you want. I'm driving down the island tomorrow night. If you want to come along, bring a heavy coat. I may get a chance to show you the rudiments of the game."

John is headed straight for the racket. But though he may win underworld wealth, he must take underworld risks, as next week's exciting installment of the story reveals.

IN BLACK AND WHITE

How to keep your DOG well ~

If your dog is listless, feverish, off feed, has dull, watery eyes—these are danger-signals. *Heed them at once.* He needs Sergeant's Special Medicine and should receive all the care and attention you can give him.

A Famous Dog Book Free ‹ ‹ ‹

For complete information on how to care for dogs, write for a *free* copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. It contains information on the care, feeding and diseases of dogs. A new edition is now ready. 48 pages, illustrated. *Write for your copy.* Our veterinarian will advise you about your dog without cost.

Give your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the complete ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food, write us direct.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
1497 W. Broad Street Richmond, Va.

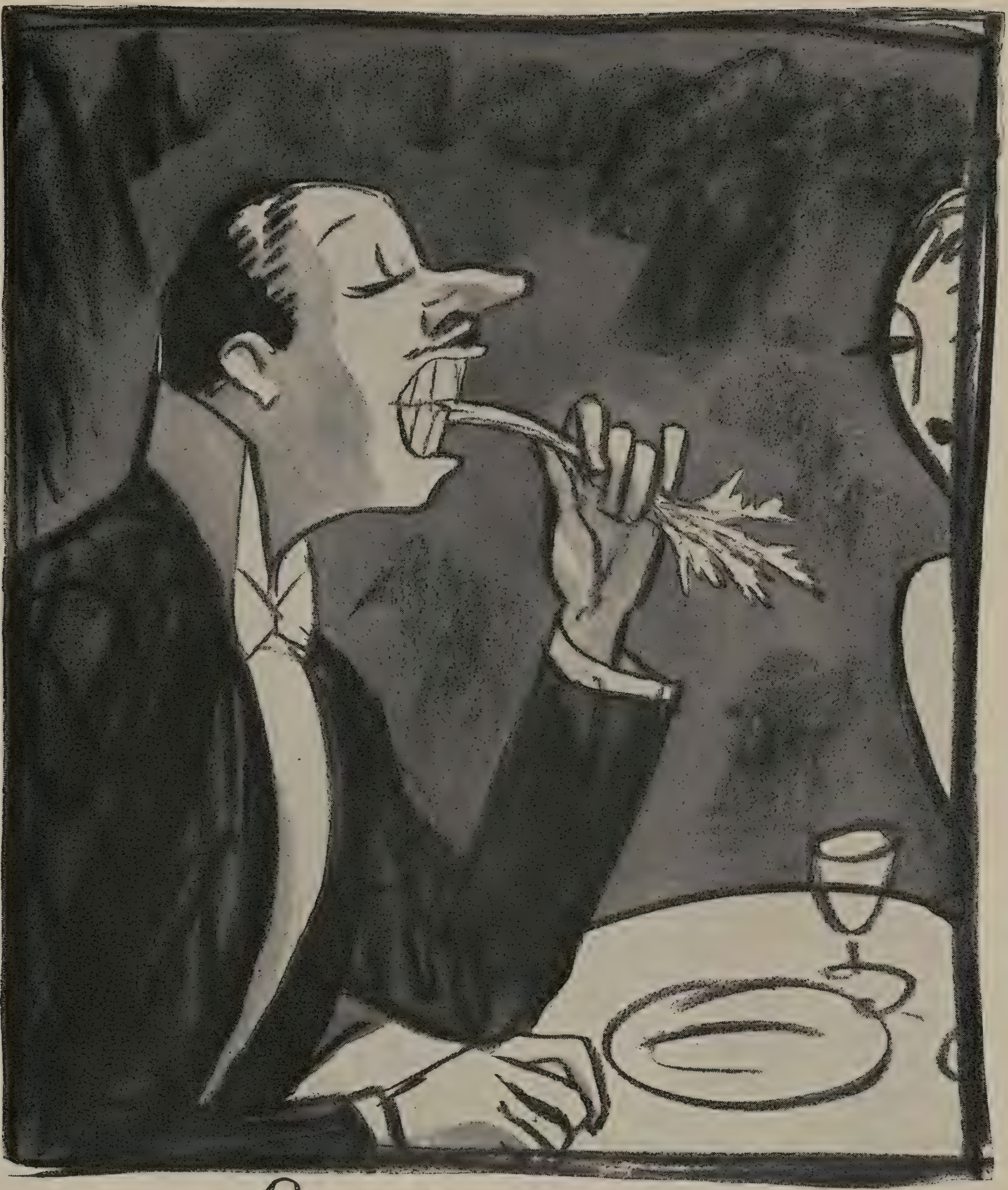
Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"
Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow and Co., *Toronto*

CORNS

RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE!

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, corn pain ends. Their protective feature removes the cause—friction and pressure of shoes—and the soothing medication they contain is quickly healing. Zino-pads are absolutely safe—so guaranteed. Thin, dainty, cushioning. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores—35¢ box.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!



My nerves get a rest during this course.

Little Noise Abatement

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

SO now we are to have no more noise. Scientific research has disclosed the fact that the effect of harsh noises on the brain is more deleterious than that of drugs, and nowhere near so pleasant while it is happening. The bursting of a paper bag, according to the Noise Abatement Commission, increases the brain pressure more than does morphine, but you don't read of anyone smuggling paper bags into the country just to bang them in some addict's ear at so much per bang. Noise is bad for you and isn't even any fun. It's a wonder that they care about prohibiting it.

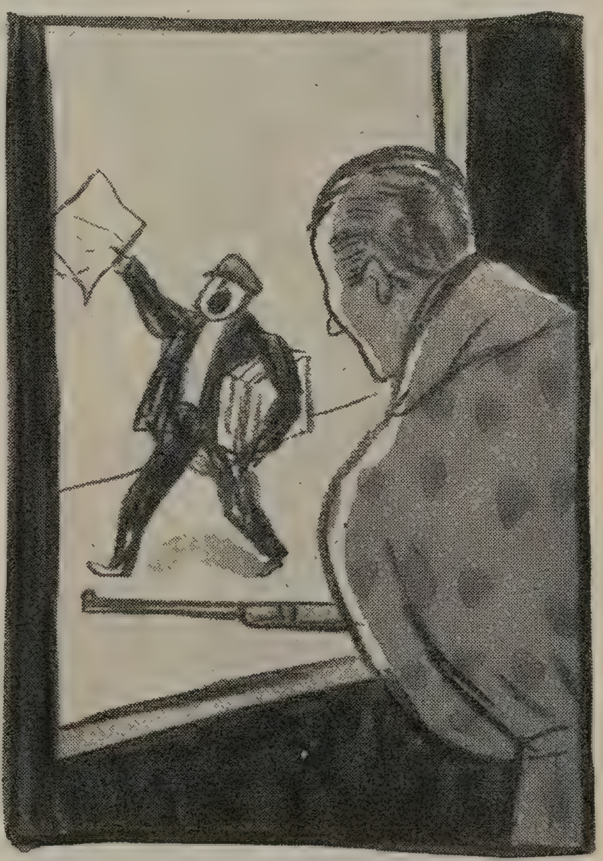
Doing away with banging paper bags is a good beginning, along with sidewalk loud-speakers and other public

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

disturbers, but why not first do away with the people who think it is funny to bang paper bags? You would find that you were killing about 500 birds with one stone, for they are the ones who make almost all other kinds of obnoxious noises. Anyone who thinks it is funny to sneak up behind you and whack an inflated paper bag (and is there anything more satisfactory than to see the chagrin on his face when the bag turns out to be a dud and refuses to bang?) will also sneak up behind you and push you off rafts into the water, will dive down and grab your legs while you are swimming, will snap rubber bands at you, and will cover his lower teeth with his lip and emit piercing whistles. Get rid of one and you will have got rid of them all.

This shrill whistling through the teeth is a sure indication in a boy that he will grow up to be an obnoxious citizen. They usually practice it in public gatherings where it will attract attention to themselves. It is offered in place of any mental attainment or physical prowess and is almost always the mark of retarded development along lines other than whistling through the teeth. In a crowd, if you will watch carefully, you will see the boy who has just whistled himself into prominence sooner or later will begin to push. This is also considered funny, especially if a good flying wedge can be started which will knock over a couple of old ladies. It is all a part of the banging-paper-bags and whistling-through-the-teeth psychology and is, mental experts will tell you, the sign of an inferiority complex. Inferiority is a mild word for it.



I may not wait for the Noise Abatement Commission to get him.

What the scientists do not seem to have taken into consideration in their researches is that it is not so much the noise itself that irritates as the knowledge that someone is making the noise deliberately.

THAT it is entirely a question of whether the noise is necessary or not is shown by the fact that I am not upset by the sound of celery or nuts being eaten. There is no way that I know of, unless they are ground up into a paste and dissolved in the mouth, by which celery and nuts can be eaten noiselessly. So my nerves get a rest during this course, and I have nothing but the kindliest feelings toward the eater. In fact, I don't hear it at all. But ice-crunching and loud gum-chewing, together with drumming on tables and whistling the same tune seventy times in succession, because they indicate an indifference on the part of the perpetrator to the rest of the world in general, are not only registered on the delicate surface of the brain but eat little holes in it until it finally collapses or blows up. I didn't see this mentioned anywhere in the Commission's report.

The Commission, in fact, just concentrates on the big noises, like those which go to make up what poets call "the symphony of a big city." Some of these are also the result of the activities of grown-ups who used to whistle through their teeth when they were boys and who now don't care how much they disturb other people so long as they call attention to themselves. In this class are those owners of radio supply shops who stick big horns out over their doors to give the Maine Stein Song an airing from nine to six every day; chauffeurs who sound their horns in a traffic jam when they know that it will do no good; and, I am sorry to say, mendicants who walk up and down the street playing shrill little instruments featuring The Blue Danube Waltz and Happy Days in rotation.

I hate to be nasty about blind men (if they really are blind) but there is one who takes up a stand right under my window on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays and plays a clarinet most of the afternoon. He is accompanied by a helper with a banjo.

NOW, a clarinet is an instrument with considerable volume and powerful reach. It sounds out above the noise of the elevated (which I don't mind) and the riveting (which I can make allowances for) and the worst of it is he plays it pretty well. When it first begins I rather enjoy it. I stop my lathe and hum softly to myself. I sometimes even get up and execute a short *pas seul* if nobody is looking. But his repertory is limited, and, after a while, I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes Because the Girl in My Arms Isn't You loses its sentimental value and begins its work on my nerve fibers. I try to say to myself: "Come, come, the man is blind and very poor," but then I remember reading about street beggars who not only are really not blind but who make more in a day than I do in some weeks (this week, for instance) and I become convinced that this man is one of those. And why can't he move on? Doesn't he ever stop to think that there are probably 5,000 people who are being driven mad by his music within a radius of one block? Aren't there *any* instruments that he can play which aren't so loud? By this time I am in a rage which is cumulative every time he stops and I hear him begin again. (The stopping and beginning again is really the peak of the irritation.) The whole thing ends in my shutting all the windows and getting under the bed to sulk.

I hope that the Noise Abatement Commission will take cognizance of these things. If they don't, I have my own resources. I have a small rifle with which I am practicing every day at a shooting gallery, and I am going to try it out on that newsboy (aged thirty-five, with a voice to match) who picks out the noon hour about once a week to walk through my street announcing that "Nya-a-ya-nyaded! Onoy-naded!" in tones which would indicate that he has three other men inside him. I may not wait for the Noise Abatement Commission to get him.

As a matter of fact, I have every confidence that some of the louder and more general noises will be abated. It is the little noises that I am after, or rather the people who make the little noises. My brain cells are pretty far gone as it is, but it may not be too late. Of course, the question might arise as to what I shall use my brain for, once I have saved it. There will be time enough to figure that out when the noises have stopped.

Mr. Benchley will deal with other phenomena in an early issue.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Terse Analysis

Frank asked Dick, "How do you like that new kid? What kind of a guy is he?"

"Oh, he's the kind that hits a girl who ain't his sister," said Dick.—Mrs. K. W. Eastham, 5565 Cabanne St., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Careless Uncle

Little Lee's uncle was washing his face. He complained that the soap got into his eyes. His uncle told him to close his eyes.

"I do," cried Lee, "but they leak!"—Mrs. F. B. Henderson, 3 Oakvale Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100

Each Week for the Best Question

$100

Each Week for the Best Answer

CAN you suggest a more interesting question than the one which appears on this page? Try it. You may win $100. Or, you may find it profitable to answer the question printed herewith. *Or both.*

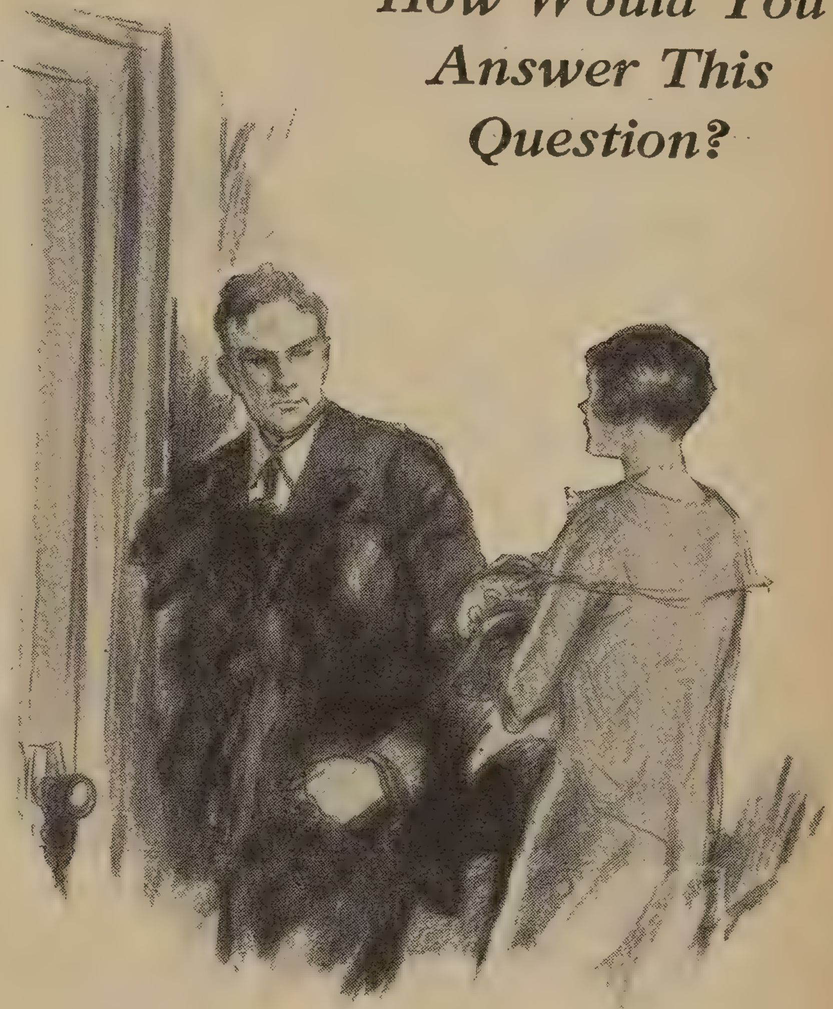
Every week Liberty is printing a "problem of conduct" similar to the questions asked by Thomas A. Edison in his famous intelligence tests. To get things started, for the first few weeks we are furnishing the questions ourselves, and paying $100 each for the best answers.

At the same time we are offering $100 each for the best questions suggested by readers of Liberty. As soon as possible we shall use these questions from readers instead of our own.

And as they appear we will offer $100 each for the best answers.

That makes *two* ways to play the game and win some money—$100 each week for the best question suggested, and $100 each week for the best answer.

How Would You Answer This Question?



What would you do if you were a man and you married a girl because she was going to have a child—

But you didn't love her—

And just before the baby was to be born the doctor told you that it was impossible to save the lives of both mother and child, but that one could be saved, and put the decision up to you?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, October 18. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

Now Read the Rules

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answer which, in the judgment of the editors, is the best submitted each week, $100 will be paid, and the prize-winning solutions will be published.

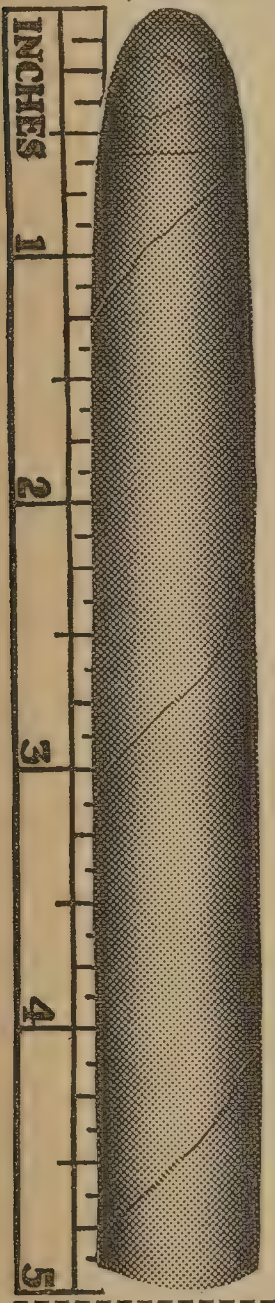
3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be *brief*. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

The first announcement of prizes will be made in Liberty for October 25.



The Cigar
SENSATION
of the day
Test them FREE

JUST think of it. *100 Imported, Long Filler, Handmade, 5-inch, Corona Size Cigars for only $1.95, plus postage.* It's less than many jobbers have to pay for like size and quality.

Pacifico Coronas

are made of tobaccos grown in the celebrated *Cagayan Valley.* They are made in the largest cigar-exporting center in the world.

There is *no import duty.* We import direct and receive every two weeks fresh stock—in air-tight boxes and cases—from one of the largest, up-to-date factories in the Philippines.

Not only do we buy "Pacificos" at about one-third the price we would have to pay elsewhere for like size and quality, but by selling by the 100, direct to you, we can afford to sell "Pacificos" at such an unheard of price.

$1.95 per 100
PLUS *postage*

for this high quality cigar is unbeatable.

Pacificos

are released by the Philippine Government to retail up to 5 cents each. If made in America of like grade stock—10 to 15 cents might be the retail price.

Smoke 10
Pacifico Coronas

at our expense. If you are not delighted, return the others and we will cheerfully send back the $1.95 paid us.

Return This Coupon To-day

NATIONAL CIGAR CO. 3410
969 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send me 100 Pacifico Cigars. I will pay Postman $1.95, plus postage. It is agreed that if the first 10 cigars are not satisfactory, I can return the others and get back my money.

NOTE: If you will send check or M. O. you will prevent delays and save 12 cents C. O. D. charges. If you are East of Pittsburgh remit $2.20 ($1.95 plus 25c postage). If West of Pittsburgh remit $2.35.

Name..

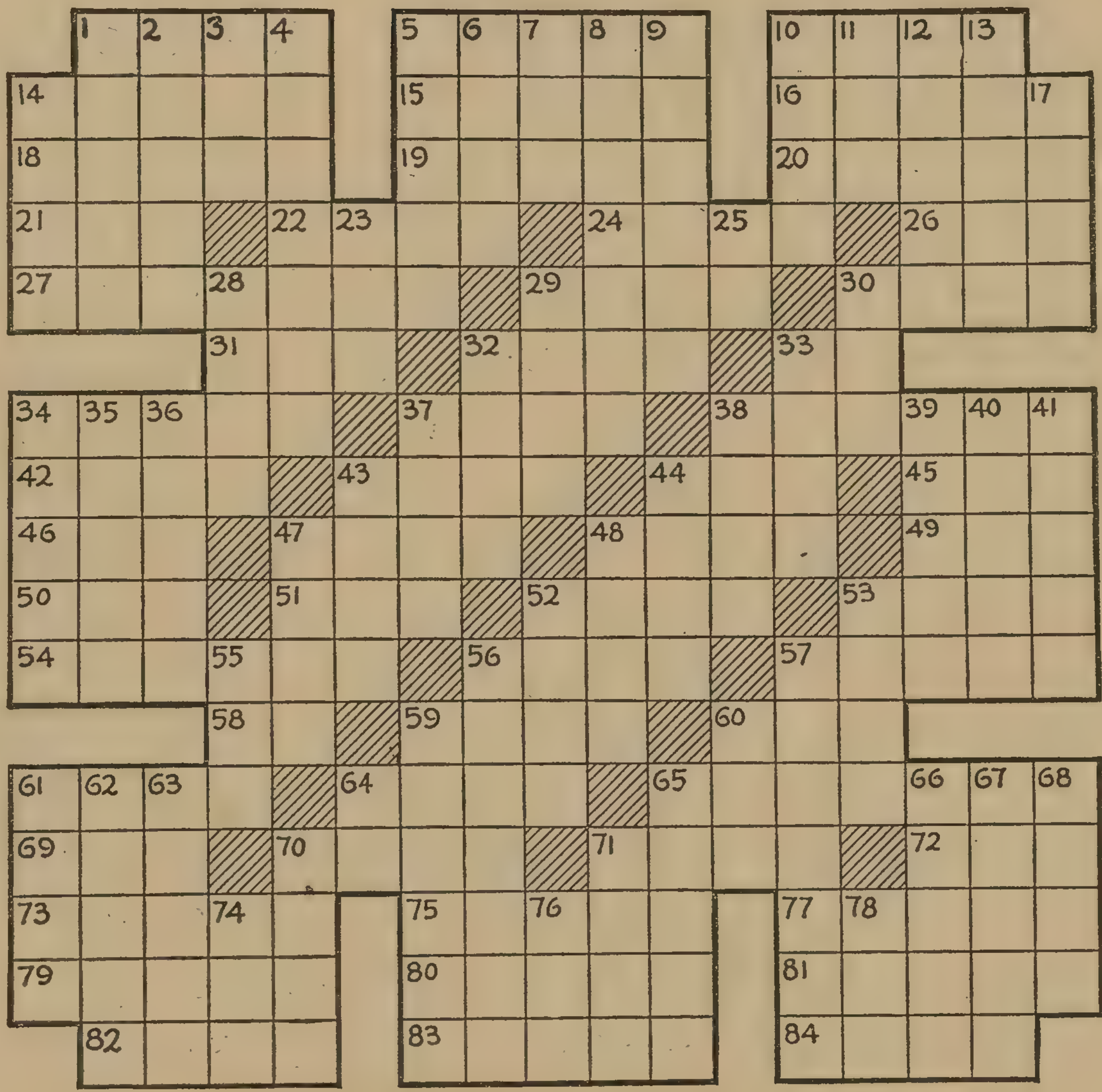
Address..

for Toothache

Use JIFFY and the ache STOPS. Be prepared for toothache at night when you can't reach a dentist. JIFFY saves your nerves so you can sleep. Your druggist can tell you that JIFFY stops the pain at once. Insist that you get the original.

JIFFY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Toothache Drops

Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

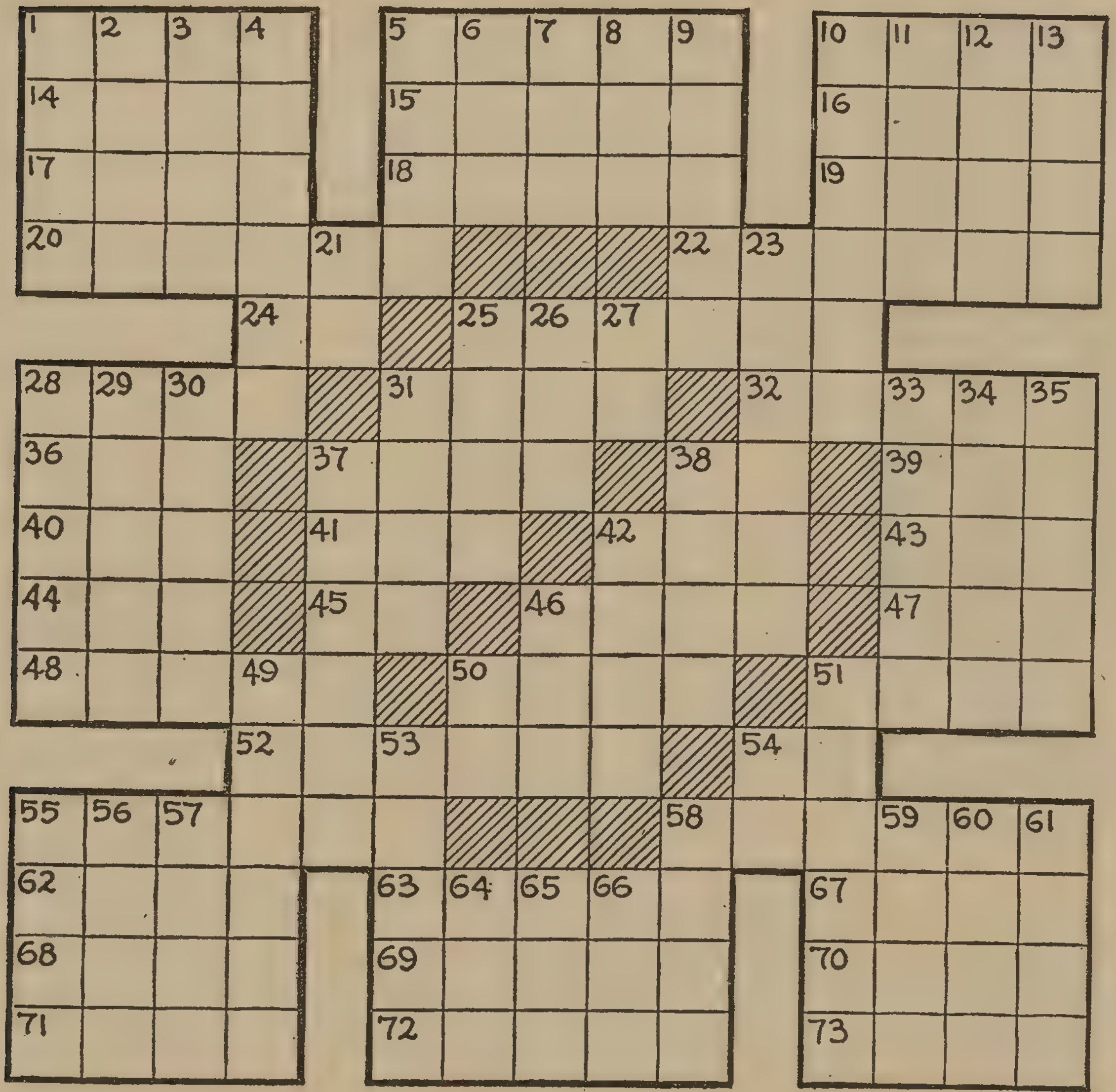
1 A make-believe
5 Small nails
10 Deities
14 Part of a plow
15 Forgive
16 One of the signs of the zodiac
18 Bathes
19 Bury
20 English coins
21 A simian
22 Transmit
24 Measurable aspect of duration
26 Greek letter
27 Proceeding on one's way
29 Have being
30 Formerly
31 In addition
32 Accomplished
33 Partake of reality
34 Musical drama
37 A fish
38 Titular character in a Bizet opera
42 Ornamental jar
43 Propeller blade
44 Regard studiously
45 Ill temper
46 Appropriate; fit
47 To destroy; remove utterly
48 Courageous
49 Statute
50 A mound
51 Utilize
52 Put or set down
53 To pair, as animals, for breeding
54 Wandering
56 Float aloft
57 Import; meaning
58 Pronoun
59 Pellet of lead
60 The one hundredth part of a yen
61 Tepid
64 An exclamation
65 An order; command
69 Duration of existence
70 Newspaper paragraph
71 Shape; model
72 A constellation
73 A float (plural)
75 Receded
77 Woman's name
79 Vapor
80 A platter
81 Paper measure (pl.)
82 Commits error
83 Becomes withered
84 Declares

VERTICAL

1 Contour
2 Harbor
3 An area ten meters square
4 City in Italy
5 Fetch
6 Tear asunder
7 Territorial division in Denmark
8 Following a prescribed course of feeding
9 Endeavor earnestly
10 Yawn
11 Native metal
12 Partaker of a particular meal
13 Denominations
14 Cabbage salad
17 Resting place
23 Termination
25 Pronoun
28 Defy
29 Single
30 Ever
32 Eat
33 Ring of elastic rubber
34 Elliptical
35 A document
36 Compound ether or ethereal salt
37 Act lazily
38 Chilliness
39 A city in Italy
40 Muse of lyric and amatory poetry
41 Fresher
43 Extensive
44 Series of rings or a spiral
47 A dwarf
48 Lure
52 People of a branch of the Tai race
53 Repair
55 Point
56 Walk awkwardly
57 Offers
59 Slumbers
60 Salt
61 Armed conflicts
62 A size of type
63 Allude
64 By
65 Fashions
66 Alleviate
67 Abounds
68 An eternity (plural)
70 Theories
71 To apportion
74 Sailor
76 Heavy metal rod
78 Meadow

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page eighty-two

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 An island of the Philippine group
5 Pertaining to the blood
10 Scrapes or beats with the forefoot
14 Overcomes with reverential fear
15 To fall into line; range in a row
16 Wings or winglike processes
17 Hairlike processes
18 Convenient for reference or use
19 Pigeon
20 An ornamented toga (Roman antiquity)
22 Large deep vessel to hold soup
24 A note of the diatonic scale
25 Strict in judgment or discipline
28 A kind of cheese
31 Thrust or prod with something pointed
32 A tree (plural)
36 Gaelic god of the sea
37 Disabled in the leg or foot
38 One indefinitely of a number
39 Poem
40 A letter of the Greek alphabet
41 Malt liquor
42 A bird of the cuckoo family
43 Cardinal number
44 Perform
45 Pronoun
46 Political group
47 Being, in the most abstract sense
48 Demonstrative word
50 Suffix denoting an addition of ten
51 Otherwise
52 Inborn
54 The (Spanish)
55 Virtuous; continent
58 Make
62 To suggest
63 Of greater latitude
67 Crop of a bird
68 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
69 Irregular
70 Prong
71 Bear on the person
72 Regenerate
73 Droops

VERTICAL

1 Hurl
2 A pitcher
3 A letter of the Greek alphabet
4 That can be used
5 A fence, wall, or ditch not visible at a distance
6 Highest note in Guido's scale
7 A god of procreation (Egyptian mythology)
8 Furthermore
9 An island of the Philippine group
10 Christian priests or monks
11 African liliaceous plant
12 Swing, sway, or brandish
13 Comprehend
21 Deity in Assyro-Babylonian mythology
23 Pertaining to the heavens
25 Indefinite quantity or number
26 Piece out to a bare sufficiency
27 One of Odin's brothers (Norse myth.)
28 The cry of a goat or calf
29 To strain, as in vomiting
30 Angry
31 Lacking color
33 Hostelry
34 State of bliss (plural)
35 Perception through the intellect
37 To mourn greatly
38 Soon; in a little while
42 On the sheltered side
46 Wager
49 Female relative
50 An element (symbol)
51 Chooses
53 Fresher
54 Comparative suffix
55 Masticate
56 To rent
57 A loop (anatomy)
58 Ship's company
59 A song
60 Specific flavor
61 Sheep
64 Ill temper
65 Put on
66 Compass point

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page eighty-two

Millions
use this aid to eye beauty and health

Murine is used by millions of people to keep their eyes clear, bright and healthy. Many have been using it for over 30 years! It relieves the eyes of irritation and strain, and noticeably enhances their sparkle. 60c at drug and dep't stores.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Look for the funny fat man on the red box

After.. Smoking

When your throat tickles, you will enjoy your next smoke more after a Bunte Cough Drop. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS MENTHOL HOREHOUND 5¢ COUGH DROPS

BUNTE BROTHERS
CHICAGO

FREQUENT PAINS?

NEVER let a headache interrupt your shopping! Or any other pain that Bayer Aspirin ends so quickly. These harmless tablets are an antidote for the most acute pain. Relief is almost instantaneous. Taken in time, they will break up a cold and head off all discomfort. They'll relieve your suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, etc., at *any* time. And thousands of women rely on Bayer Aspirin every month to spare them from pains peculiar to women. Doctors long since discovered that these tablets do not depress the heart; that they may be used—just as frequently as there is a need for their quick comfort. So, it's folly to endure any pain that Bayer Aspirin could relieve so promptly. Get the genuine. The box says *Bayer*, and contains proven directions for many valuable uses. All druggists.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Having It Out

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"HEY, is a hailstorm starting?" Lil's broad-hipped cook asked the laundress. "I'm dumpin' pecans in chocolate cakes an' I can't spend the time to be starin' out at the weather man." She chased a piece of shell around in the batter. First she had it, then she didn't.

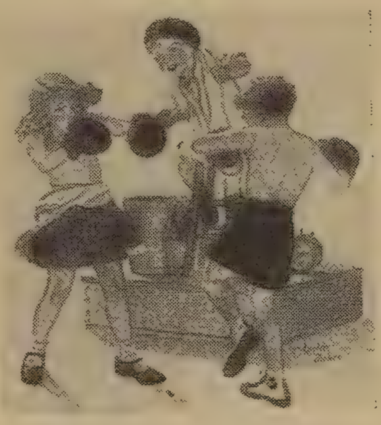
"A hailstorm?" Nettie laughed, appearing at the door with an armful of the new baby's miniature shirts. "What you hear ain't hailstones. They're real ones, an' they're bein' pitched at the garage by that Smithers girl."

"Swell shot!" Gwen yelled. "I can throw higher than anybody in this neighborhood. I can—"

"You can get out!" Nettie informed her, making a mean face (one eyebrow lifted and a display of clenched teeth).

"Sure, I *can* get out," Gwen giggled, picking up a cracked flowerpot, "but maybe I won't!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" a high-pitched voice chimed in from the top of a neighbor's fence. It was Jack Hancock, and he had fire in his eyes as he jumped to the ground and ran toward her. "I'll bet my pants that you're goin'—an' goin' so quick that people'll say, 'What made that dust?'"



This week's cover picture.

Gwen dropped the flowerpot and picked up a handful of dirt. And, oh, ye Swiss guards, how she stood her ground!

"Come on!" she yelled. "I'm a girl, but come on just the same! Drive me out. Come on!"

"I'm coming," a meek voice told her from the side porch. It was little Ulysses, just up from his nap.

"You?" Gwen laughed. "I don't want you. I want this redhead who thinks he's so damn' smart!"

"Damn?" Jack whispered, stopping in front of her. "Gee, when girls take up cursin'—"

"I can say worse than that," she giggled. "Come around some day after breakfast an' you'll hear an earful. Come around any time you want, an' if you don't want to hear an earful—well, we can have a fight."

"A fight?" Jack shouted, unbuttoning his blue shirt. "All right. I owe you three punches in the nose."

"I'd like to see you punch my nose once," Gwen flared, "much less three times. Come on over to my barn, so I can see if you can hit straight."

Jack threw away his shirt. They walked in silence over to the Smithers' and little U. brought up the rear, saying over and over again, "I like fights."

"This way," Gwen said as they turned in at her gate. "We'll have some fight! I'll sock you so hard you'll lose all your teeth, your eyes will stay shut for a month—and you'll have to move to a hospital."

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" Jack said.

Gwen perched U. up on a stool and hung a towel around his neck. Then she collected a bottle, a pail with a few drops of greasy water, and an alarm clock.

"Sock me!" she yelled, slipping off the top of her dress. "Put on my father's gloves an' sock me!"

"Are you goin' to take off all your clothes?" U. asked as he watched her struggle with her gloves.

"Ump, this ain't a bath—it's a fight," she told him, sticking her tongue out at Jack.

"I owe you three punches!" he yelled. "One for makin' me sit on a thumb tack, one for hittin' me with a spitball, an' one for pushin' me into a mud puddle."

"Yeah?" Gwen sneered with a flushed face as she hammered his panting chest.

"I'll smack you if you do that again!" he said.

"You and who else?" she wanted to know. "Come on, get into this fight, Dempsey. We're having it out!"

(Next week's cover adventure: After the Battle)

Mishkin Studio photo

MABEL NORMAND and Lew Cody (above), the old friend she married in September, 1926, after a spur-of-the-moment midnight ride.

Madcap Mabel Normand

The True Story of a Great Comédienne

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 14 min. 25 sec.)

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

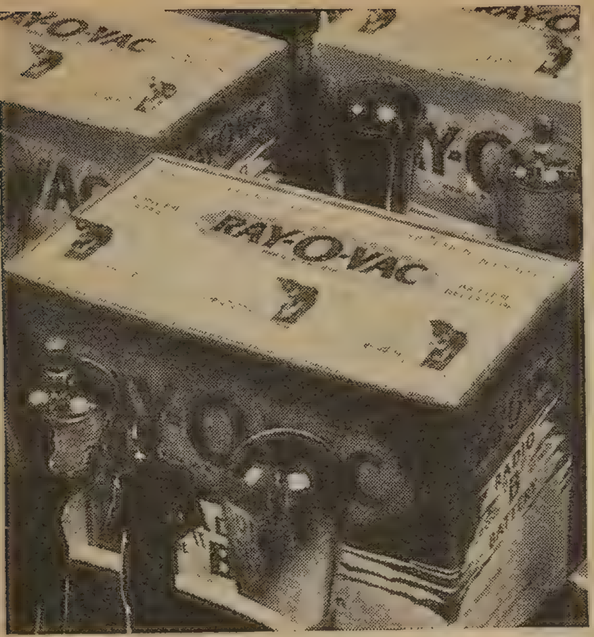
"THE first thing to do was to save the life of Cortland S. Dines and then find out what all the shooting was about," said Mabel Normand, continuing the story of the wounding of her New Year's Day host by Joe Kelly, her chauffeur.

"They took Dines to the hospital and questioned Edna Purviance and me until dawn. They found Dines wasn't seriously hurt: one bullet had entered one side of his stomach, and another had grazed his head above the right ear, and the third bullet hadn't hit him.

"Kelly was locked up, and he kept repeating that he shot Dines because the latter had reached for a bottle to brain him with.

"The old bottle was right there on the lieutenant's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE BUYING IN RADIO BATTERIES

IT'S as foolish to spend your money for radio batteries you don't know anything about as it is to bet on a horse that's never run before . . . you may win, but the chances are against you!

Tests conducted in accordance with U. S. Government standards *prove* the superiority of Ray-O-Vac Radio Batteries—*prove* longer life, longer service.

And as for tubes—you can't buy any better tubes than Ray-O-Vac Licensed Radio Tubes . . . they *make good programs better.* Your dealer carries them . . . ask him to show you!

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN
General Sales Office:
20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago

RAY-O-VAC

The same high quality found in Ray-O-Vac Tubes and Radio Batteries is characteristic of Ray-O-Vac Aircraft and Autoradio Batteries; Ignition, Telephone, and Flashlight Batteries; Rotomatic and Standard Flashlights; Electric Lanterns.

BRIDGE Players

Here is an easy dignified way to earn extra money at home taking orders for attractive new line of playing cards at prices *below* retail cost. Your friends will be glad to buy from you at these low prices. You make *very liberal commissions.* No money required. Write for information and FREE samples of these beautiful playing cards.

Chicago Playing Card Co. Dept. 2557
1039-1045 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Earn Money at Home Take Orders for Cards

A Good Old Fashioned Smoke
for 25¢
A cob you'll be proud to smoke anywhere. Never clogs—always sweet—a dry smoker. Finest hard rubber bit.
H&B 100% PIPE
Try dealer first or send 25c stamps.
HIRSCHL & BENDHEIM
Estb.1871 *Box G, Washington, Missouri*

[MADCAP MABEL NORMAND
Continued from page sixty-five]

desk as evidence. The label said it was Gaelic Old Smuggler's Scotch Whisky.

"And again the newspaper boys got busy. Among other things they dug up, the one that helped to fix the blame for the thing where it belonged, was the fact that Kelly's real name was Joe Greer; that he had escaped from a chain gang up in Oakland, California, after doing fifteen days of a seventy-five-day sentence; that some of his brothers had received life terms or died in prison back east; and that he was a cocaine addict.

"And, of course, I would be unlucky enough to hire a chauffeur like that!

"They tried him on a charge of assault with intent to commit murder, and Dines good-naturedly helped exonerate him. Kelly was acquitted and, I think, taken back to finish his sentence on the chain gang. Dines left town and the thing died down.

"BUT after I left the hospital where I was taken the morning after the shooting, I went to Europe for six or seven weeks. I needed a rest from all the excitement, and I had a good time over there.

"On my return the ship reporters rallied round and saw something significant in the fact that I was wearing a diamond-studded platinum wedding ring. But it was just a whim. I wasn't married.

"Because of the Dines scandal the release of The Extra Girl was held up, and about the end of February I made personal appearances in a number of cities with the first showing of the film. Steve O'Brien, later manager of the Jim Jeffries-Tom Sharkey vaudeville tour, had charge of my trip for Associated Exhibitors, who handled the release of the picture.

"I opened in Newark, and Al Woods, the New York theatrical man, happened to be in the audience. This led, as you shall see, to my only appearance as an actress on the speaking stage.

"I next said my little piece across the footlights in Jersey City, and then in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, and other towns I forget. My companion of many years, Julia Brew, went with me on the eight weeks' tour.

"In a number of cities O'Brien had arranged for the mayors to meet me at the train, and they all gave me gold keys to the city they presided over. Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia and Mayor James Dahlman of Omaha I remember for the gorgeous bouquets they handed me.

"Mayor Keil of St. Louis made a specially gracious speech at a luncheon the clubwomen gave me, and it was through these luncheons around the country that I managed quickly to dispel the idea that I was always getting in trouble.

Miss Normand arriving in New York from Hollywood on August 6, 1925, to begin rehearsals for Al Woods, stage producer.

"At any rate, no ban ever was placed on any of my pictures because of the Taylor murder and the Dines shooting, in both of which affairs I was promptly held guiltless and nowise responsible. And I have a lovely letter from Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt disclaiming any intent on the part of clubwomen to make life miserable for me.

"I THOUGHT the gold keys the mayors gave me were darling, and I told Julia to guard them carefully, not only because of their sentimental value but because of the precious metal in them.

"She got a great laugh out of that, and explained that they were merely wooden keys covered with gilt!

"I spent the whole summer of 1924 in Europe, and in the autumn I returned and went down to Coronado Beach to visit friends.

"One day I was riding a horse and it ran away and threw me. My left arm and collar bone were broken, and they hurried me to the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles.

"While I was there, all wound up in plaster and tape, a Mrs. Georgia W. Church decided to sue her millionaire husband, Norman W. Church, for divorce.

"She accused him of many things, and in her petition was a paragraph in which it was said that I'd spent a lot of time visiting Mr. Church, who was quite ill in the same hospital, that I drank some of his liquor, and that I passed the time with him and the nurses by telling a lot of spicy stories.

"Inasmuch as I was unable to move because of all my bandages, a fact the hospital attaches quickly substantiated, I called up some lawyers and told them to take action against Mrs. Church. The hospital also planned to protect its reputation by proving in court that such visiting between rooms was impossible in the first place, and would not be tolerated in the second.

"The first thing I knew, my lawyers had threatened to sue the woman for five hundred thousand dollars unless she withdrew the offending paragraph from her petition.

"Well, I certainly didn't want any more attention from the press, so I at once switched lawyers and my new ones went about it less spectacularly. Mrs. Church retracted her charges involving me, and of course I declined to press the libel action.

"In the spring and summer of 1925 I was in communication with British National Pictures and was about to accept a fine offer to go to England and make a lot of comedies, when Al Woods arrived in Los Angeles. He called me up and asked me to see him at the Ambassador Hotel, as he had a play for me on the speaking stage.

"WE conferred many times, and he said the lead in A Kiss in the Taxi was just the thing I'd make a hit in. I told him I was afraid I had no voice, but he said he had heard me in Newark when I appeared with The Extra Girl, and he was positive I'd make good.

"We finally drew up a five-year contract. I was to get fifteen hundred dollars a week and ten per cent of the gross receipts. In the summer I was to make pictures for him. There was a sliding scale of salary and percentage increases and an interest in my picture comedies, until I was to be getting eight thousand a week during the last year of the contract.

"But even after I signed, I was worried about my voice, so I went to see Alla Nazimova, one of my dearest friends, in her lovely home on Sunset Boulevard. She had a high wall about her estate and a great swimming pool, and when either of us was blue we'd telephone and I'd call on her and we'd have a fine time swimming and telling each other how good we were, and how misunderstood, until we felt better with ourselves and the world.

"Nazimova called herself Peter Winter, the name under which she wrote scenarios. Peter finally leased her grounds to a hotel company.

"Peter told me not to worry about my voice, that it was soft and throaty and all right, and that I'd soon learn to pitch it properly across the footlights.

"Poor Peter! She, too, walked in the shadows, Charles Bryant leaving her to marry another woman after she and Bryant had been companions for years, the world thinking them wed.

"I reached New York in August, 1925, for rehearsals. Still nervous about my voice, I called on Laurette Taylor and Willard Mack and Holbrook Blinn, all friends of mine. They reassured me, as Nazimova had done. So I took an apartment for a year and plunged eagerly into the rehearsals on the stage of the Julian Eltinge theater.

"But fancy my amazement when Woods told me he wasn't going to put me in A Kiss in the Taxi, but had given me the lead in The Little Mouse. Well, I didn't know a good play from a bad one, and I supposed Woods knew what he was doing.

"Aileen King played opposite me, and was very kind in helping me learn the ropes. We opened in Hartford, Connecticut, and played Asbury Park, Atlantic City,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Nyalgesic
The new Liquid Analgesic

KEEP LIMBER

Rub on a little Nyalgesic—bumps and bruises—muscular soreness and stiffness are quickly forgotten. Your Nyal Druggist guarantees it.

You can always get NYALGESIC—in handy sprinkler bottle, 60c—where you see the Nyal Emblem.

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

Sold only at
NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

The Nyal Emblem identifies your dependable "home-owned" prescription pharmacy—the drug store you can patronize with confidence.

For love, he gave up a throne—
then for a throne he gave up love!

EUROPE'S prodigal prince has come home—to wear the crown he had forsworn for love! . . An exile for five years, plotting and plotted against, Carol of Roumania shocked even the sophisticates of Paris with his flagrant disregard of convention.

Now, suddenly, by an astonishing *coup d'etat* the outcast is hailed as king! Back of all this is an amazing story filled with scandal and tragedy and intrigue and blasted hopes. Liberty is about to publish King Carol's full story, written by a noted woman journalist—Dorothy M. Russell—who got much of her information first hand.

The comic opera touch may change to tragedy. The Balkans have stirred up more than one war. The once irresponsible prince may hold the future peace of Europe in his hands. Don't miss this new Liberty feature. Look for

KING CAROL *of* ROUMANIA
The Playboy of the Balkans
IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

MADCAP MABEL NORMAND
Continued from page sixty-seven

Washington, Brooklyn, and Providence, preparatory to opening on Broadway.

"But while on the road I learned something—that The Little Mouse had been a failure five times under five different names prior to its resurrection and renaming in the hope I might do something with it!

"It had been a musical comedy, then had been rewritten several times, and it had lived its feeble day and expired under the names of Oh, Diana!, Diana of the Movies, The Five o'Clock Man, The Blue Mouse, and something else I forget.

"All the critics recognized the old thing and condemned it unmercifully, and in Providence I wired Woods that I refused to go on with it. He called us in. He only laughed when I scolded him for foisting the old corpse on me, and said he'd have Willard Mack write me a fine comedy.

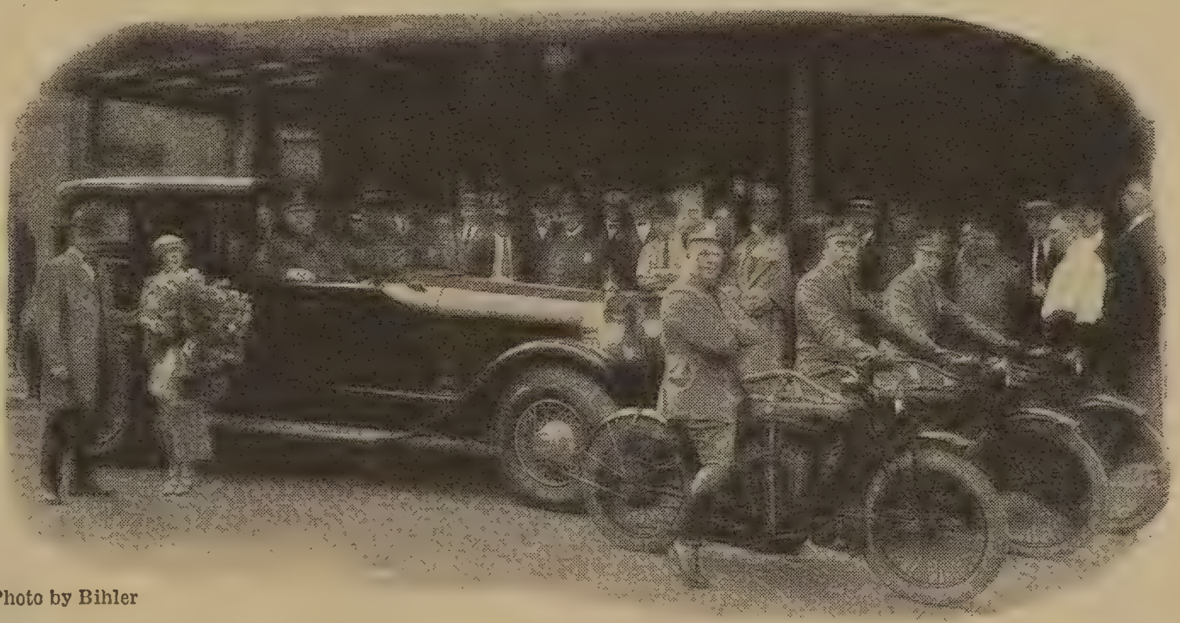


Photo by Bihler

When Omaha, Nebraska, honored Mabel Normand. Mayor Dahlman, beside her, has just presented the flowers, and the motorcycle escort waits to lead them from the station.

"Mack tried, but never could get a good second act to suit any of us. He had some impossible idea of having a milk wagon drive on the stage and have me pop out of one of the big cans!

"Time went by and Woods couldn't find anything for me. I begged him to release me from the contract, insisting that my voice simply wouldn't do; but he insisted with equal fervor that my voice was all right and that he'd dig up a good play for me.

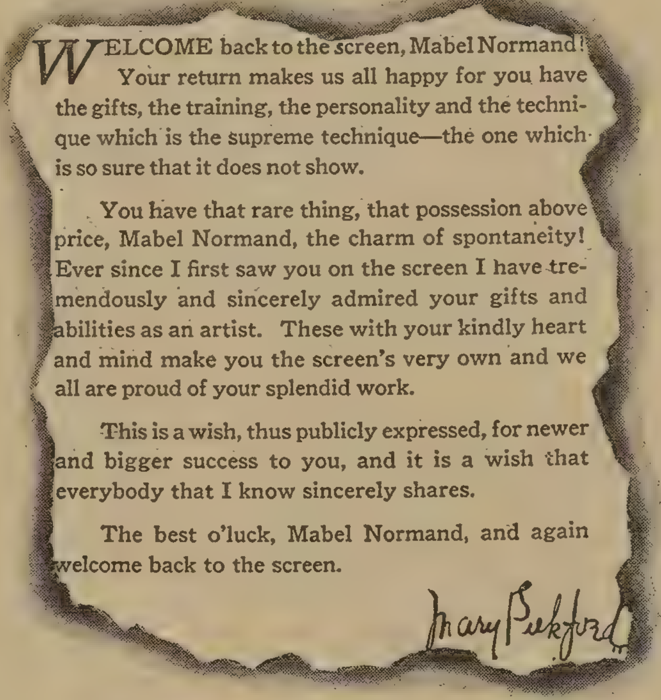
"The whole winter was wasted thus, and I pleaded with Woods again and again, telling him I was restless and unhappy and that Hal Roach wanted me to return to California and make some pictures. He finally relented and told me to skip along.

"Mary Pickford did a charming thing when Roach announced I was coming back to the movies. She wrote an open letter to me in April, 1926, which all the papers printed, and it cheered me mightily, for it had been a long time since I'd squinted my eyes under the old kliegs and heard the camera whirring!

"IT was largely due to Mary's efforts that Roach sent for me, because both of them knew I belonged on the screen and not on the stage. It is given to few women in this world to have such friends as I have in Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge.

"My old director in the Sennett studio, Dick Jones, was now with Hal Roach as vice president and supervisor of all productions. He signed my new contract. It was for three years—and I was never to weigh more than one hundred and eleven pounds.

"Since I've never weighed more than a hundred, I kidded Dick quite a bit about this. The contract called for eight two-reel comedies and then eight of feature length.



WELCOME back to the screen, Mabel Normand! Your return makes us all happy for you have the gifts, the training, the personality and the technique which is the supreme technique—the one which is so sure that it does not show.

You have that rare thing, that possession above price, Mabel Normand, the charm of spontaneity! Ever since I first saw you on the screen I have tremendously and sincerely admired your gifts and abilities as an artist. These with your kindly heart and mind make you the screen's very own and we all are proud of your splendid work.

This is a wish, thus publicly expressed, for newer and bigger success to you, and it is a wish that everybody that I know sincerely shares.

The best o'luck, Mabel Normand, and again welcome back to the screen.

Mary Pickford

Mary Pickford's open letter of April, 1926, welcoming Miss Normand back to pictures.

"The first Roach picture I made was Raggedy Rose, directed by Dick Wallace. This was followed by One Hour Married, with Jerry Storm at the megaphone; The Nickel Hopper, with Dick Jones directing; Anything Once, Hal Yaltes directing; and Should Men Walk Home? with Lee McCarey in charge.

"I know of no reason why I should not have gone ahead and fulfilled my contract with Roach, save for a couple of facts—I got married and I got pneumonia.

"The first took place in September. On the night of the fifteenth I was giving a dinner for a number of friends in my Beverly Hills home.

"AT the last minute, John Colton, who adapted Rain and The Shanghai Gesture, phoned he couldn't come. That left an empty chair, and I wondered whom I could call at that hour to occupy it.

"I thought of Lew Cody. We had been friends for more than fifteen years, since I first went into pictures while he was playing on the New York stage.

"I never knew anybody with a more priceless sense of humor, and it was on this foundation of mutual laughs that our friendship had continued all these years.

"Lew's real name is Louis Cote, and he is of French-Canadian ancestry. He was born in New England, about 1885. He had been on the stage and in pictures. He was married to Dorothy Dalton, divorced, remarried to her, and again divorced.

"I called him up and explained my predicament, and he volunteered to come over and fill out my party. Others there that night were Margaret Namara, the opera singer, and her husband, Minert Lord; Charles Ray and his wife, and one or two other couples.

"About midnight the party was going good, and Lew thought it would be a rare joke to stage an old-time melodrama proposal to me, and I thought it would be funny to accept it. Everybody else thought it would be a splendid idea if we really got married after a spectacular elopement.

"I'd never thought seriously of marrying anybody in my life—and one or two nice chaps have asked me to. Probably the novelty of Lew's magnificently worded proposal appealed to me. At any rate, I said all right.

"Lew is quite a master of ceremonies, so he got busy while we all celebrated enthusiastically. He called up his friend, the chief of police of Beverly Hills, and explained things.

"The chief offered us an escort of honor and sent over a couple of motorcycle officers.

"Margaret and Minert and Lew and I climbed into my car and, preceded by the exploding motorcycles, raced

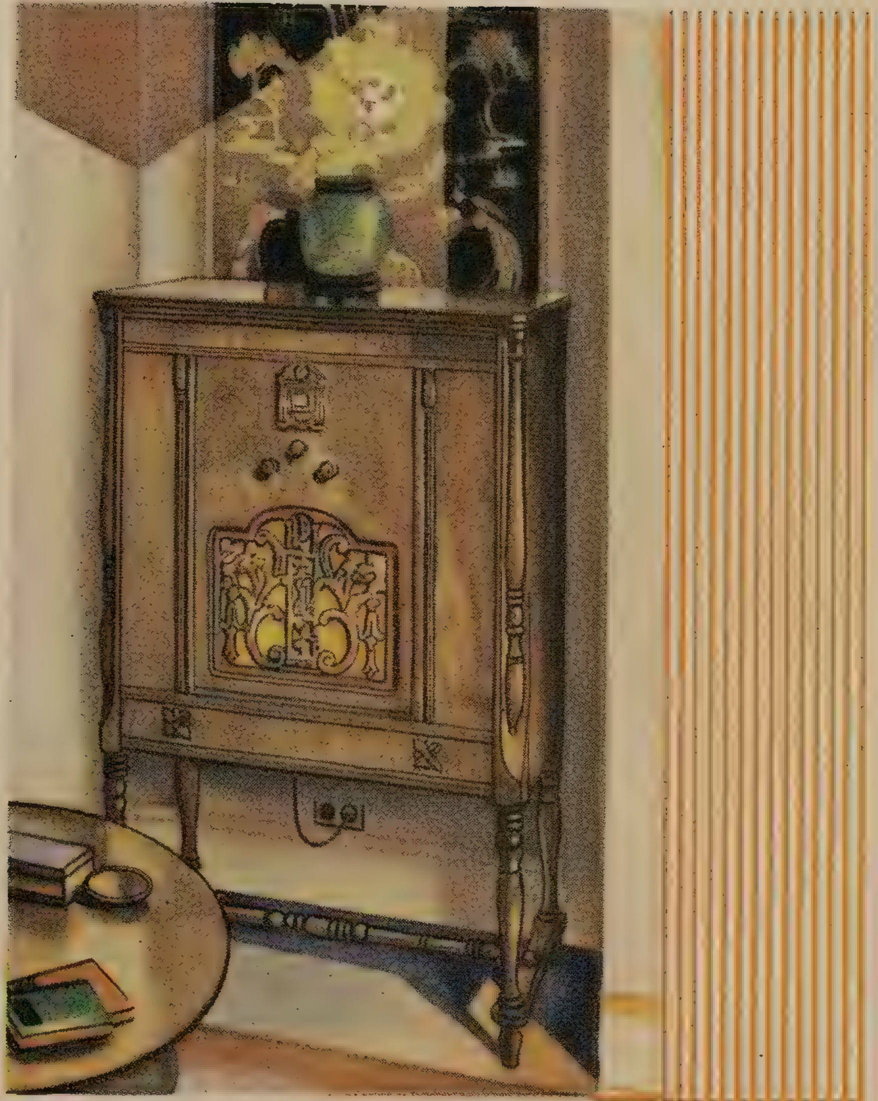
[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

. . . . . . it had to come

A RADIO

to cope with modern broadcasting conditions

A General Electric Radio



The Lowboy: *A simple yet distinguished example of good furniture design.*

More powerful stations are bidding for your attention. More beautiful, more interesting national programs worthy of clearer, better reception.

These new conditions had to be met. The old-time sets were inadequate. Broadcasting conditions had outgrown the ordinary radio set.

So, out of the "House of Magic," has come this new type radio. More sensitive, more selective than ever before.

A set to meet the new demand of radio listeners, created by modern broadcasting conditions.

For the first time . . . a super-heterodyne circuit using screen-grid tubes . . . a FULL RANGE RADIO.

A new type of radio that gives new standard of performance . . . Radio reception of a quality never before attained.

The Highest Sensitivity Ever Achieved. Low powered, or distant stations too faint for the ordinary set are brought in clearly and distinctly by the FULL RANGE sensitivity of General Electric Radio.

Selectivity As Never Before. Stations so near in wave-length that they scrambled in together on previous sets are readily and definitely separated by the FULL RANGE selectivity of General Electric Radio.

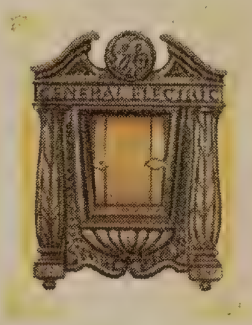
The Highboy: The richness of the brown walnut is enhanced by the splendid lines of this modern piece. Fitted with Tone Control.

The Radio-Phonograph Combination: A cabinet of rare beauty. An outstanding example of fine cabinet design and high-grade craftsmanship equipped with home recording feature, permitting the recording of music or voice at home. Fitted with Tone Control.

Rich, Natural Tone. General Electric Radio FULL RANGE tone is a revelation in its fidelity. It is even purity throughout the scale, free from cabinet resonance or "barrel" tone effect.

Famous furniture designers have provided the motif of the General Electric Radio cabinets. They are distinctive without being extreme. Their beauty never palls.

Ask your local G-E Radio Dealer for a demonstration or if you desire further particulars write Section xxx, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.



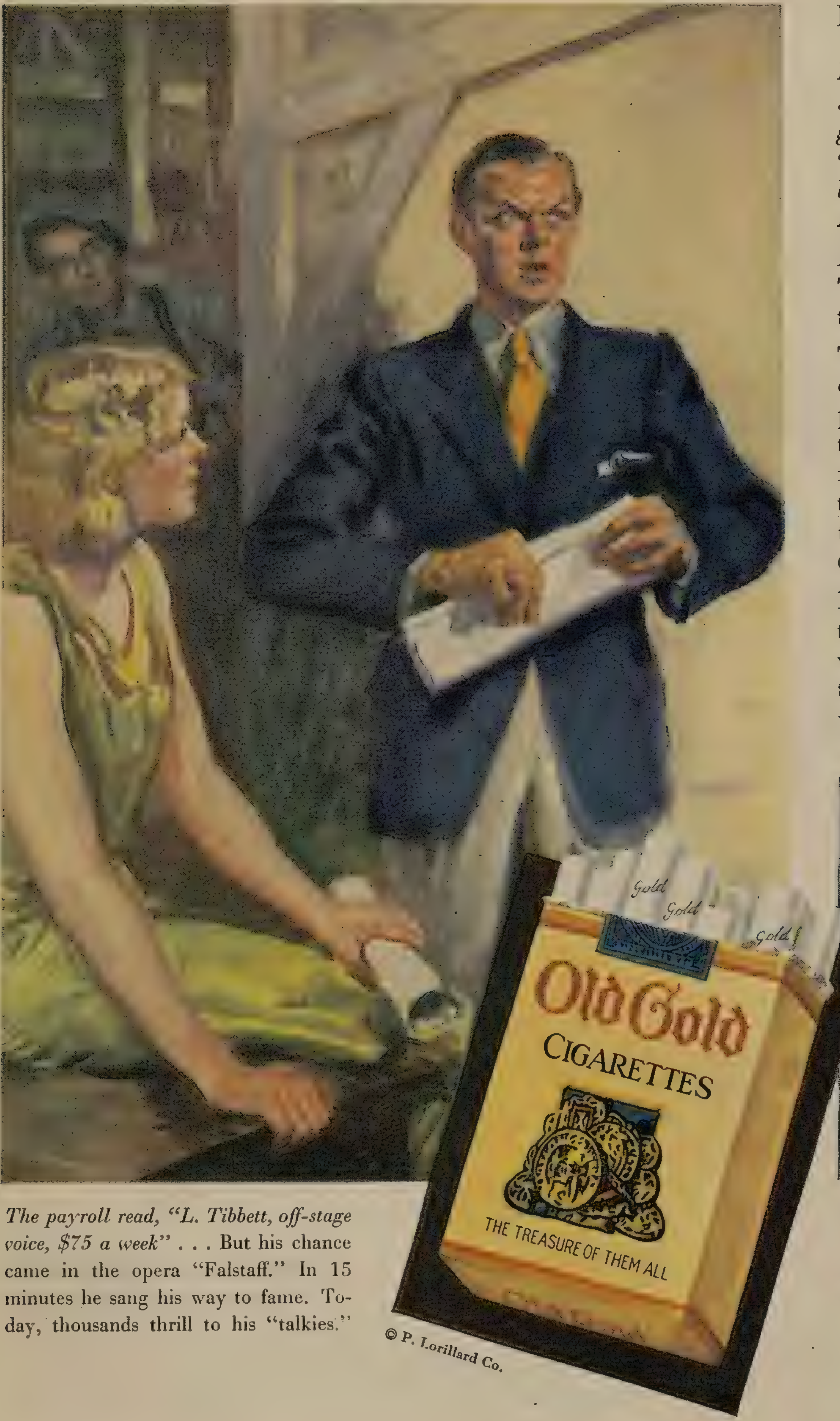
So selective that every line on the dial marks a separate station.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



The payroll read, "L. Tibbett, off-stage voice, $75 a week" . . . But his chance came in the opera "Falstaff." In 15 minutes he sang his way to fame. To-day, thousands thrill to his "talkies."

© P. Lorillard Co.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Programs rustle . . . "Who is Tibbett?" . . . Then comes a voice of molten gold, clear, pulsing, tender, stirring . . . "The Diamond Horseshoe" cheers like bleachers. Encores. Bravos. Flowers. Speeches.

A quick triumph for Lawrence Tibbett? Not at all! *Nature* gave him that glorious voice.

That's why OLD GOLD makes no claims . . . of factory skill . . . or secret processes. For *Nature* alone deserves the credit. The sun, the rain, the fertile soil simply produced *better* tobaccos. That's why OLD GOLDS thrill your taste. That's why OLD GOLDS give you throat-ease.

From an "off-stage voice" to a star in the opera, concert, "talkies," that's what *Nature* did for Tibbett. From a tyro-brand to a great success. That's what *Nature* did for OLD GOLD.

OLD GOLD first appeared on Hollywood "lots," November 9, 1926. In just 90 days it was one of the four most popular brands among the celebrities of the screen.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

eighty miles away through the night to Ventura, county seat of Ventura County, where we arrived in a couple of hours.

"There we awoke the county recorder, Judge Thomas H. Meilandt, and he pulled some pants over his pyjamas and spoke the ceremony in his living room, his eighteen-year-old daughter, Ruth, acting as one of the witnesses, the rest of his family taking turns at a keyhole to see us made one. I was quite dazed and nervous over this drastic change in my life.

"Then we returned to Beverly Hills, and Lew left me at my house while he went on to the Hollywood Bowl, where he was to be master of ceremonies at a feed the Breakfast Club was having.

"As he approached the microphone to begin his stuff, somebody asked him why he was late, and he casually mentioned that he had just married Mabel Normand, the radio spreading the news to such parts of the world as happened to be tuned in on that wave length.

"Later Lew returned to his home on Maple Drive, also in Beverly Hills.

"I went back to the studio, but it wasn't long before Dick and I broke our contract by mutual consent. I didn't feel like working, and when one isn't happy one cannot work. At least I can't.

"In January, 1927, I became ill with bronchial trouble and in February they took me to the Santa Monica Hospital, where double pneumonia came along to keep me company. I remained there nearly ten weeks, and I spent the summer and fall trying to convalesce. It has been a long hard climb, but I think my physicians are persuaded that I am at last on the way to health.

Miss Normand ready to begin a scene of Raggedy Rose, her first picture for Hal Roach in 1926.

"WHEN I do come back physically, I intend to return to the pictures, and I hope to do some lovely things in the modern vogue in comedies. The day of the rough and tumble and slapstick seems to have passed, and I should like to find some genuine fun in the comedies they are writing today. If I am lucky, I hope again to make the world laugh as I once did.

"But even if I discover some really glorious stories of the kind I want, I'm afraid that never again will the world find such things to laugh at as it used to find when Charlie Chaplin and Roscoe Arbuckle and Ford Sterling and Charlie Murray and I made our comedies together."

Mabel Normand thus wound up the story of her career, as she told it to me in the fall of 1927. Since her death it has occurred to me that there are many things one cannot tell about one's self.

For example, how the radio broadcasting stations of southern California were wont to end their nightly programs with, "Good night, friends. And to you, Mabel Normand, out there in the hospital, good night. Get well soon, Mabel, and make some more comedies for us."

It was the comédienne's practice for years on each of her trips across the continent to telegraph ahead to the Santa Fe Railway's station master at Albuquerque.

He would meet her and remove the flowers with which her Hollywood friends had filled her drawing-room, and take them to the hospitals in Albuquerque to cheer the tuberculosis patients there.

The world knew Mabel Normand as a peerless comédienne and a young woman who walked in the shadows of great scandals. Southern California, which loved her, and the picture industry, which acclaimed her as the finest artist film comedy had discovered, knew her as a brilliant, accomplished, widely read woman who played the piano with the finish of a concert-stage artist, who wrote little books of exquisite poetry for private distribution.

THEY knew that her great drawing-room in the beautiful home she owned was the Mecca for artists and writers and other celebrities from all the world; that she was wealthy beyond need of future worry.

They also knew she had some of the most lovely and expensive jewelry in the movie colony; that she was lavish in her generosities, doctors and hospitals and florists finding their bills paid when her friends were in need; that the poor families on her never exploited pension list were numbered by the dozen; that charities never turned uncared for from her door.

And they knew, and gladly acknowledged this—that she had more friends than any woman in pictures; that her standard as a comédienne never has been equaled; that men and women now at the top of the profession owe to her more than to any other star the help and counsel they needed when they were at the foot of the ladder.

And, finally, that if Mabel Normand was an outlaw at heart, impatient over routine and convention and social restraints, nevertheless that wild heart never harbored an unkind or ungenerous feeling.

From January, 1928, after she and Cody again lived together, Mabel fought gallantly against the tuberculosis that her physicians foresaw was to be fatal. Late in 1929 she was taken to a hospital in Monrovia, near the edge of the desert, and there she lay for months, her room filled with flowers sent by friends, with her faithful companion, Julia, answering hundreds of telegrams that came.

On February 23 last, she turned her head on her pillow, closed her eyes, sighed, and went to sleep forever. As the coffins of kings and queens are escorted to the grave by their royal peers, so was Mabel's casket accompanied to its tomb by Charlie Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks, Roscoe Arbuckle, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, and others—all sovereigns in their careers, walking beside the coffin of the little Madcap they knew and loved.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Lima.
2—Between two perils.
3—The rail around a ship's stern.
4—Light and truth.
5—Barnaby Rudge.
6—Fifty-six.
7—Six years.
8—Seasickness.
9—North and South Atlantic, North and South Pacific, Indian, Arctic, and Antarctic oceans.
10—Egypt.
11—An eighth.
12—A depreciatory hint or suggestion.
13—The science which treats of the skin.
14—Sodium chloride.
15—Queen Elizabeth of England.
16—George Herman.
17—Washington, D. C.
18—Phoenix.
19—Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida.
20—Harrisburg.

Soda-Fountain SAGA

By

Cornell Woolrich

who is the author of three published novels—Cover Charge, Children of the Ritz, and Times Square—and of a fourth, which is to come out this winter. Besides these he has done a number of short stories and articles for various magazines. He tells us that he was born in New York and that he has "no other occupation but writing."

Pictures by Austin Eugene Briggs

(Reading time: 24 min. 45 sec.)

MR. JOHN SPANISH, having buttoned his freshly laundered white coat up to his chin, turned to the glass at his back and jauntily cocked a starched service cap over his left eye. He studied the result critically for a moment, and might have indefinitely prolonged the pleasure the sight seemed to afford but for the slight shock of hearing himself addressed by a coworker in ribald tones:

"Yeah, handsome, they'll all fall for you, don't worry."

Mr. Spanish quickly turned from the glass and, casting a scathing look toward the far end of the counter, replied in a voice equally loud and insulting, "Says you."

Whereupon he commenced piling oranges in a symmetrical pyramid upon the black marble shelf below the mirror.

His opinion at the moment was that his fellow employee's remark was in the poorest possible taste. When one had "looks," such as he, Mr. Spanish, undoubtedly possessed, and when one's clientele between the hours of three and four consisted largely of maidens of the most impressionable age drawn from the high school near by, it behooved (behove?—Mr. Spanish was not certain in his own mind as to the correct past tense of this word) one to take an excusable pride in his appearance. And Mr. Spanish's pride needed no excuse. He had a fine appearance. A little too callow, perhaps, for the mature eye, but the quintessence of perfection in the eyes of fifteen, sixteen, and upward.

A steeple in the vicinity officiously chimed the hour. Mr. Spanish counted the three strokes carefully to reassure himself, and treated the already mirrorlike counter to an additional rub of his dishcloth. All was in readiness for the Great Invasion.

It came almost at once. Two young ladies entered simultaneously, their freshly powdered noses and lipsticked mouths belying the books they swung disdainfully at the ends of straps. Three more followed. A moment later the place was alive with daughters of the citizenry. A babel of dulcet voices filled the air, and Mr. Spanish had the satisfaction of seeing every chair at his counter occupied, while late comers hovered in the background waiting their turns. They contested for his notice and his services:

"Johnnie, I was here first. Didn't I come in here first, Johnnie?"

"Johnnie, I've been waiting half an hour."

"'Lo. What have you got that's good?"

"—and I want a whole lot of pecans."

Mr. Spanish executed orders deftly, and yet found time for more personal interpolations:

"Here you are, just like you said. Thought I forgot you, didn't you? I'd never forget *you.*"

"Glass of water? Yes, dear. Anything for you."

A delighted laugh on the part of five or six at once.

Then in sterner tones he was heard to shout down the shaft of a small dumb-waiter: "More chocolate sirup up. Snappy."

"O-oh, how rough!" a small damsel cooed admiringly. "Would you talk to *me* that way, Johnnie?"

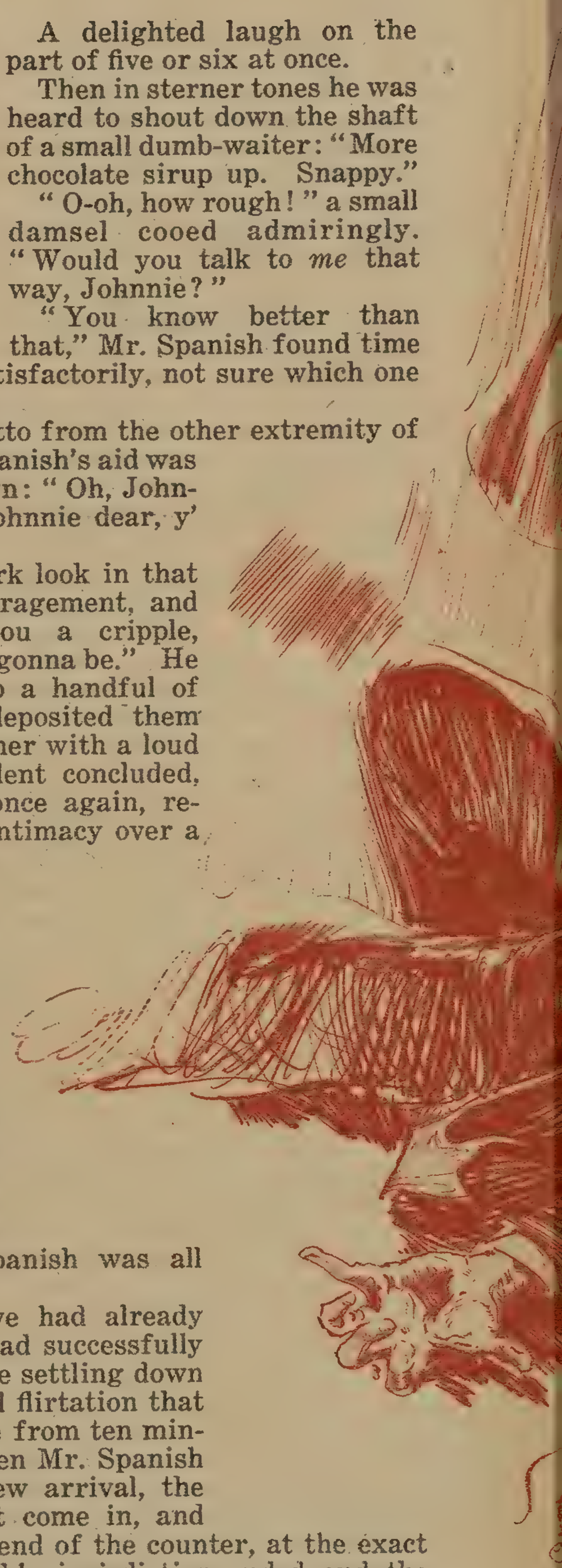
"You know better than that," Mr. Spanish found time to answer vaguely but satisfactorily, not sure which one had addressed him.

Came a malicious falsetto from the other extremity of the counter, where Mr. Spanish's aid was having troubles of his own: "Oh, Johnnie dear, more spoons, Johnnie dear, y' big stiff!"

Mr. Spanish cast a dark look in that direction, scenting disparagement, and responded frigidly, "You a cripple, smart boy? Well, you're gonna be." He nevertheless gathered up a handful of long soda spoons and deposited them within reach of his defamer with a loud clash. This sultry incident concluded, he became all cajolery once again, remarking with delicious intimacy over a concoction of marshmallow and Brazil nuts, "I missed you yesterday. Were you kept in?"

A CUPID-BOW mouth, slightly flecked with marshmallow, replied, "That old Mrs. Gordon, in the hist'ry department, she—" and woefully went on to relate a mishap having to do with the dates of certain English kings. Mr. Spanish was all tender sympathy.

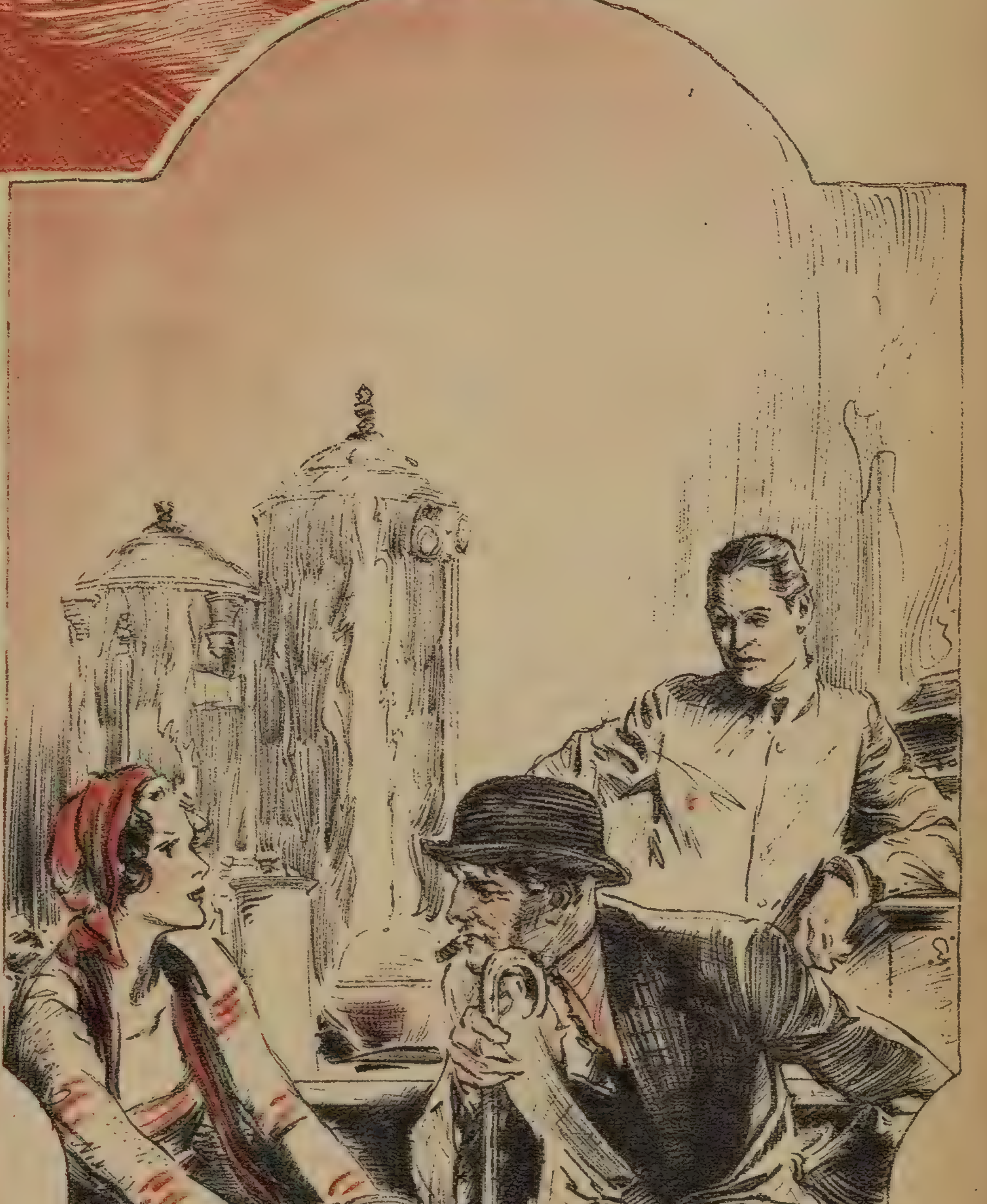
The crest of the wave had already passed, and those who had successfully outstayed the others were settling down into a state of protracted flirtation that was apt to last anywhere from ten minutes to half an hour, when Mr. Spanish first noticed her, the new arrival, the unknown. She had just come in, and was seated at the upper end of the counter, at the exact point where Mr. Spanish's jurisdiction ended and the enemy's began. Both of them noticed this at once, and both repaired there with more speed than dignity, Mr. Spanish actually sliding upon his heels, like a skater on



[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

A Story of Oil and Love's Troubled Waters

the only person in Rockville Junction who suspected from the first the motives of the three strangers in our midst. Mr. Spanish is to be highly commended on the unique method he adopted for foiling the desperadoes.



Her companion grew facetious. "Now, isn't that just too sweet!" he commented. "I don't know why we didn't think of that before."

SODA-FOUNTAIN SAGA
Continued from page seventy-two

ice. As a result of this successful maneuver, he got there first.

"Yes, *ma'am!*" he proclaimed triumphantly, resting the flats of his hands on the counter and inclining his head attentively toward her.

She appeared totally unaware that he was making a special effort to please. "Caramel and marshmallow," she said abstractedly, without a trace of the personal in her manner and without looking at him at all.

Mr. Spanish was hurt, and justifiably so. He studied her surreptitiously in the glass while his back was turned preparing her order. She seemed about seventeen and was trying, he judged, to act much older; and successfully so. She had brought the art of minding her business down to a science; she did not even glance at the other girls to see what they were wearing, much less at him. Mr. Spanish considered this latter abstention most unnatural and uncalled-for. Everything female that came to his counter had always looked at him.

Mr. Spanish made an excuse for trying her out once more.

"Whipped cream?" he said and flashed a beguiling smile at her.

"The sweeter the better," she replied detachedly. Her eyes rested inscrutably on that portion of the mirror just above Mr. Spanish's head.

THIS, Mr. Spanish reflected mournfully, was a cool one all right, but he would "get" her yet. He set her order before her with a flourish and added: "There. As sweet as you are yourself—nearly."

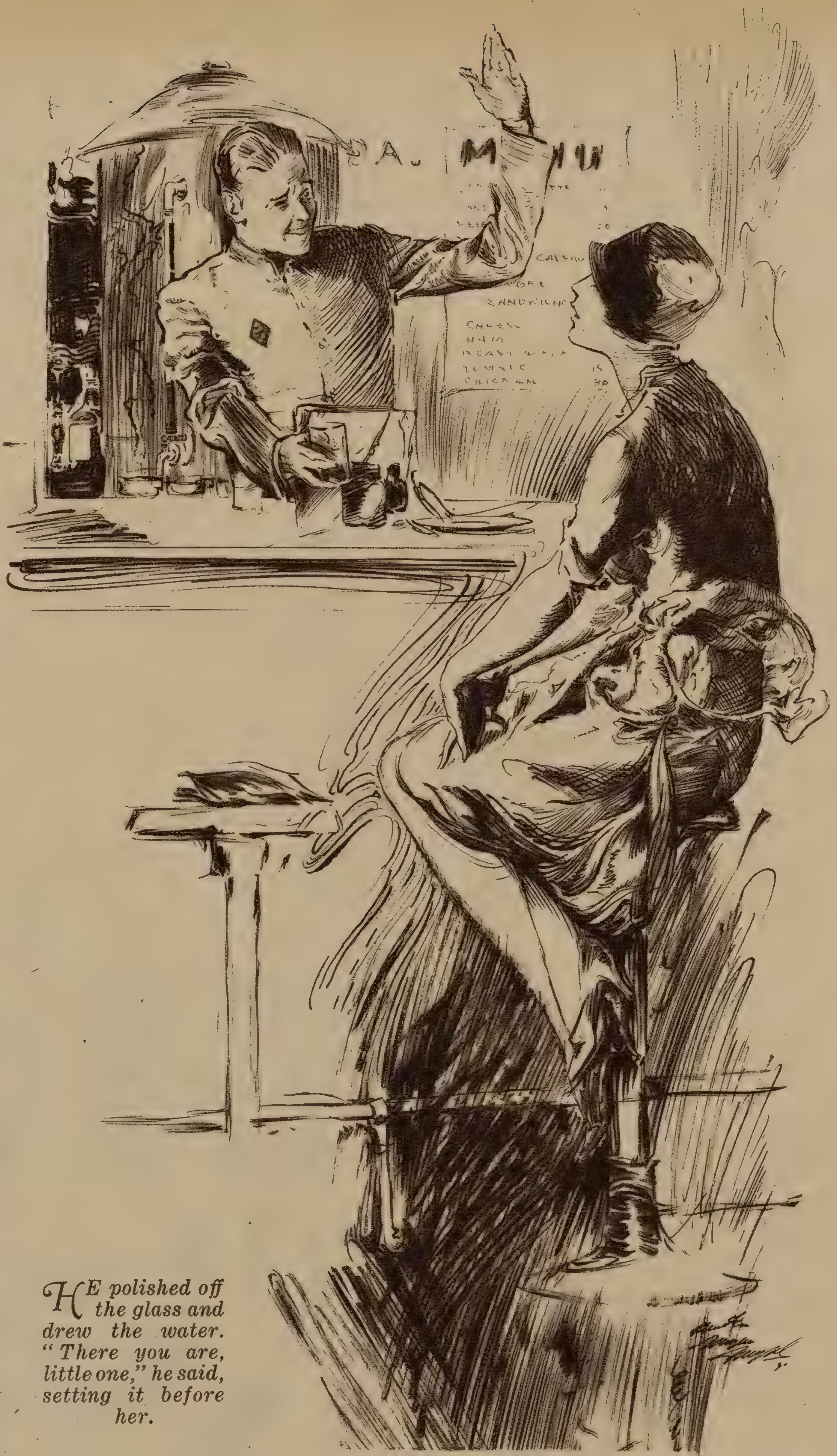
"Save that for your friends," she remarked languidly, and proceeded to begin eating.

Mr. Spanish, having supplied her with a paper napkin, a glass of water, and a pale green check with a tiny hole bitten out of it, quitted the scene of the fiasco to return to his adherents at the lower end of the counter—who appreciated him at least. Not for months had he encountered anyone with so mean and aloof a disposition. And if this were to happen very often it would seriously impair his prestige. For, just as nothing succeeds like success, one failure often brings on a host of others. By setting an example like this, she could very easily make it the fad to ignore him, just as it was now the fad to adore him. And where would he be without their adoration? An unhappy creature, wilting beneath his starched jacket.

"You didn't get along very well with your new friend," someone observed.

"She's not my type," Mr. Spanish informed them confidentially. "I can tell just like that!" And snapped his fingers by way of illustration.

A moment later, as though in answer to this, a clear voice rang out imperiously: "Jack! Another glass of water, please."



HE polished off the glass and drew the water. "There you are, little one," he said, setting it before her.

Whether she was his type or not, Mr. Spanish hastened to obey the summons. She had called him by name!

He polished off the glass and drew the water. "There you are, little one," he said, setting it before her.

"How," he added cordially, resting idly on one elbow before her, "did you know that was my name?"

She looked at him in surprise, took a sip of water, gave a gasp of amusement, and proceeded to enlighten him somewhat cruelly: "Nothing personal intended. I call everyone I don't know Jack."

Mr. Spanish concealed his disappointment by becoming absorbed in tracing cabalistic designs on the counter with the tip of his finger. "Anyway, my name really is John," he informed her.

"I didn't come in here to call you by your first name," she assured him. She opened a small purse and gazed fixedly into it. She was about to depart, and Mr. Spanish's mood was not light-hearted. He had been beaten at his own game. At the moment he was wishing he had never laid eyes on her.

Just then a male personage entered the premises. The glance of contempt he threw at the counter and all its adjuncts showed unmistakably that his quest was not for sweet refreshment. He was evidently on his way to the telephone booths adjoining the fountain, when the sight of Mr. Spanish's late customer gave him pause.

He removed his derby hat (and derby hats, Mr. Spanish would have told you, were not meant to be worn as early as September), but not in salutation, simply to scratch the back of his head. Replacing it at once, he dug a thumb into each vest pocket. "At it again!" he drawled disgustedly, forming his words around a chubby cigar held between his teeth. "Can't I leave you alone five minutes without your coming into one of these places and filling up on that junk? It's a wonder you ain't sick!"

MR. SPANISH became inwardly most indignant at this slander. He did not dispense "junk." Ask the student body of the high school. He eyed the newcomer belligerently. The latter, apart from his other failings, was in most grievous sartorial error. His shirt was too pink and the white pencil stripe on his blue suit was too pronounced for a man of his advanced years (he was fully thirty, on the border line between middle age and decrepitude; Mr. Spanish was almost surprised to see him walking upright without the help of a cane).

Be this as it may, the rebuked fair one seemed nauseously submissive. She laughed placatingly, linked her arm in his, and murmured apologetically, "Can I help it if I've got a sweet tooth?"

"Aw," her escort responded gruffly, "it's about time you was breaking yourself of the habit!"

And off she trotted obediently at his side, without so much as a backward glance for the anguished Mr. Spanish. The pangs of jealousy had just entered that individual's frame for the first time in his life.

He sorrowfully removed the metal dish she had eaten from and the paper serviette she had crumpled within it, and, about to refurbish the counter with his cloth, made an interesting if somewhat belated discovery: a punctured light green check was still lying there. She had gone off without paying.

It did not occur to Mr. Spanish to doubt her good intentions in the matter. Anyone having a big gorilla like that walk up to them would be apt to forget almost anything.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Type of Person who Prefers LAVORIS

Before He Could Pronounce It He Used It

You know the type. Sturdy. Handsome. Healthy. Intelligent parents. Long before be could pronounce the word, he knew Lavoris—used it daily. He likes Lavoris—and always will. Just now, for the nice flavor. Later, because he can't get along without its clean, refreshing effect. He will never think of his mouthwash as simply a sure deodorant for unpleasant breath, knowing too well its more important benefits in keeping his mouth and throat wholesomely clean and fortified against disease. No matter what mouthwash you may be using now, switch to Lavoris for a week. See how beneficial an honest and ethical mouthwash can be—in removing the germ-harboring film from teeth and tissues, in carrying out of the mouth endangering oral debris, in stimulating and healing tissues, in actively promoting oral health. See your dentist regularly—as often as he suggests—and use Lavoris daily. At drug counters everywhere.

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. Toronto, Canada

LAVORIS

Note to Members of the Medical and Dental Professions:

Lavoris prints its formula upon every bottle, and in all its advertising presents the need for ethical professional advice as actively as it promotes daily oral hygiene.

"Explain its advantages for children," said the Dentists

Among the thousands of letters which we received from dentists last year, expressing interest in Lavoris advertising, were those urging us to stress the necessity of early dental care for children. "Tell mothers to take their children to the dentist at the age of three" . . . "tell them how easy it is to teach children mouth care with pleasant-flavored Lavoris" . . . "explain the purpose of Lavoris as a scientific oral detergent."

© 1930, L. C. Co.

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

SODA-FOUNTAIN SAGA
Continued from page seventy-five

Then Mr. Spanish did a touching thing. He reached awkwardly into his own pocket, extracted a quarter, placed it alongside the abandoned check, and called across the room to the cashier in her glass cage: "Ruby! Here's a check somebody forgot. Better come after it."

Ruby, who at another time would have protested loudly at being made to walk across the floor, sallied forth hand on hip, and when she stood face to face with Mr. Spanish, studied his countenance keenly and inquired, "Didn't I just see you take that outa your own pocket?"

Mr. Spanish was mortally embarrassed. He opened his mouth and held it that way, but no words of denial came to fill the space thus produced, so sudden had been the accusation.

Ruby then spoke for him, after a suitable pause. "You don't have to do that, kid," she said indulgently. "A quarter won't send this place into bankruptcy."

Mr. Spanish found voice at length. Much she knew! As though it was the establishment he cared about! "I want to," he protested enigmatically. "It makes me feel good."

The next day, again at the hour of greatest invasion, she appeared once more, the stranger, the aloof one. There was not a seat to be had just then. He saw her standing there waiting in the background, self-contained, an orchid amidst all these buttercups. What if she should turn away and go somewhere else? Mr. Spanish could not bear the thought. He proceeded to do a most unethical thing: he made her "next" (mystic word at crowded soda fountains). He arbitrarily slighted the orders of no less than six fair customers who had preceded her to inquire as to her wishes. "What can I do for you?" was the way he put it, but there was a wealth of feeling in those few words. Thus he revealed half of the secret.

She at once disclosed the other half: that the feeling was not at all mutual. "You'd better wait until I've found a place to sit," she said coolly. "I don't eat things standing." There was no reward in her eyes, no thanks for what he had done.

But meanwhile a series of minor discords fell upon his unheeding ears: "Well, I like *that!*" "Johnnie!" "The nerve of some people!" "Come on, Louise, let's go across the street to Lehmann's."

TWO of the mistreated six rose from their seats and departed, heads held high in air. "And we're not coming back, either!" one of them called from the doorway.

But their going was an unmixed blessing as far as Mr. Spanish was concerned, for into one of the vacant seats slipped the intruder without further ado. And she took up the offer of his services where she had left it hanging in midair. "I'll try some of the burnt almond," she said nonchalantly.

Mr. Spanish scooped a large scoopful of "the burnt almond" and stood poised, waiting for further commands.

She twirled one finger around in space, to indicate stirring up or beating up. "Chocolate sauce," she said, and smiled at him. It was the first time she had smiled at him. It may have been that she was smiling at the thought of the chocolate sauce she was to have, but Mr. Spanish, although admitting that as a remote possibility, preferred to think otherwise.

His smile answered hers as he drew the chocolate from the tap, whereupon hers faded away and was no more. If he, thought Mr. Spanish wistfully, drawing his own conclusions from this, were only chocolate sauce instead of being who he was!

He shifted a glass cake stand slightly to one side and rested his elbows contemplatively on the counter. "Do you think we'll have rain?" he ventured.

She cast a brief glance toward the doorway and the sky beyond. "Hope so," she said. "I'm booked for an auto ride and I don't want to go."

Mr. Spanish reacted eagerly. Here was food for conversation at last! "Why don't you just tell them you can't make it, even if it doesn't rain?" he suggested.

She twisted her mouth into a cynical little three-cornered smile. "Try and do it!" she assured him.

Mr. Spanish refilled her water glass of his own accord and tenderly wiped the outside of it dry. "Why don't you say there's an exam tomorrow—you have to stay home tonight and study for it?"

She bent over so suddenly he thought she had dropped something. She was, it turned out, merely contorted with mirth, however. "Stay home and study? Me?" she gasped. "That's a good one! You're great!" She held out her hand protestingly, as though she could bear to laugh no more. Evidently she did not take her studies seriously.

AT this most inopportune moment he was summoned petulantly from afar by the tapping of a coin upon the marble, and withdrew.

"If you don't want to take my order, you don't have to," declared the youthful customer aggrievedly. "I have homework; think I can stick around here all day?"

"What'll it be?" Mr. Spanish demanded crossly. His heart was no longer in his work.

"Um—ah—" She made a series of peculiar noises indicative of indecision.

"I thought you were in such a hurry?" he interrupted.

"Now you made me forget what I want," she accused him.

When she had been attended to (Mr. Spanish's thoughts had dwelt lovingly on arsenic and ground glass during the whole proceeding) and he was free to return whither his heart dictated, he found his dove had flown. Not altogether, for she was standing before the cashier's pane listening to something Ruby was saying to her through the glass.

Mr. Spanish sighed profoundly and once again gathered up the charming débris she had left behind her—the nickel-plated dish, the odd little spoon, the water glass, the paper napkin—just as yesterday.

He looked up from the warm rinsing water a moment later, and she had come back!

She sat down for a moment—for a moment only. By the way she allowed herself to sit, sidewise on the edge of the chair, he could tell she intended rising again almost at once. But it was better than if she had not sat at all, better than if she had gone directly out the door.

She studied him whimsically. Whimsically but not unfriendlily. Her scrutiny came to an end, and she opened her bag on her lap and looked down at it as she spoke. "What did you do that for yesterday?" she said. "Why didn't you call me back?" Something flashed out of her hand, and a bright new-minted coin was spinning gayly on the counter between them. She stopped it by pressing her finger on it, and pushed it over to him with the tip of her finger. It was she now, not he, who was doing the dallying.

Mr. Spanish's face grew sulky. "Aw, what'd Ruby have to tell you for?" he said. "It was all right. Why don't she mind her business?" He felt he had just been robbed of a noble gesture.

She gave the coin one push too many and it went over the edge and dropped into the pan of ammoniated water. They both laughed.

Then she grew a shade more serious and asked curiously, "Do you do that every time anyone forgets to pay the cashier—make up the difference yourself?"

Mr. Spanish grew pleasurably embarrassed. "No," he said hesitantly; "I never did, until now."

She pressed the point: "Then why'd you do it this time?"

Mr. Spanish flicked his dishcloth at an imaginary fly in the air. "I guess," he said in a low voice, "because it was you."

Twenty-four hours ago she had been the fly in his ointment. Now she was not only the cream in his coffee—she was the coffee itself, and likewise the sugar, spoon, cup, and saucer.

At this juncture, just as they were getting along so splendidly, in walked Mr. Spanish's Nemesis, accoutered as on the day before with derby, cigar, rosy shirt, and a diamond on his finger that may not have been a diamond at all, but, if not, was certainly a most forceful imitation of one.

His greeting of the cherished lady was sullen. "Thought I'd find you here," he mouthed, while the cigar gave a half turn to the right and then back again. "Can't you find anything better to do than fill up on this phooey? When you're thirty you're gonna have a shape like a Zeppelin."

Mr. Spanish regarded him balefully. First "junk" and then "phooey." It was plain to see the man had no soul.

"Well, I'm not thirty yet," she said, "so let me enjoy myself, will you?"

A most sensible answer, Mr. Spanish considered this. One worthy of applause.

"Well, did you find out anything?" she went on.

Her *vis-à-vis* nodded and wrinkled his eyes with satisfaction.

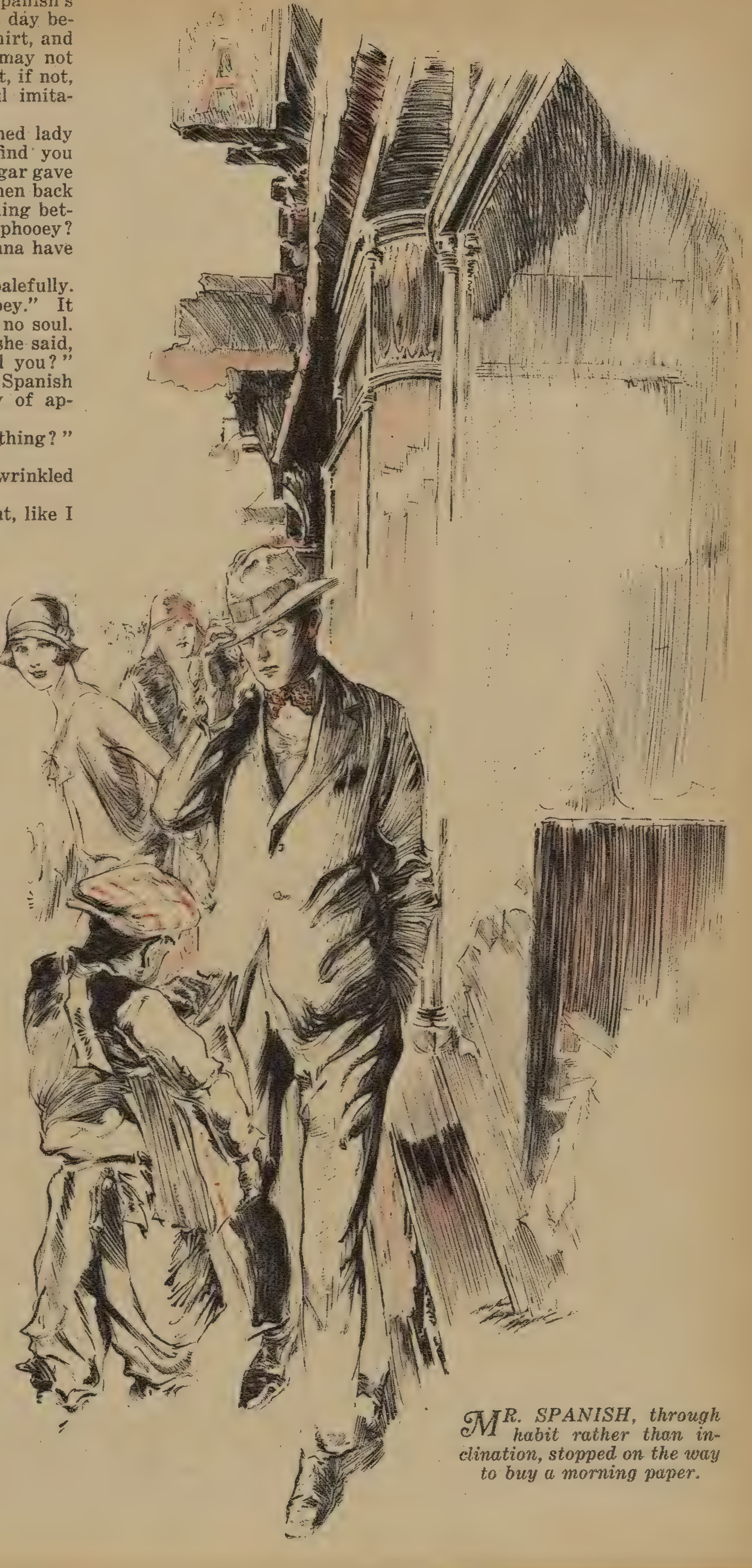
"Yeah," he said. "At eight, like I told you. I'll pick you up in the car first. Mickey and the other guy'll be waiting for us below Grove Street."

Mr. Spanish was idly polishing a nickel soda tap. Wild horses could not have drawn him from the spot, however. No wonder she had spoken of not wanting to go for an auto ride! It was to be taken in the company of this—this (Mr. Spanish thought in terms of his profession) stuffed tomato, and two more like him.

"I don't see why I have to go by-by with you," she said. "I don't see why I can't take a nice ride on the open-air trolley, get off at the end of the line, and pick daisies—see what I mean? Then, when you three boys have paid your little visit to old Mrs. Banks, you can come by that way for me and I'll hop in."

Her companion grew fa-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



MR. SPANISH, through habit rather than inclination, stopped on the way to buy a morning paper.

SODA-FOUNTAIN SAGA
Continued from page seventy-seven

cetious, but not good-naturedly so. He smiled wickedly. "Now, isn't that just too sweet!" he commented. "I don't know why we didn't think of that before. And would you like to send up a pretty skyrocket so we'll know just where you are? Or should we carry a couple of lanterns in the car so we can go looking for you?"

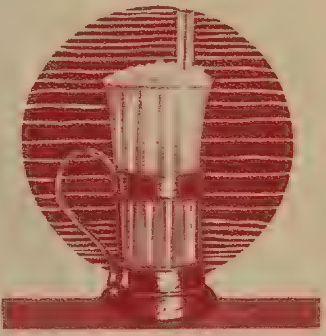
He broke off suddenly and stared coldly at Mr. Spanish, who for the past few moments had forgotten to polish the tap he had been working on before.

"Say, chief," he said, "you don't keep very busy, do ya! Well, what flavor have you got that's the furthest away from here?"

"The raspberry's kept in the end cradle, down there," Mr. Spanish answered, gesturing with his thumb.

"You scram down there," directed the noxious individual, "and get me a shot, and don't hurry on the way back." After which he turned to his companion once more.

Mr. Spanish moved reluctantly away from them, trailing his dishcloth along the counter as he went. He squeezed the agate knob of the raspberry tap and it squirted a dash of unhealthy-looking red liquid into the glass held under it.



Ah, the poor little, sweet little girl! If her folks only knew that she was associating with people like that! He visioned her miles out in the country, away from everyone and everything, alone with those wolves in sheep's clothing, descending from the hateful car in quite a hurry and having to walk slowly back all those weary miles. Not if he could help it! Not while a spark of manhood still glowed beneath that starched jacket! He couldn't do anything about the other two, nefariously waiting "below Grove Street," but he could eliminate this one. At any rate, she would have one less to deal with then. He would see that she got a more even "break."

From below the counter, where the spirits of ammonia and bicarbonated soda were kept, he drew forth a squat, unlovely bottle labeled "castor oil," turned his back on the two at the far end of the counter, drew out the cork with his teeth, and transferred an alarming quantity of the contents into the glass that held the raspberry syrup. He garnished the concoction with shaved ice and the rind of an orange, deflavored it with a few drops of peppermint and a sprinkling of mint leaves, and supplied it with a straw. One only, and not two as was customary, lest she, with that well known sweet tooth of hers, should be tempted to join in sipping it. Lucrezia Borgia would have learned a thing or two had she been there to watch him.

When art could do no more to it and it was as innocent-looking to the eye as it was treacherous to the digestion, he bore down upon the victim, feeling that a fatal moment was at hand, and set it cheerfully on the counter before him in a metal holder. "Yessir," he said with professional briskness, "here's your order." And punctiliously supplied him with a holed check marking his indebtedness to the extent of ten cents.

IT was well that he had done so, for the gentleman with the cigar remained unmoved at sight of the beverage. In fact, he even went so far as to push it slightly away from him and growl, "Take it back. Did you think I really wanted any of that stuff?"

Mr. Spanish glanced significantly at the service check and said, "Can't take it back once it's been ordered, sir. It's all mixed and everything. You'll have to pay for it, now."

The fair onlooker wetted her upper lip slightly with the tip of her tongue. "It looks delicious," she said. "I'll take it if you don't want it."

Mr. Spanish's heart sank within him. But a sinking heart would not have saved the situation. Luckily he was equal to the occasion. "Just a second," he said, and bounded away from them.

Never had he filled an order at such breakneck speed, not even when patrons were lined up three deep behind the counter and the proprietor was watching. The raspberry flavor made a ruddy leap into the bottom of a fresh glass, and nearly bounded out again. The soda water was a hissing geyser, turned on, then off again, in the flash of an eye. Most of the shaved ice missed the glass altogether and fell to the floor. Then he was back again, just as she was putting the straw to her lips.

"Here's yours," he said, and with a sudden flash of genius explained, "I made it lots sweeter." That was all that was necessary. She at once turned her attention to the new offering and dipped her straw daintily into it without a word.

And a moment afterward Mr. Spanish had the intense satisfaction of seeing her companion, now that there was nothing else left for him to do, tilt his own glass to his lips and drink it manfully to the bottom without stopping for breath. He set it down empty, and with a face that expressed anything but pleasure. "There, now," she said encouragingly, "it wasn't so bad, was it? Mine was good."

"Maybe yours was," he replied not unjustifiably. "Mine was rotten."

She hooked her arm in his and they went out of doors. Sweet little girl, thought Mr. Spanish, his gaze following her tenderly. I've probably saved her from a Fate Worse than Death.

At nine o'clock that evening the little girl who had been saved from a Fate Worse than Death entered in company with a large patent-leather suitcase and set it down with an angry bang. Mr. Spanish was still on duty. Three hours earlier, at six, he had behaved most strangely, not to say unselfishly. When the relief man had appeared to take upon himself Mr. Spanish's duties for the balance of the evening, that gentleman had suggested that his coworker retire instead of himself. In fact, he had insisted upon it.

"WHAT'S eating you?" the beneficiary demanded ungratefully. "Last night was my night off."

"Well, I'm staying on tonight even if there has to be three of us back here," Mr. Spanish declared obdurately.

His partner shrugged and discarded his white coat. "Maybe you think I'm gonna argue about it!" he commented cynically, and quitted the premises none too slowly, lest Mr. Spanish come to his senses and change his mind at the last moment.

But Mr. Spanish had known his own mind only too well. And here she was. But she was a very angry little girl as she hastily crammed a ribbon of railroad tickets into her hand bag.

"*You* home-wrecker!" she said searingly. "What was in that drink you gave my husband?" And her wrath played about him like lightning.

Mr. Spanish's world fell to pieces about him. He turned slightly pale; not, however, from fear. "Your—your *husband!*" he gasped; and his Adam's apple worked convulsively to swallow something that was not there at all.

"The only reason I didn't bring a razor in here with me," she went on, "and cut off both your ears, is that a stretch in the pen may be what he needed to go straight!"

A train whistle sounded mournfully from the direction of the depot. She snatched at her suitcase, gave him one final look of unearthly hate, and was gone. Gone from the soda fountain and gone from his life.

"Ruby," called Mr. Spanish weakly, "tell the boss I ain't feeling well; I'm going home."

At ten the following morning Mr. Spanish sallied forth from his abode. He was a dejected-looking object, if there ever was one, as he trudged to his work.

People stared at him curiously, and seemed to wish to speak, but he gave no heed. Two little boys passed and whispered in loud tones, "There he is!" They fell into step behind him and followed worshipfully to the doors of the store.

Mr. Spanish, through habit rather than inclination, stopped on the way to buy a morning paper. It bore a headline that could not fail to attract the eye: "Daring Bank Robbery Foiled." Mr. Spanish scanned it dully; his anguish did not diminish. His gaze fell upon his own name, now in print for the first time: "—the only person in Rockville Junction who suspected from the first the motives of the three strangers in our midst. Mr. Spanish is to be highly commended on the unique method he adopted for foiling the desperadoes—" No answering beam of pleasure brightened Mr. Spanish's eyes. He folded the paper and allowed it to fall behind him. One of the little boys picked it up and kept it as a memento.

Mr. Spanish went behind the counter and donned his starched white coat. He had no eye for the mirror this morning. He commenced piling oranges in an attractive pyramid. Ruby came forth from behind her glass inclosure, the proprietor stepped from the prescription room. They bore down upon him, wreathed in smiles; they pumped his inert hand energetically.

"Johnnie, you're wonderful!" said Ruby.

"What would you say to ten more a week and Tuesday night off?" announced the proprietor. "I'm going to have the fountain enlarged; the girls from the high school will be in here as thick as flies, surest thing you know. Say," he went on, "how'd you ever come to do it, anyway?"

Mr. Spanish shook his head. "I don't know," he murmured dolefully, and emitted a sigh. "I wish I hadn't. I wish I had minded my own business."

"Say!" exclaimed Ruby in astonishment. "You aren't sorry, are you?"

Sorry? He was almost brokenhearted! But it was no good telling them that; they wouldn't understand.

THE END

$500 for Limericks

Prizes for completing the unfinished Limerick in Liberty for September 13 have been awarded to those whose names appear below. The Limerick read as follows:

A leopard and monkey and gnu
Escaped from a traveling zoo.
When the cobra heard this,
With a bloodcurdling hiss—

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250
He said, "I'll join the nuts and bolt too!"
By MALCOLM K. CHURCH
6039 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SECOND PRIZE—$100
He did likewise—and now he's a shoe.
By MISS MARIE E. GRIFFIN
332 East Twenty-fifth Street, Baltimore, Maryland

THIRD PRIZE—$75
He yelled, "I'll be blowed!" and he blew.
By O. H. PARSONS
Route 1, Ringgold, Ohio

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
He said, "Hey! On your way? Toodleoo!"
By J. S. FENNELL
402 East Oak Avenue, Tampa, Florida

FIFTH PRIZE—$25
He recoiled, as disgusted snakes do.
By ERNEST DEXTER
1041 South Second Street, San Jose, California

'BEFORE THE DAYS OF FOLEY'S"
MY- HOW THAT HOWELLS BOY DOES SMELL OF ONIONS!
LUCY HOWELL'S TOLD ME HE'S HAD A BAD COLD ALL WEEK
COPYRIGHTED 1930 BY FOLEY & CO.
FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR COMPOUND FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS FOLEY & CO. CHICAGO, ILL. PRICE 30 CENTS
.30 .60 1.20

IN THE OLD DAYS- SOME OF THE METHODS USED TO STOP A COLD WERE MORE DISAGREEABLE THAN THE COLD ITSELF.. "ONION POULTICE" WAS TYPICAL.

....how much better to use FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR COMPOUND

FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS

OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

CHILDREN LIKE FOLEY'S~ MOTHERS RECOMMEND IT for the WHOLE FAMILY

ASK FOR FOLEY'S ....

FOLEY-GRAMS

Today's "thrift" buy—Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, large (Family) size $1.20. Holds 5 times as much as small (30c) size. Each purchase of Family size bottle saves 30c, price of one small size bottle. Buy today. No opiates, no chloroform. Advised for children and grown persons.

Sinus Trouble *is* CATARRH

When infection gets into the little pockets (sinuses) that connect with the nose, they cannot drain properly. A "stuffed up" head, distressing fullness, often with splitting headaches, are the result. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, because it acts through the blood, reaches the sinuses as no wash, spray or ointment can. Drives out poisons and swelling, and restores the tissues to healthy tone. Get Hall's today!

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE

Combined Treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 2210, Toledo, Ohio

Write for "7 Things You Should Know"—Free

THE KEY TO LIFE

Rosicrucian Mysteries
FREE Introductory Book

explains the practical, useful modern teachings of the Rosicrucians. Dignified, uplifting mental and metaphysical principles easily used to overcome life's obstacles. Send for free book, "Light of Egypt."

Librarian L.F.J. AMORC LIBRARY, San Jose, California

DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

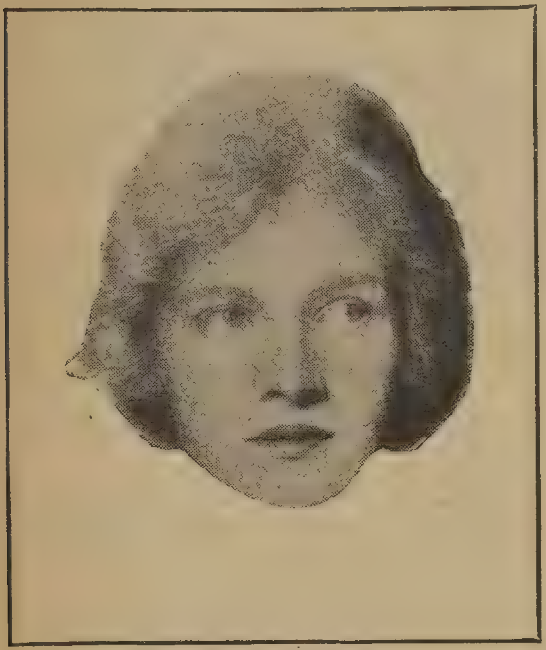
This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

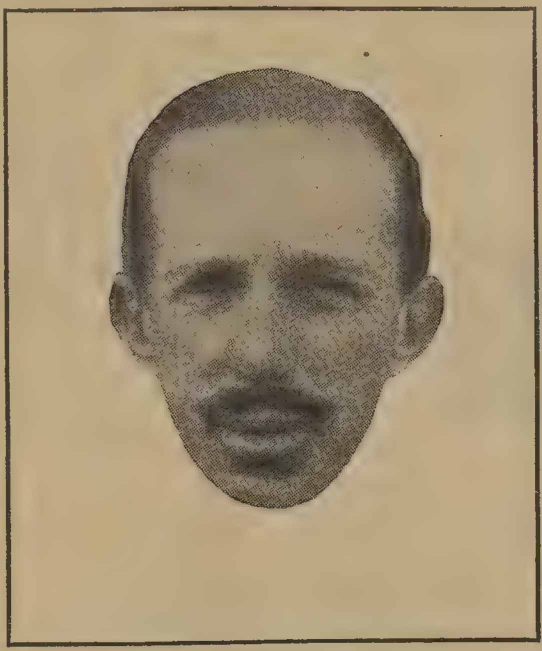
Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*

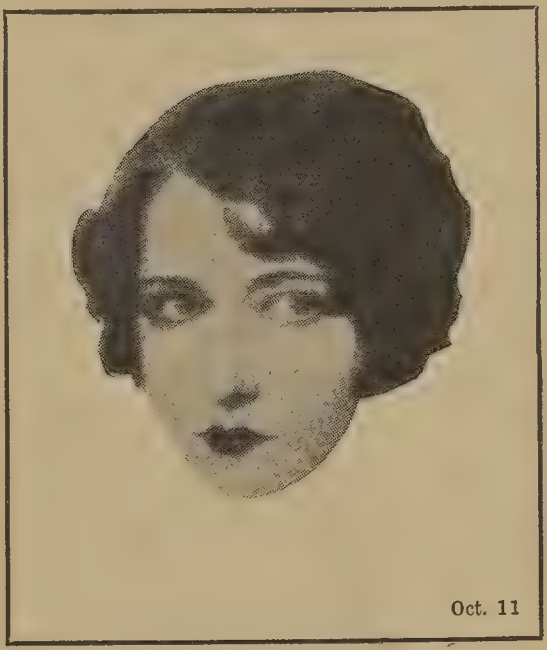
Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500


ANN HARDING


ALFONSO XIII OF SPAIN

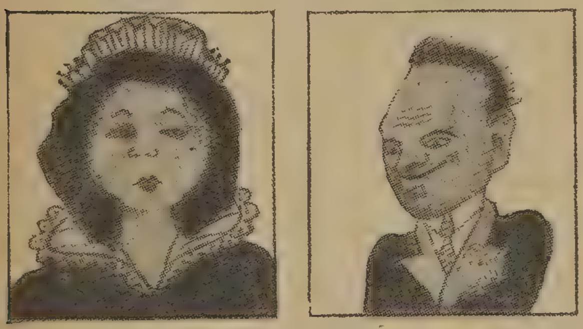


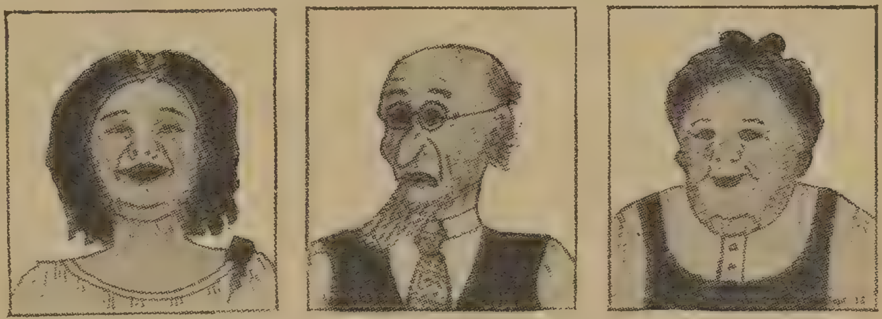
DOROTHY SEBASTIAN

See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, October 18. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Armida, Florenz Ziegfeld, and Helen Morgan, in our September 13 issue


FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Mrs. Paul F. Henkel, 223 Mead Road, Decatur, Georgia


SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Mrs. W. H. Beard, 6408 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri

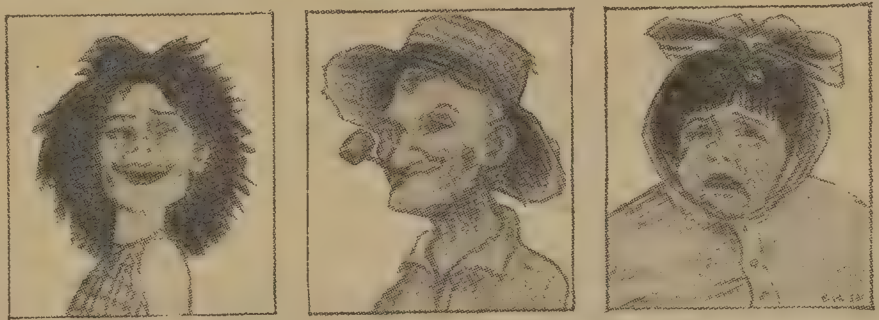
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

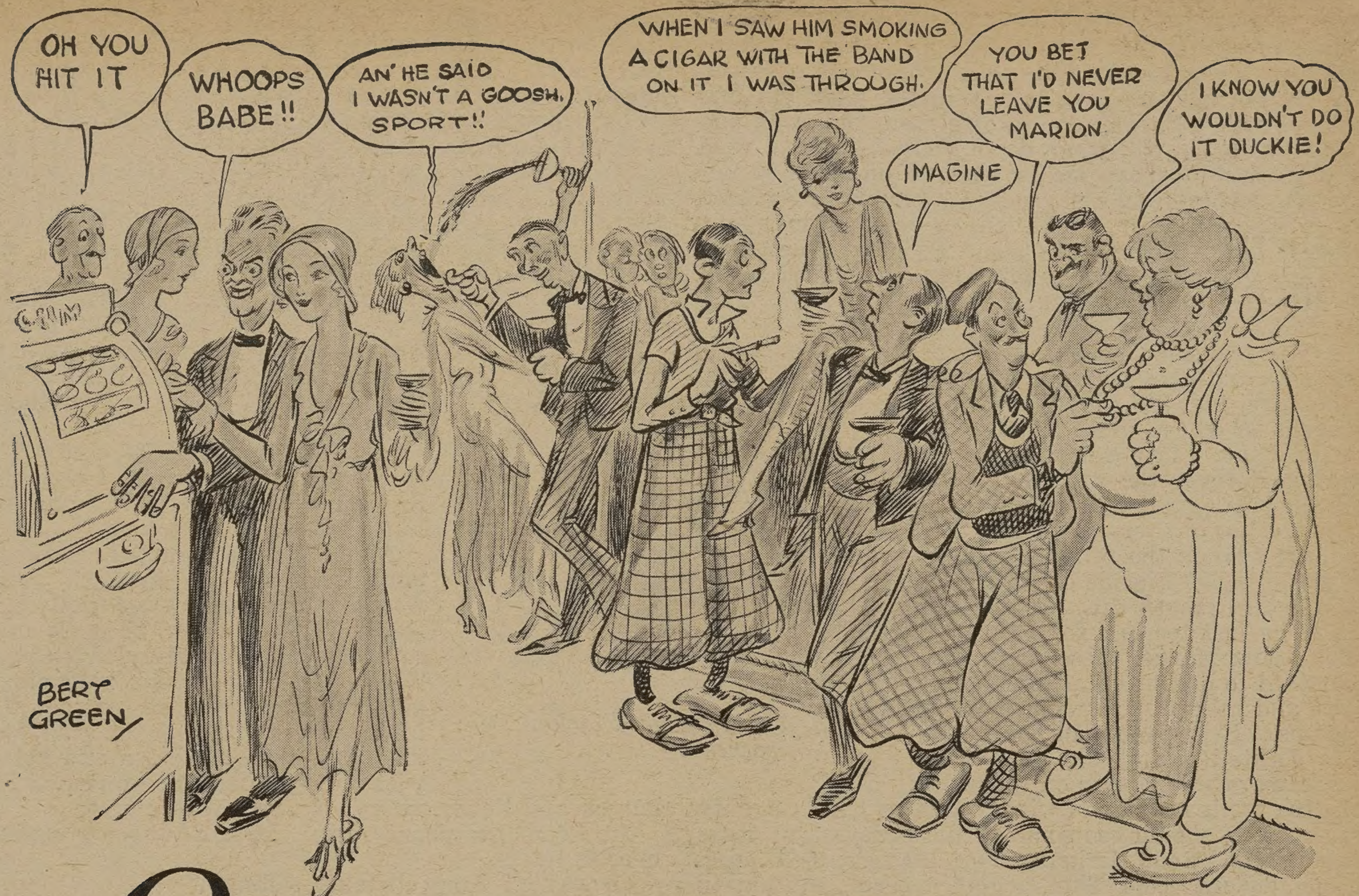
You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.


THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Jack S. McMahon, 728 Carolina Street, Gary, Indiana

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to M. Moffett Bache, Washington, D. C.; Eleanor Campbell, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; George A. Chase, Minneapolis, Minn.; Vito Colopietro, Bristol, Conn.; Joy L. Daley, Sioux City, Ia.; Ethel Geisenfeld, Delafield, Wis.; Archie Glatfelter, York, Pa.; Norma Grant, Algonac, Mich.; Mary T. Green, Attleboro, Mass.; Mrs. H. G. Grey, Toronto, Ont.; J. D. Hale, Wichita Falls, Tex.; Susan M. Hallowell, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Otto Heim, Williamsville, N. Y.; F. E. Holleran, Birmingham, Ala.; Sallie Jankowski, Chicago, Ill.; Edward E. James, Wheeling, W. Va.; Elizabeth Kaemmerer, Columbus, O.; Steve Kessock, West Orange, N. J.; Eva Leggett, Starkville, Miss.; Floyd H. Lynn, Kansas City, Kan.; Elmira L. McPherson, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Malcolm Nickerson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. J. S. Roberts, Nashville, Tenn.; Ruby C. Sage, Des Moines, Ia.; Louise Sarrazin, New Orleans, La.; Dora Shymlock, Nashville, Tenn.; Frances E. Snyder, Wisner, Neb.; G. Maurice Stafford, Detroit, Mich.; Roman V. Wandrowski, Chicago, Ill.; Lawrence L. Willey, Long Beach, Calif.


OH YOU HIT IT
WHOOPS BABE!!
AN' HE SAID I WASN'T A GOOSH, SPORT!!
WHEN I SAW HIM SMOKING A CIGAR WITH THE BAND ON IT I WAS THROUGH.
IMAGINE
YOU BET THAT I'D NEVER LEAVE YOU MARION
I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T DO IT DUCKIE!
BERT GREEN

If the lawyers dont take you, the night clubs will wear down your resistance.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

Ninety Full Days in Reno

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 7 min. 24 sec.)

Reno, Nev.

DEAR MARGE:

Well, here I am in Reno—"The Biggest Little City in the World." My gawd, what a layout. No kiddin, you got to go to jail to sleep alone. Theres eight frails to every one man. Its worth a marriage to be divorced here. Here, get a load of Renos welcome, its about as innocent as a water bottle fuller gin.

> Up thousands of feet in the azure blue,
> Midst snow-robed mountains,
> With streams winding through,
>
> Midst the rifts in the clouds,
> The angles peep through, Reno, fair Reno,
> Bids welcome to you.

But the last verse *should* read:

> Midst the rifts in the *works,*
> The *lawyers* peep through, Reno, fair Reno,
> Bids *freedom* to you.

Listen Kid, I've seen wild frails in Paris, Algiers, London, Canada, New Orleans, and Hollywood, but Reno tops em all when it comes to naughty nonsence and I dont mean maybe!

Heres the reason—you see, all these swell dames in the East what pop out of the Social Register have been so boxed in with relatives, friends, butlers, governesses and goofs like them, that theyve never had a chance to raise hell and sew their wild and wooly oats. The result is, they get so fuller waa-waa their breath comes in short pants. Theyre rarin to go!

When they get spliced, they grab $ome $imple $ap with a family tree and a nickle plated mustache and hope to be happy. Thats the pay off. He don't know what its all about. The hardest thing *it* ever did, was cash the old mans sertified checks and blow the froth off a malted milk.

Well, after the first year of matrimoney, the wife finds out she drew a blank, so she starts percolatin about for somebody elses great big, full blooded, good lookin *he* man. While this is going on, her sappy husband is out whirling some dizzy footlight queen.

At the end of two years, the wedding presents have bounced against the apartment walls so many times the joint looks like the down town end of a shootin gallery. The next thing you know, shes crying her way to Reno.

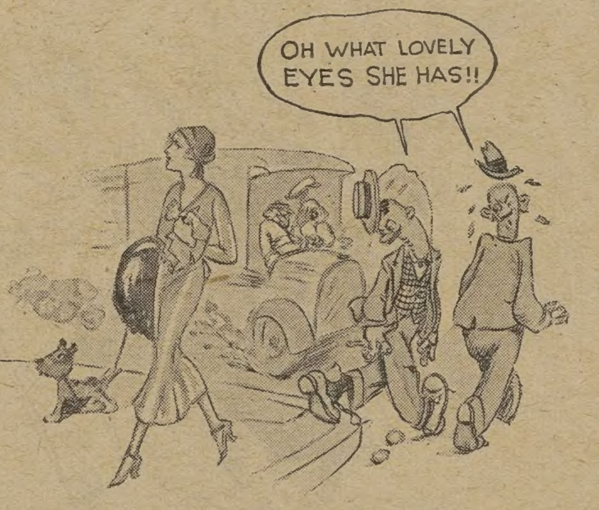
Out here Marge, you can get a divorce for anythin, adultery, insanity, drunkenness, or eatin crackers in bed. Anythin goes! All you have to do, is be *phisically present* for *ninty full* days. And believe me everybody *is full.*

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY-ONE]

Thats one thing that Reno insists on! Theyre goin to make sure they get every dime youve got or no the reason why. If the lawyers dont take you, the gamblers and machines will. If *they* don't chisel you, the swell and ritzy night clubs will wear down your resistance with a few glasses of cheap lacker sprayed on at $1.00 per copy. Once youre well sprayed, the gambling becomes alluring. Roulette, faro, twenty one or crap becomes your weakness now. Reno grabs about $4,000,000 dollars a year from the twenty five hundred broken hearted Adam and Eves that go to have their marriage vows clipped every year.

You can fool some of the saps *some* of the time and all of the chumps *some* of the time, but you cant fool *all* of the sculls *all* of the time! And so it is with Reno. You cant be taking divorcees forever the way the gamblers and bootleggers take em in Reno. It aint the law of average. When the pendilum swings the other way and another spot like Florida or Havanna gets the *two month divorce law,* its goin to be just too bad for Reno.


OH WHAT LOVELY EYES SHE HAS!!

And when a good looker passes by . . .

You know Marge, these divorcees got nothin to do but entertain themselves, and believe me Kiddo they go to pieces. Every room in the hotel has a cocktail party goin on. Men are sittin around or layin on the beds while the frails are makin wise cracks, or tellin naughty stories. You should see some of the pansys that these dames grab. Soda jerkers, bum lawyers, bell hops, garage tenders, Tom Thumb golf experts, anythin in pants. They take em out, drive their snooty car, mix drinks, run errands, love em, cash their checks, pan the ex husband, wash the dishes, rinse their stockings and if necessary, hook a few rugs. Oh their wows!

Johns are scarce in this mans town which accounts for the hectic condition. Some of em stand on the corner and when a good looker passes by they look over her legs and say—What nice eyes shes got.

I forgot to tell you that Rita Ritz is here for the "cure" and the Macks are spendin a few days with her in Reno. Mrs. Mack has a yen that Peggy is goin to crash the lispies in Hollywood. The other night Peggy and Rita were invited up to a cocktail party in one of the femmes rooms. Heres the conversation, git a load of it—

Mrs. Edwards: Oh hello girls, come on in! meet my boy friend, Freddie Flit.

Freddie: Charmed to meet you.

Mrs. Edwards: Hey Eddie pour the girls a lil drink.

Eddie: We killed the last bottle, how about another pot?

Mrs. Edwards: Listen, you poor sap. Theres a quart in the second drawer under my undies. Listen, pour the drinks we're diein!

Eddie: *(Mixing the drinks.)* Believe me, youll need a fire extinguisher with this shot to put out the flames.

Knock at door. (Enter Buddy Fields who sells nighties in a local dry-goods store. Buddy is in knickers, sport shirt and pink berret.)

Buddy: Hello everybody. Listen, Helen, can I speak to you for a moment. *(Both enter bathroom.)* Lend me ten bucks will you? Got a chance to sell some gin to Mrs. Marshall in 516. I'll make a fin on it.

Mrs. Edwards: Awright, but kick it back as soon as you get the dough.

Exit Buddy: So long everybody!

Enter Charlie the bell boy with telegram.

Charlie: Read em an weep!

Mrs. Edwards: Have a drink Charlie?

Charlie: Might just as well. I'm half stiff now.

Mrs. Edwards: *(Reads telegram aloud.)* "Will call you one thirty tonight. Frank Edwards." Thats my husband in New York, girls. I wonder what that dumbbell wants. He makes me sick. Hes always callin me up raisin hell. Listen, you girls, *(addressing Rita and Peggy)* how about gitting you a coupla playboys?

Rita: Its K. O. by me.

Mrs. Edwards *(on phone):* Let me talk to two one four. . . . Hello, is this you Pearl? . . . Is Red there? . . . Oh, I'm sorry. Good-by. *(Rattles hook.)* Let me have five one eight. . . . Hello, Francis. Are you sober? *(Voice on phone):* Hell, no!

Mrs. Edwards: Is Red there? . . . Where? . . . Oh, thanks. Toodle-oo. *(Rattles hook.)* Give me two one seven! . . . Hello, Fay. Hows the kid? Say, is Red there? *(Pause.)*

Mrs. Edwards: Hello, Red. This is Helen. Come on up. I want you to meet a couple of girls from New York. Get Mickey too!

All during the night Mrs. Edwards party was a huge success. Seven women and five men were nicely plastered. The men had been clowning in womens clothes and doing stunts. The favorite stunt was balancing a glass of water on their forehead. The idea was to park it on the scull, then sit down, then lay down and get up without spilling the water. Mid laughs and liquor, everybody was soakin wet.

At 12:30 the phone rang. Mrs. Edwards staggered over to it.

Operator: Long distance calling.

Mrs. Edwards *shushed* everybody.

Voice on Phone: Hello! I've signed your papers, and thank God I'm free. Good-by.

Mrs. Edwards hung up, looked rather dazed and said, "Well, thats that. Lets have a drink!"

About two thirty A. M. during the wild excitement, another couple entered the room half crocked. (Mrs. Florence and her local boy friend whos clerk in the Owl drug store.) Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Florence hadnt met before. Between laughs and drinks neither one had gotten the others name.

The phone rang. Hotel Operator Speaking. "Hello. Is Mrs. Florence in your room? Well, N. Y. is calling her."

Mrs. Florence goes to phone. "Hello, darling. This is me. . . . Gosh Im lonesome. So good of you to call —been crying my head off all day. *(Giggles from the crowd.)* Listen, darling. I'll be a free woman in three days. Fly up and get me, won't you?"

After she hung up she fell back on the bed laughing. "Gosh its a good thing he cant see me now. I'm boiled. How did it sound?"

Mrs. Edwards to Mrs. Florence: Whose your boy friend?

Mrs. Florence: Listen girls. Hes the sweetest thing in the world. We're goin to get married. Wait here, I'll run down and get his picture.

Mrs. Florence staggers down the hall with her boy friend and comes back later with a big photo of a man in a silver frame.

"There he is, thats my sweetheart." *(holding it up.)*

Mrs. Edwards: My God! *My husband! !* So *youre* the correspond, you little cat, you! Take that and that and that! ! !

Well, Im not kiddin you Marge, a lovely time was had by all.

Well, I got to go now and lay me down.

Wishing you the same,

Mike Shea.

Something more from Mike should be coming along in time for an early issue.

C	E	B	U		H	E	M	A	L		P	A	W	S
A	W	E	S		A	L	I	N	E		A	L	A	E
S	E	T	A		H	A	N	D	Y		D	O	V	E
T	R	A	B	E	A	■	■	■	T	U	R	E	E	N
			L	A	■	S	E	V	E	R	E			
B	R	I	E	■	P	O	K	E	■	A	S	H	E	S
L	E	R	■	L	A	M	E	■	A	N	■	O	D	E
E	T	A	■	A	L	E	■	A	N	I	■	T	E	N
A	C	T	■	M	E	■	B	L	O	C	■	E	N	S
T	H	E	S	E	■	T	E	E	N	■	E	L	S	E
			I	N	N	A	T	E	■	E	L			
C	H	A	S	T	E	■	■	■	C	R	E	A	T	E
H	I	N	T		W	I	D	E	R		C	R	A	W
E	R	S	E		E	R	O	S	E		T	I	N	E
W	E	A	R		R	E	N	E	W		S	A	G	S

Answer to the puzzle on page 62

	S	H	A	M		B	R	A	D	S		G	O	D	S	
S	H	A	R	E		R	E	M	I	T		A	R	I	E	S
L	A	V	E	S		I	N	T	E	R		P	E	N	C	E
A	P	E	■	S	E	N	D	■	T	I	M	E	■	E	T	A
W	E	N	D	I	N	G	■	L	I	V	E	■	E	R	S	T
			A	N	D	■	D	O	N	E	■	B	E			
O	P	E	R	A	■	L	I	N	G	■	C	A	R	M	E	N
V	A	S	E	■	V	A	N	E	■	C	O	N	■	I	R	E
A	P	T	■	R	A	Z	E	■	B	O	L	D	■	L	A	W
T	E	E	■	U	S	E	■	L	A	I	D	■	M	A	T	E
E	R	R	A	N	T	■	S	A	I	L	■	T	E	N	O	R
			I	T	■	S	H	O	T	■	S	E	N			
W	A	R	M	■	A	L	A	S	■	M	A	N	D	A	T	E
A	G	E	■	I	T	E	M	■	M	O	L	D	■	L	E	O
R	A	F	T	S		E	B	B	E	D		E	L	L	E	N
S	T	E	A	M		P	L	A	T	E		R	E	A	M	S
	E	R	R	S		S	E	R	E	S		S	A	Y	S	

Answer to the puzzle on page 63

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THE FLAVOR
LASTS
AFTER EVERY MEAL
INEXPENSIVE—SATISFYING
DINE & DANCE-
K38

20,679 Physicians say LUCKIES are less irritating

I too prefer LUCKIES because ...

Toasting removes dangerous irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
TWENTY

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—

against irritation—against cough.

© 1930. The American Tobacco Co., Mfrs.